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LIFE OF JOHN ALBERT JOHNSON

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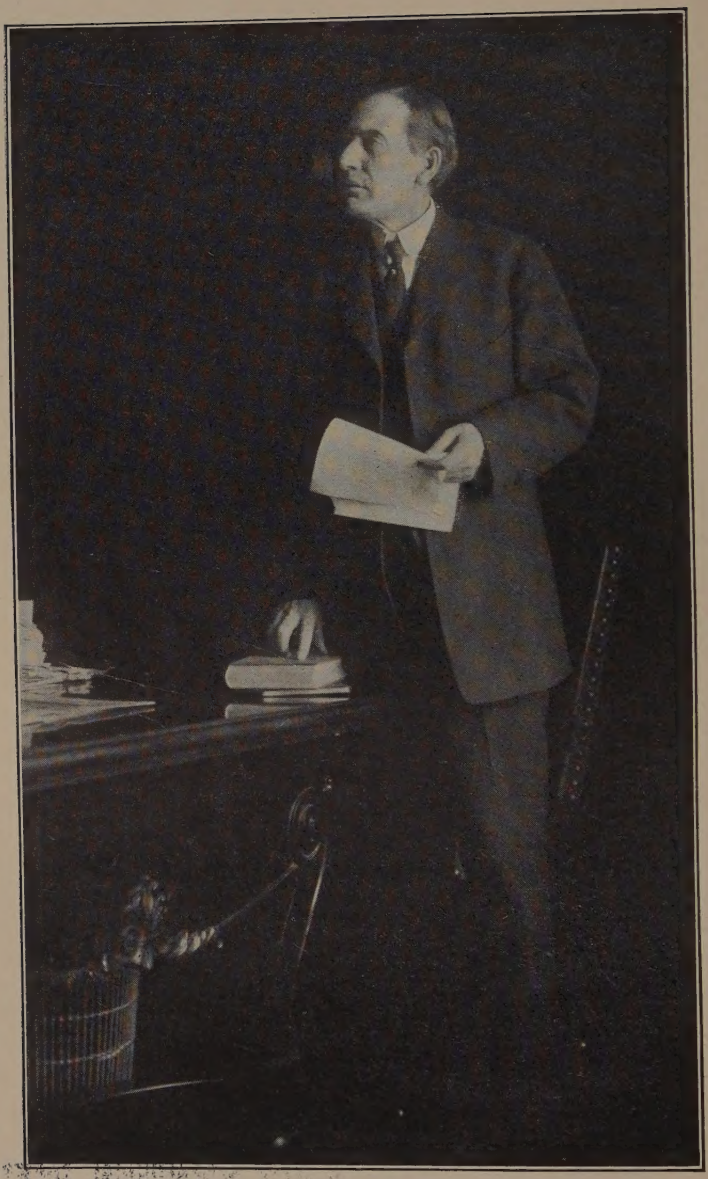

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GOVERNOR JOHN ALBERT JOHNSON

LIFE OF JOHN ALBERT JOHNSON

THREE TIMES GOVERNOR
OF MINNESOTA

BY

FRANK A. DAY

AND

THEODORE M. KNAPPEN

CHICAGO
FORBES & COMPANY
1910

SEATTLE GENEALOGICAL SOCIETY
P. O. BOX 549
SEATTLE, WASH. 98111

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PREFACE

IT has been a labor of love to prepare this permanent record of the life of our dear friend. We were so near to him, knew him so well, were so profoundly influenced by his lovable personality and his simple greatness, that we may well be accused of bias. His passing is still so recent that a biography of him prepared at this time could hardly be expected to be critical and exact. Nevertheless, the demand for an authoritative account of the life of a man who so profoundly influenced public thought, who so strongly appealed to the popular and patriotic conception of what a public man should be, made it imperative that some account of his work be published while recollection of his personality is still fresh.

We believe that it is our duty to the public to extend as widely and as soon as possible through this biography the influence that Governor Johnson would have continued to exert in person had he lived. We hope in a measure thus to compensate for his loss so early, so unexpected — a loss that those who knew him well realize was nothing less than a national calamity.

We have been assisted by so many persons in collecting data and have had the coöperation of the good will and moral help of so many others that it is in nowise possible to make complete acknowledgment here. We are especially indebted to Mr. John Talman for his part in preparing and writing chapters seventeen and nineteen, and to Mr. C. L. Wagner for his assistance on chapter fifteen.

We shall feel amply repaid for our labor if those who read this volume, pardoning its imperfections in view of its purpose, shall be made to feel in some measure how great and good a man has gone to his reward.

THE AUTHORS.

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INTRODUCTION

THE Biography of Governor John A. Johnson, prepared by Frank A. Day, the Governor's secretary and confidential friend, and by Theodore M. Knappen, also a close friend, is a work of great interest and value. The career of Governor Johnson was remarkable; and the story of his early poverty and hardship, of his manly struggle to support himself and his mother, of his education and training for life, of his elevation three successive times to the governorship in a state strongly opposed to his political party, of his national reputation which indicated that he might some day be called to the presidency of the United States, is a story which carries with it many a lesson for the boys and young men of America. He was a man of strong convictions and of unswerving fidelity to what he believed to be right. His delightful personality and his charming manners — his frank cordiality, his outspoken maintenance of his opinions while he was markedly tolerant of the opinions of others, all combined to win for him the devoted attachment of a multitude of people of all parties, and the mourning

over his untimely death has hardly been equaled by the mourning for any other citizen except Abraham Lincoln. His life is a noble example of self-reliance, industry, honesty, and high purpose.

CYRUS NORTHROP.

President's Office,
The University of Minnesota,
Nov. 15, 1909.

JOHN ALBERT JOHNSON

CHAPTER I

THE MINNESOTA ENVIRONMENT OF THE SIXTIES

JOHN ALBERT JOHNSON was born and bred on the frontier. At the time of his birth, July 28, 1861, Minnesota had been a state but three years, and the entire population of the large county in which his parents lived was only three thousand. Ten years before it had been without any settled white inhabitants except missionaries and traders, and one of the great gathering places of the Sioux Nation was at the crossing of the Minnesota River, known as Traverse des Sioux, only three miles from St. Peter.

It was there that in 1851 Governor Alexander Ramsey, of the territory of Minnesota, and Luke Lea, commissioners representing the United States Government, negotiated with the Dakotah Indian bands the treaty which ceded a large part of Minnesota, west of the Mississippi River, some twenty-

one million acres, to the whites. Immediately following the ratification of this treaty, there was a rush of settlers into the ceded lands, and the Indians were reduced to a reservation strip extending along the Minnesota River for about one hundred miles. The confinement to the reservation, however, in no way subdued the savage character of the tribes, and in 1862, when the infant Johnson was only a year old, Little Crow and his painted warriors suddenly rushed forth from their reservation, and with fire and the tomahawk laid waste all western Minnesota, and attacked and besieged New Ulm, only twenty-five miles west of St. Peter. Within a few days over eight hundred men, women and children were slaughtered by the savages, and hundreds were taken into captivity. The parents of the future governor, with their children, fled in panic from their location in the country to the little village of St. Peter, then but a few years old.

Johnson's boyhood was passed among men and women who had suffered from this Indian outbreak, and from the first the lad was filled with love of danger, courage and adventure.

The boy was affected and moulded by other conditions of the frontier as well as those arising from savage ferocity. Into the region just vacated by the Dakotahs, poured emigrants from New Eng-

PRESENT DAY VIEW OF JOHNSON'S BIRTHPLACE NEAR ST. PETER

Reproduction of cabin (now destroyed) in which Johnson was born

land, the Middle West and the Old World. Life was hard and crude. Society was unorganized. The state was politically in a formative period. Civil War had stirred up political passions, and many thousands of the best young men of the new state had gone to the front, leaving their work at home unfinished. When the future governor was born, there was not a mile of railway in the state of Minnesota. St. Peter and other towns in the Minnesota Valley received their supplies and communicated with the outside world by means of steamboats on the Minnesota River, stage, ox-carts and wagons. There were no telegraphs, and only by letter and an occasional newspaper was intelligence received from the great world to the east and south.

Those who have seen the unharnessed West will understand the effect on an impressionable and imaginative youth of the physical environment in which Governor Johnson's boyhood was passed. Eastward of St. Peter were the big woods, a noble forest largely of hardwood, notable in the local annals of Minnesota. Westward were those rolling prairies which constituted then a part of what was known as the great American Desert. These prairies were still covered with their native wild grass, underneath the sod of which was the accumu-

lated fertility of a million decades. In spring they were green and flower bedecked; in fall brown and waving with tall grass. Game was plentiful. The buffalo and the elk had not yet receded beyond the western limits of the state. Indian hunting and war parties crossed and recrossed the prairies. Bands of traders and trappers came and went. Trains of Red River carts filed by in the long journey from St. Paul to Fort Garry in Prince Rupert's Land, but the great characteristic of the prairie was its quiet and loneliness, rarely, if ever, disturbed by man. Lakes and streams were alive with waterfowl, the prairie chicken abounded in the grass lands, and in the spring and fall myriad thousands of swans, cranes, geese, brants and ducks passed on their aërial journeys with stirring clamour. Truly, the prairie has its charms no less than the forest.

As early as the last year of the seventeenth century, Le Sueur, representing the Governor of Louisiana, had entered the St. Peter (St. Pierre) or Minnesota River from the Mississippi at St. Paul, and had ascended it to the Blue Earth River just beyond the point where nearly two hundred years later the village of St. Peter was to be established, and there erected the fort styled L'Huillier; but in that long interval civilization had not come to change its

aspect. The Indians were still there in numbers as large as ever. They had concentrated a little to the west of their favorite haunts of a few years before. Dakotah and Ojibway still fought out their ancient feud. The land was untilled, and intermittent fur trade, French, British and American, for upwards of one hundred and fifty years, had produced no permanent settlements.

Neill, in his history of Minnesota, gives an account of a trip up the Minnesota River in 1850, on one of the first steamers to ascend that river. "The scenery," he writes, "the further we advanced became more varied and beautiful. Here there was an extensive prairie, 'stretching in graceful undulations far away;' there a wide amphitheatre encircled by cone-shaped hills, and inviting the agriculturist to seek shelter for himself and his cattle. Owing to the high tide of water, we passed quite early in the morning some rapids without any difficulty. During the day we met with little to excite us. Now and then we would pass an Indian in his canoe, who, frightened by the puffing and novel appearance of the boat, had crouched behind the overhanging boughs of the weeping willow. . . . In the evening we passed a bluff of sand and limestone, similar to those so frequent on the Upper Mississippi, which is called White Rock. About

twelve miles beyond this we came to Traverse des Sioux, where we did not stop as we were anxious to ascend as far as possible by sunset. The wood we had taken with us began to grow scarce, and a little distance above this point the boat stopped, and the crew and many of the passengers began to chop wood. While engaged in this occupation, some two or three Dakotah Indians, painted and plumed and covered with perspiration, galloped up on their Indian ponies. To pacify them and pay for the wood, which it was necessary to take from their lands, the party presented them with some sacks of corn and treated them to a glass of fire-water, which was entirely unnecessary. At dusk the boat tied up in front of a beautiful prairie, elevated some seventy feet above the river; and there those whose tastes and principles permitted, danced until the heat and mosquitoes forced them back to the boat. The view from this prairie was intensely interesting. It was bounded by a belt of woodland, and upon the opposite side were slopes most beautifully rounded. Upon its surface, jutting from the green sward, were boulders of every size and shape, looking in the dark as if the cattle had come down from a thousand hills and were in repose."

Speaking of the return journey, Neill tells of a stop at Traverse des Sioux, where Mrs. Hopkins,

wife of Rev. Mr. Hopkins, a missionary of the American Board, in charge of that station, told him that the Indians could not conceive of the object that led the white men to navigate a stream which was not theirs, and that the children had been in through the day to tell how terribly frightened they had been by the steam whistle, and to inquire whether it was a human being or the boat which had made such an unearthly noise. . . . "In the middle of the afternoon we stopped at Six Village, the largest village of the Dakotahs, about three hundred warriors, squaws and children were on the bank eager to see the wonder. As the steam whistle screeched, it was amusing to see the boys and girls tumbling over each other in their haste to escape. The chief soon stepped on board and demanded a present for the privilege of navigating the river; he also contended that a canoe had been broken, but as he did not give the company ocular evidence of the fact, they did not pay him, but presented him with some pieces of calico, provisions, and a box of Spanish green. . . . It had been demonstrated that steamboats of light draught could navigate the Minnesota, by the removal of a few obstructions, at all stages of the water, to Traverse des Sioux, and even to the Blue Earth River. In a year or more the Dakotahs will make

a treaty and leave the land to their ancestors, and then in an incredibly short period, the war whoop, the scalp dance, the skin lodge, and the canoe of the redman, will give place to the lowing of cattle, the hum of children conning their lessons in the schoolhouse, the neat village church with its spire pointing heavenward, and a frugal and industrious American husbandry."

All this was the condition of the Minnesota frontier only eleven years before the birth of John Albert Johnson, and so much was it still the unsubdued frontier that one year afterwards, Little Crow and his painted warriors scourged the Minnesota valley as no other white settlement had been scourged by Indians since the earliest days of the settlement of French and English in America.

This rough and crude environment was as different as could be imagined from that of some old community in the East. The men and women of the little village in which Johnson spent his boyhood were invaders, strugglers and conquerors. They had helped in wresting the land from the Indians, and they were now engaged in conquering it with plow and axe. The native Americans in the community were strong and aggressive men and women, with individuality well developed. Those who came from foreign lands, though lacking in the

rough and ready adaptability of the American frontiersman, were, nevertheless, brave and strong to risk the perils of the frontier when so recently from the peace and security of their old homes.

Life was not humdrum or monotonous. It was full of incident and action. Men did not stagnate in the new community or become petty because of lack of connection with great things. Veterans of the Indian and the Civil War fired the boys with tales of martial glory, perilous adventure and hardship bravely borne. The settlers felt that they were building an empire and playing a great and essential part in American expansion and development. Come but lately into a land long thought too cold and northern for agriculture, they already were confident they were laying the foundations of one of the greatest of the republic's commonwealths. "Our brief though energetic past," said Governor Ramsey in 1853, "foreshadows but faintly the more glorious and brilliant destiny in store for us; nor is prophetic inspiration necessary to foretell it. . . . In ten years a state — in ten years more half a million people, are not extravagant predictions. In our visions of the coming time rise up in magnificent proportions one or more capitals of the North, Stockholms and St. Petersburgs, with many a town besides only secondary to these in their

trade, wealth and enterprise." St. Peter felt that its chance to become one of the "Capitals of the North" was as good as St. Paul's. Indeed in 1857 a bill changing the location of the territorial capital from St. Paul to St. Peter passed the House and would have passed the Council, but for the abstraction of the bill and the adjournment of the legislature while it was still missing.

Those men of the early day saw life in large outlines, they toiled masterfully because they knew they were making history. Life was good to them, full of big and stirring events.

The boy who was to be governor of the Imperial State forty years later was thus inevitably moulded and bent by western conditions. He was a western boy, and so became a western man. The American type is really the western type, and that was Johnson's type. A child of the West, loving the western land and western characteristics all his life, it is noteworthy that Governor Johnson's last address of public importance, that at Seattle in August, 1909, was a sort of battle cry to western men to rally to the standard of true Americanism.

The old West was essentially democratic in the broad sense. It took men for what they were rather than what their forebears and social standing had been. The man of action and accomplish-

ment was the only aristocrat the West respected or tolerated. It was the land of the men who did things. There was no place in it for the unemployed, rich or poor. This fact was especially favorable to the development of Johnson the boy. In an old community with its fixed social distinctions, its prejudices against newcomers and aliens, Johnson would never have had the chance he had in the formative St. Peter. He would have been made to feel that he was not to the manor born — that he was without the fold of the elect. But in St. Peter, John Johnson, the child of Swedish immigrants, poverty-stricken and miserable, always felt at home — that he was among his own people. The community had no ancient scores against him. It was glad to take him just as it took everybody else — for just what he was worth. He, at least, found what his parents came to America to find — opportunity and a square deal. Thus, there was no social condition to embitter the boy or fill him with prejudice. His poverty and troubled boyhood were the incidents of the kaleidoscope of human life. Fate might be unkind to him, but men were ready to help him as he earned and required help. Johnson never lacked for help or friends. These facts account for his unfailing optimism, just as much as the grimness of his early life and the dis-

asters that overtook father and mother account for those lines of sadness in his countenance that were always noticeable when his face was in repose.

The great world dawned upon the dreams of the boy as a free-for-all contest, and with the goodfellowship and unconventionality of the West he played the game with joy, abandon and unconcern. The free and easy ways of the western community in which he was born and reared left an indelible brand upon Johnson. To the last he was open, unaffected, unpretentious. Externals meant little to him, and he was ever undismayed by titles and pomp of office. The American West had taken him at his worth, and he in turn took everybody else at their worth. Human life was precious in the early days of Minnesota. Every man had a distinct value to the community. There was hardly anyone who could be dispensed with. This importance of the human being was always large with Johnson. The increasing numbers of people in his widening circle of acquaintance and influence never dwarfed the importance of the individual to him. Human life, no matter how disguised, deformed, disgraced or degraded was sacred and of supreme importance to this man. The West conferred on him that priceless gift of appreciation of men, and he repaid it by making all men with whom he came in contact feel

that they were, however humble and obscure, of some real intrinsic value.

CHAPTER II

THE RACIAL INHERITANCE

GOVERNOR JOHNSON was the product of the western American environment acting upon and being acted upon by the Scandinavian immigrants from whom he sprang. It is not necessary to seek out some legendary ancestor to account for the element of heredity. His racial origin could hardly be better, and while his family were the plain, common people of Sweden, they had in them the raw material which, given the favorable environment and the opportunity, could without any miracle be transformed into distinction and leadership. They were, on both sides, of hard-working, frugal, sturdy stock,— intelligent, literate and self-reliant; and the lapses of the father and his departure from the rule could hardly be expected to affect the son's inheritance from countless generations.

The Scandinavian races are most intimately allied with the Anglo-Celtic peoples, and are to-day, as they have been for a thousand years, a people of great vigor and a high degree of culture. Sweden,

Norway and Denmark have played a large part in the drama of European politics. In the Viking age the fearless, blond warriors who issued from those northern regions overran a large part of Europe, and their stock was firmly planted in France and the British Isles. Such names as those of Gustavus Adolphus and Charles the Tenth suggest their achievements in a later age. Paucity of population and remoteness from the main-traveled roads of commerce and history have kept these northern nations from being conspicuous in international affairs in recent times, but they have continued to give to the world great men in literature, art and science. They have been in the van of civilization and social uplift, and popular education has there attained a stage beyond that of any other considerable population of the world; only half of one per cent. of the Scandinavian population is illiterate. The people have always enjoyed local self-government, and, in Sweden at least, the growth of political organization has been very similar to that of England. The Northmen have always been characterized by a passionate devotion to liberty. The strongest characteristic of the Vikings was their individuality. They were willing to sacrifice all else to remain freemen. The Viking migrations and wars were largely caused by the unwillingness

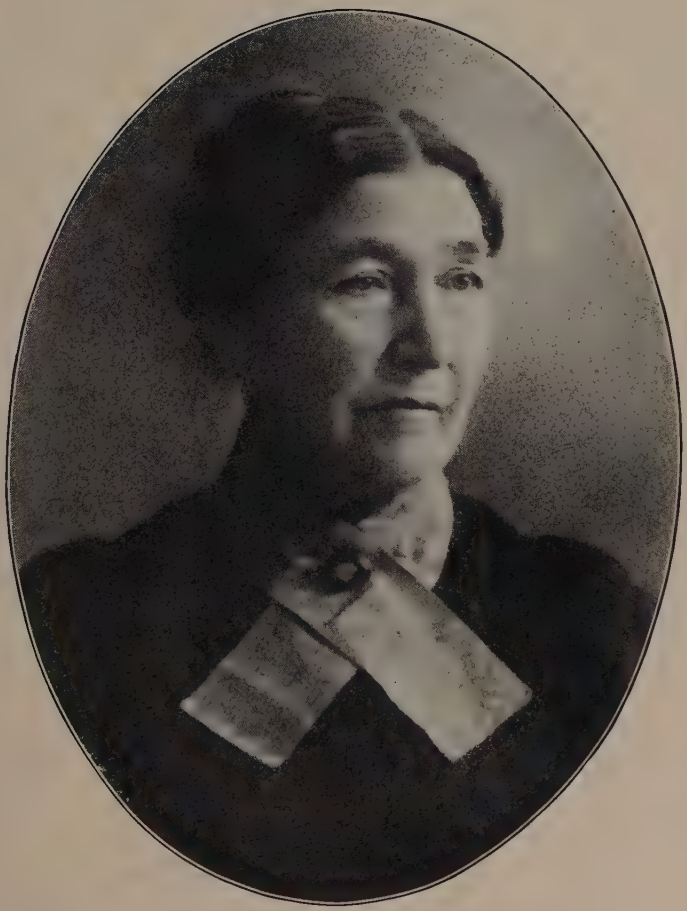
of these strong men to submit to superiors at home, and so departing in numbers they conquered England and Normandy and created the kingdoms of Naples and Sicily and were the forebears of those Normans whose haughty captains humbled King Harold at Senlac and established in England a nobility that would not submit to despotism. Sweden and Denmark have dethroned despotic monarchs and Norway dared to defy all Europe for national independence. Individuality, courage, love of liberty, stubbornness and firmness and determination are the strong qualities of the Northmen. Charles the Tenth was typical of his people. It is related that in his boyhood he examined two military plans. One showed how the Turks had captured a town in Hungary, and underneath it was written this line: "The Lord hath given it to me, and the Lord hath taken it from me; blessed be the name of the Lord." Taking the other plan the boy wrote: "The Lord hath given it to me, and the devil shall not take it from me."

In most of Sweden the climate is severe, the winters long, and life for the common people one of constant struggle. But where nature is hardest and soil most unproductive men seem to flourish best. The Swedish peasants were never serfs chained to the soil, and they twice rose and tri-

umphantly claimed their rights with the sword. In Norway also the elements are stern. "The ocean rolls along the rock-bound coast, and during the long dark winters the storms howl and rage and hurl their waves in white showers of spray against the sky. The aurora borealis flashes like a huge shining fan over the northern heavens, and the stars glitter with keen, frosty splendor." The people are independent, democratic, individualistic, venturesome, world-faring. These were the conditions and the human material that bred the Vikings and sent them forth in their dragon galleys to harry half the world. Similar conditions sent their descendants of a later time to peaceful settlement in America. Indeed, the Viking age witnessed the discovery of America by the Norsemen. Near five hundred years before Columbus sailed from Palos Lief Ericsson had landed on the coast of Vinland.

From the very beginning of the settlement of America by the North Europeans the Scandinavian countries have contributed their share to its development. There were Scandinavian settlers as early as 1630, and the historic Swedish colony on the Delaware was founded in 1638, only eighteen years after the landing of the Pilgrims. In this colony the Swedish language was maintained until

well into the nineteenth century. Men of the Delaware colony have left their mark in American history. It was John Morton who gave the casting vote of Pennsylvania for the Declaration of Independence, and it was another descendant of the colony, John Anderson, who commanded at Fort Sumter and met the first shock of the rebellion. The colony of Christina was the outcome of the project held nearest his heart by the great Gustavus Adolphus. As early as 1624 the king who was to die in victory on the momentous field of Lutzen, was touched by the religious, economic and social unrest that turned the eyes of the weary and oppressed to America throughout all western Europe. Had Gustavus Adolphus lived far greater things might have come of the colony on the banks of the Delaware. The colony was founded with high and noble motives and prospered, but had the great king lived to put the force of his driving genius behind the settlement, New Sweden might have played as large a part in the affairs of the New World as New Holland, New England or New France. Dying on the field of battle in one of the greatest of the world's religious wars, Gustavus looking beyond the foreground of the world-drama in which he was acting, bequeathed to Chancellor Oxernstierna, "the jewel of his crown"—the project for



MRS. CHRISTINE HADDEN JOHNSON

Mother of Governor Johnson

a new Protestant nation beyond the seas. Thus the main motive of the Delaware colony, like that of Plymouth, was a religious one, and the little company that came to the Delaware in the good ship Kalmars Nyckel deserves to rank with that of the Mayflower.

Scandinavian immigration to the United States continued during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries but did not assume large proportions until the middle of the nineteenth century. In the fifties and sixties thousands of the Northmen poured into the United States, and they continued thereafter to come in large numbers, the high tide being reached in 1882 when 107,000 arrived; lately the annual arrivals have been from 30,000 to 40,000. The motives of Scandinavian immigration to the United States have been much the same as those that sent the Vikings faring forth in former times. Irksome political conditions at home, scant reward for hard toil, a desire to give their children larger opportunities, the glamour of American freedom and the fascination of empire-building tempted them to the long hard journeys in tramp freight ships and the steerage across the ocean and to the uphill fight in a new and strange land. Coming from the north, it was but natural that they should seek the colder regions of the United States, and so we find them

largely concentrated in the middle northwestern states, though well-represented in all the northern, western and even southwestern states.

Minnesota has received more of the Scandinavian homeseekers than any other state, and the men of that race occupy and long have occupied a conspicuous part in every department of human affairs in that state. It is the state of fair hair and blue eyes, and the blond type will survive there long after the brunettes have become dominant elsewhere. In Minnesota the Scandinavians are considered most desirable immigrants. Poor men for the most part, humble, eager to work and to learn and to get ahead, stalwart and strong, they were from the first prized in a state where there was much to do. They built the railways, felled the forests and tilled the soil. In all heavy construction work they are much missed in these later times, and contractors and other employers of human power in large quantities may often be heard to regret the passing of the "good old Swedes" for such work. The close racial relationship of these newcomers to the native Americans, their universal literacy, their physical strength and mental ability, their energy and ambition to rise, have led to an easy and rapid amalgamation. No other immigrant becomes an American so soon as the Scandinavian; the American born children

rarely know the language of their parents, and in Minnesota, and in the Dakotas, with all their Scandinavian population, there is only an occasional community in which the old language survives as the daily speech. The immigrants, it is true, fondly cling to the language of Normannaheimen, but find that English is necessary to a close touch with their children and the performance of the duties of their daily life.

The Scandinavians in America naturally see with a clearer vision what America means to them and what they mean to America than do other races. "It is true," says O. N. Nelson,[1] "that Rolf, Knute the Great and Gustavus Adolphus have had, either directly or indirectly, a great influence on civilization. But excepting for the Thirty Years War, the greatest, and for the human race the most important, memorials of the Scandinavian people are connected with the discovery of, colonization in, and emigration to the United States. John Ericsson, the greatest Scandinavian-American, was more of a benefactor to humanity than either Rolf or Knute the Great or both together. The emigrants, coming from the narrow valleys of Norway, the mines and forests of Sweden, the smiling plains of Denmark, the rocky shores of Iceland, with hearts of oak and

[1] "*History of Scandinavians in the United States.*"

arms of steel, are building empires on this continent." The dream of Gustavus Adolphus of a Swedish nation in the New World was not to be, but his people have indeed built empires within an empire in America. It has been said that it is possible to travel for three hundred miles in Minnesota without leaving land owned by Scandinavian-Americans. It is estimated that there are in the United States more than 2,000,000 people of Swedish descent, and the total population of Scandinavian descent has been estimated at as high as 4,000,000. In 1900 there were in America one-third as many Swedes as in Sweden, one-fifth as many Danes as in Denmark and one-half as many Norwegians as in Norway. Unlike the recent immigrants of southern European origin, the Scandinavians are farmers, and the hunger for land is strong in them. They become farmers and landowners, and thus by their occupation emphasize their contribution of steady industry, coolness, calmness and conservatism to the American "melting pot."

The northern blood of Scandinavia is proving strong reinforcement for the Anglo-Celtic blood of the republic. It serves well to keep the equilibrium between Teuton and Latin in the great racial blending going on in America. No other human material comes so ready for shaping by the conditions

of America. The rapidity of transformation is simply marvelous. Men and women who cannot speak English on landing in this country are soon in the thick of the Northwestern race for wealth and preferment, acting, talking and thinking as Americans. It is remarkable that within a generation the facial characteristics that mark the Scandinavian newcomer disappear. The change is often wrought in the life of an individual. While not enough time has elapsed for men of Scandinavian blood to take the leadership in numbers proportionate to their entire population, they have produced already large numbers of men who are prominent in business, politics and education. Senator Knute Nelson, one of the strongest men in the United States Senate, was governor before he was senator, and congressman before that. John Lind, three times member of the House of Representatives, and once governor of Minnesota and Adolph O. Eberhart, the present governor of Minnesota, are among those who, with the late Governor Johnson, have by their worth attained state and national fame. Other northwestern states have also produced many leaders of Scandinavian origin.

The conditions of removal from the Old World to the New and from one sort of a civilization to another have borne hard on the men and women

from the Northland. Far from home and family and the restraints of settled relations, individuals here and there who would have led quiet, humdrum lives at home, have yielded to vice or become lawless, and others have broken down under the terrific pressure of American life, becoming wrecks cast up on the shore of the sea of humanity. Some observers and students of the interesting problem of migration and fusion of races now proceeding in America under peaceful conditions, think that the result of the strain and shock of transmigration are shown in inferior stamina in the second generation in America. The next generation, however, having become thoroughly adapted to the environment, revert to the stalwart strength of the forefathers. The peasant women of the human stream Scandinavia has poured into the United States are strong, healthy and vigorous, well-fitted to be the mothers of men; their families are large, and since in the Northwest, as elsewhere, the native American stock tends to small families, the dominant race element of the future, though American to the core, is bound to be even more strongly of Scandinavian origin than now. Such being the case it is reassuring to know that the stock is sound and sturdy. They are a peaceable people, industrious, frugal and self-reliant, characterized by moderation and re-

straint. Accustomed to self-government at home, intelligent, inspired by American opportunity, they take the keenest interest in politics, and have no disposition to delegate political authority. Popular government benefits by their coming. The early comers sent their full share of volunteers to the front in the Civil War eager to fight for the perpetuation of the Republic even before they could speak its language. The coincidence of the Civil War and the early wave of Scandinavian settlement in the United States led to their general identification with the Republican Party, and in the main they have ever since stood by this party; though of recent years, the Norwegians, somewhat more prone to change than the Swedes, have become Democrats to a considerable extent, and many of the Swedes have followed the leadership of men like John Lind and John Albert Johnson into the Democratic Party.

It is not possible to take the space to give an adequate idea of the racial conditions, the incidents of immigration, the fascinating blending of the races, the contact of the Old World with the New, but what has been here briefly sketched will give some impression of the human stock of which John Albert Johnson came, and the forces that were affecting it at the time of his birth and boyhood and that affected him later despite his Americanism.

CHAPTER III

THE IMMIGRANTS

IN the fifth decade of the nineteenth century all Sweden was filled with unrest. The revolutions of 1848 were not without a profound effect in Scandinavia. The common people were stirred by a deep desire for better things. They felt that they were hopelessly handicapped by the weight of old and but slowly changing institutions. They heard from returning friends inspiring tales of the opportunities offered to thrift, energy and industry in the great republic beyond the seas. The discovery of gold in California in 1849 served not only to swell the throng of the argonauts from Scandinavia, but created a vast impulse among those who bore the main weight of the social and economic institutions to migrate to the New World, possess themselves of the land that could be had for the asking and start life anew free from the impediments of an ancient and fixed order. The unrest penetrated to the little parish of Refteled, Jönköping Lane (county) in the Province of Smoland

and to Gustav Jenson it came as a new stimulus to hope, as the call to a new and better life.

His father, then dead some years, had been a small landowner and farmer, and as regards worldly possessions was of a higher class than most of the Swedish people who migrated to the New World. He had several children, and when the estate was divided or otherwise disposed of, after his death, Gustav's interest in it gave him an income of only $7 or $8 a year. Gustav had learned the blacksmith's trade, and learned it well, and was also a good woodworker, so that the income from the estate should have meant little to him. Gustav, however, was indolent, easy-going and much given to sociability, though he was not then dissipated. He appeared to his neighbors to be just a good fellow who lacked ambition and energy. He had accomplished nothing, and was rather looked upon with good-natured disfavor by the hard-working village folk. He was so kind, so generous, so sunny-natured that none could be very harsh with him. Like many another who has not got on in the world, Gustav laid his failure to circumstances rather than to himself. He was persuaded that if he could only get to America, it would be easy to begin a new life — away from the old ruts, his boon companions and familiar surroundings. He was utterly with-

out funds, but clung desperately to the idea of getting to America. Among those who were making ready to depart for the land of promise were his friends, Mr. and Mrs. Carl A. Johnson, who thought rather well of Gustav despite his shortcomings. To them Gustav went with the proposition to exchange his birthright for a ticket to America. The deal was made, and so when the Johnsons sailed westward Gustav Jenson was with them. Carl Johnson, however, never got a penny for Jenson's birthright. The amount was small to a man who soon became accustomed to American standards of value, the distance was great and the means of collecting the income doubtful. So, it turned out that he had really made Jenson a present of the $50 or $60 he paid for his transportation to America. Gustav's easy-going habits did not alter on shipboard, and it is related by members of the Johnson family that he spent most of his time at sea in his bunk. The immigrants traveled from the interior of Sweden to the port of Gothenburg, via inland waterways, thence by vessel to Hull, England, and thence by sailing ship to Boston, the last part of the journey taking over six weeks.

Chicago was the destination of the immigrants, and there Gustav tarried a year, finding employ-

ment at his trade, and saving a little money. In the meantime the immigrants heard much of the rich valley of the Minnesota, which had only recently been ceded by the Indians, where land could be taken by preëmption. So in the spring of 1855 Gustav and Hans J. Johnson, a brother of Carl, and Hans' wife set out for Traverse des Sioux, which was then the very outpost of white settlement. They traveled by rail from Chicago to Galena, Ill., and there took a steamboat for St. Paul. At St. Paul they reckoned up and found that it would take every cent they had to buy tickets on the steamboat from St. Paul to St. Peter. Nothing daunted, they decided to transport themselves. Investing a few dollars in lumber, they built a rowboat, bought a barrel of flour and some salt pork, loaded these and their baggage into the boat and pushed out for St. Peter. They were going into a new country, Traverse des Sioux was little more than an Indian trading post and they did not know whether they could get work there or not. But they had provisions enough to last them for the round trip, so that they felt sure of being able to get back to St. Paul. Besides they had $5 in money between them, were all young and hopeful and they were delighted with the adventure. The river was high and the current

was swift; it took ten days of hard work to make the 150 miles to Traverse des Sioux, but with joke and song and whistling the time passed quickly.

Arrived at Traverse des Sioux the next thing to do was to get some land. They found preëmption land not far away, in what is now Traverse township of Nicollet County. They might have taken 160 acres each, but as they might be called on at any time to pay $1.25 an acre they feared that the demand would find them without enough purchase money if they should file on a quarter section, so, in the branch land office at St. Peter, they applied for eighty acres each, and forthwith set about improving it. Gustav's eighty was all prairie but there was some timber on Carl's land, and from this wood they took the logs for their cabins. Gustav seemed to have a new energy, and built a more pretentious house than that Hans undertook. It measured 14 × 16 and boasted a gable roof of poplar poles thatched with long slough grass. There was no floor but the earth. The door was on the side near one end, and it opened into a little hall, which in turn opened into the main room. The same transverse partition that made one side of the hall also cut off a small pantry or storeroom from the rest of the house. The cabin was torn down about 1864, and there is now no trace

of it beyond an opinion that some of the logs were used in a granary still standing near by. Gustav was not much of a farmer, but he put in some crops and then built a small shop in which he carried on his trade. When the time came Hans and Gustav walked overland to Winona, one hundred and forty miles, to pay up and get title at the government land office. Having made this transaction, Gustav Jenson, who now began to call himself Johnson (considering that the American equivalent of Jenson), was the owner of eighty acres of land in his own right, a comfortable cabin and was conducting a little smithy. It began to look as if the migration had been good for him. He needed only a wife to complete his establishment. Through many misfortunes and tribulations the one who was to be his wife, came at last to Traverse des Sioux.

Caroline Christine Haddén, daughter of Lothrop and Breta Haddén, was born in Lindköping, Ostergotland, Sweden, March 5, 1838. The father, a master cabinet maker, also owned a farm adjoining the village, and was able to provide well for his family. The local nobility greatly esteemed Lothrop Haddén's skill, and for weeks at a time he was away from home, employed at their castles. Thus he came, in time, to have more than a local reputation as a skilled artisan. These business sojourns

in the homes of nobility doubtless gave him glimpses of a world far larger than that of the village. Lothrop was a born mechanic, and his interests and his industry were by no means confined to his own trade or to his farm. He planned and built the first threshing machine ever used in that part of Sweden. In his odd moments he built an elaborate clock and constructed a loom. He fashioned a pair of beautiful candelabra, which he presented to the parish church. One of his diversions was to take a new piece of cloth, study out the design and fabric and then imitate it on his own loom. He was a great reader, and always had a book with him for reading in spare moments. The family numbered five children, besides Christine — an elder brother, three younger brothers and a little sister. Lothrop Haddén was a devoted father. His own inclinations, work, associations and reading had given him a taste for a larger life than he could hope to attain in Sweden. He was possessed of a longing to give his children a better start and opportunity in the world than he had himself. Therefore the migration fever found him an easy victim. In the spring of 1853 he sold his farm and his shop and, keeping the tools of his trade, took passage in May for America with his family and a sister. The immigrants were ocean-borne by sailing vessel and

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eleven weeks and five days passed before they came to port at Boston.

Soon after the Haddéns reached Boston the father was searched out by a gentleman who inquired whether he was the man who had made a chiffonier for a certain Swedish nobleman, and on learning that Haddén was the man, gave him a commission to build a similar one for him. From Boston the Haddén family traveled westward to Chicago. While on Lake Erie their vessel caught fire and they were barely saved by another boat. Arriving at Chicago at last, Lothrop Haddén soon fell a victim to his Old World innocence. He consulted a Swedish interpreter in the government employ in regard to exchanging his Swedish money for American. The interpreter said that the exchange could not be made in Chicago, but that the money would have to be returned to Sweden for that purpose. So, the guileless immigrant turned all his funds over to the interpreter to take back to Sweden with him, he saying that he was to sail for the old country on the next ship. Needless to say Haddén never saw the money — the entire proceeds of his former property. The need of remunerative employment was urgent and Haddén ordered lumber to fill the order he had received in Boston. It was the year of the cholera. The dread disease entered the family.

Lothrop Haddén and his good wife succumbed, and the eldest son and the aunt also obeyed the call of death. Within three weeks from the time that the wandering family arrived in Chicago, Caroline Christine found herself bereft of father and mother, ignorant of the language, inexperienced and with three brothers and a baby sister to care for. Her first thought was that she might sell her father's tools, but when she went to the Swedish pastor's house, whither her father had sent them, she found that they had been left under the eaves of the church and were ruined by moisture and rust. Charity, then, was the only resort. The three boys, Carl John, Andrew Alfred and Lars Rheinhold, and the baby were placed in an orphans' home, where Caroline was given employment. A little later the young girl was taken as domestic servant into the home of a minister, but she could not stand the separation from the other children, and throwing her clothes out of the window one night, stole away and returned to the orphans' home, and begged Mrs. Fleming, the matron, to let her stay there with the little ones. Mustering her courage again, she went forth to employment in a family of the name of Beecher, at Michigan City, Indiana. She stayed there through the winter of 1852–3, but was called back to Chicago by news of the sickness of the lit-

EARLY PICTURES OF JOHNSON WITH HIS FRIENDS

(From tintypes)

tle sister. The heartbroken Caroline arrived too late — the baby had died. She remained at the orphanage through the summer and fall, and during that time the eldest brother was apprenticed to a tinsmith in Chicago and the two other boys were adopted by families living in the country near Aurora, Illinois. Caroline remained in Chicago during the winter and once visited her brothers in the country. In the spring an uncle residing in St. Paul, invited her to join him, and saying good-bye to the brothers she took the long journey by rail and boat to St. Paul. This proved to be her last farewell to the brothers; for on the way to St. Paul, Caroline lost their addresses and never saw or heard of them again, though in later years many efforts were made to locate them. The immigrant girl was now alone and helpless; for her uncle had moved away from St. Paul before she arrived. After a stay of a year in St. Paul, she proceeded by steamer on the Minnesota River to Traverse des Sioux, intending to stay there only a short time, but the river froze up unexpectedly, and she was compelled to remain until spring. When she returned to St. Paul she found that the boarding-house keeper had given away the trunk which contained all her clothing and family keepsakes. She had now not a single token of the past, of the old land of her kin.

While at Traverse des Sioux she met Gustav Johnson, and returning to St. Peter in January, 1858, was met with an offer of marriage from the young blacksmith. They were married February 28, 1858.

Hans J. Johnson was the matchmaker. He told Gustav that being now past thirty years of age and having a farm and a home and being well started in life, he should take a wife. By this time a Swedish Lutheran Church had been started at Traverse des Sioux. At the church meetings Hans noticed a comely, bright-eyed woman, who proved, upon introduction, to be Christine Haddén. Previously Christine had worked in the family of G. A. Brown, a storekeeper at Traverse des Sioux. Hans told Christine that she ought to be working for herself, and that the best way to do that would be to marry Gustav Johnson, who owned a farm, a house, and was withal a good workman. Christine was alone in the world and sorrow-stricken, she longed for a home; and so the suggestion of Hans Johnson was favorably received. In the meantime Carl A. Johnson and his family had come from Chicago to the settlement, and they thought marriage would be good for Gustav. The two were married in Gustav's cabin by the Rev. C. Cedarstram, of the Swedish Lutheran church.

Their pre-nuptial journey was the six-mile drive to Gustav's farm, and the driver was Matthias G. Evenson, the first settler on the site of St. Peter, who had married Sophia Christine Johnson, daughter of Carl Johnson, both of whom are living. Mrs. Evenson recalls with clear memory the old home in Sweden, Gustav Johnson as he was there and later in America, and it is from her, her husband and her brother, C. F. Johnson, that most of what is here recorded about the Jensen or Johnson family was learned.

For four years the couple prospered and were happy, and it was in the farm cabin built by Gustav, that on July 28, 1861, the second son, John Albert Johnson, was born. The Indian massacre of 1862 drove the Johnson family into St. Peter for safety, and the father, on the plea that he could do better there than in the country, sold the farm, built a little home and opened a shop. Here, too, the family prospered for a while, and in St. Peter were born five daughters and another son. But the mother's respite from misery and woe was to be brief. In the village there were too many temptations for the father; it was too easy to let things drift, and he soon started on a downward career that ended many years later in the county home.

Gustav Johnson, poor, disgraced wretch that he

was in later years, had good qualities, and there is little doubt that his great son profited somewhat from his paternal heredity. From his mother, the hard-working, long-suffering woman of many sorrows, Johnson inherited an unconquerable firmness and fixity of purpose that was curiously blended with an easy-going good nature that doubtless came from his father. John's good-fellowship, his lovable social qualities, his vivacity and enthusiastic nature were his inheritance from the wretched father, an inheritance of cheerfulness that was nevertheless always shadowed by a lurking sadness.

There has been a tendency to make the father appear worse than he was, because his failure brought so much hardship and humiliation to the family. There was nothing evil in his nature. He was a dreamer and talker rather than a performer. While not well educated, he could read and write, and loved to whistle and sing and discuss politics and religion. There was doubtless good material in the man who could do what he had done from the time he left Sweden until some years after marriage. But the responsibilities of family life were too much for him. He could not get ahead, and as the years went by he became discouraged, lost his grip and finally became a tramp, a drunkard and an outcast. Some of his friends think that

he was mentally deranged when he finally gave up the struggle and deserted his family, and they prefer to think of the good-natured, entertaining talker and jovial singer of the earlier days.

CHAPTER IV

THE BOY'S STRUGGLES

AS self-consciousness dawned upon little John Johnson, he found himself in a sad home atmosphere. The father failed as a provider, and as the family grew his lack of energy became more manifest. He took care of an occasional job in his shop and did it well, but was wholly lacking in enterprise, and the habit grew on him of taking a cheerful view of life through the aid of drink. Some of his friends thought Mrs. Johnson was not a good economizer. A country boy bringing a coulter of a plow to Gustav for repair, was invited to take dinner with the family. "There was," he said, "a big slab of sponge cake in the middle of the table, and a fine, big, juicy beefsteak, potatoes and bread and butter. I don't believe I had ever eaten beefsteak before. When I told my father about it, he shook his head and said that Gustav would yet land in the poorhouse." Certain it is that so long as the father was active the table was well-provided, and there was often a friend at

the board. But this period of comfort gradually merged into one of want, as the father became more and more incapable. One day he sold the shop for $200, put the money into his pocket, walked down the street, with a pleasant greeting to Matt Evenson — and was gone for a year. He returned and went again; returned once more, a physical wreck, and as a helping factor in the family life had to be ignored. Eventually he reached the lowest depths of misery and helplessness, and was finally sent to the county farm as an inebriate, where he died.

The father's wretchedness and the mother's burden of toil and care for the family weighed down the boy's spirits and oppressed his thoughts. Poverty was there with all its blight. The mother, with her new chapter of suffering, was not yet beyond the sorrow of death's shadow. In all she bore eight children, four of whom passed away in infancy or childhood, two dying when the poverty of the family was at the extremest. The daily toil that kept the wolf from the door was of the hardest kind for the mother — she was the village washerwoman. Her best efforts brought but small reward, and the living was of the scantiest. The children were poorly clad and scantily nourished. A neighbor relates that she was often invited to partake of a

meal with the Johnsons, being a frequent visitor at the home, but declined whenever possible, because of the limited amount of food. One dish usually constituted the meal — sometimes potatoes, sometimes bread and butter; ofttimes the cow the family managed to keep was their sole defense against hunger. So limited was the food of the family that it has been thought by some of the neighbors that the health of the future governor was permanently impaired by lack of sufficient nutritious food during his early years. The furniture of the little home was meager almost beyond description. One pail served Mrs. Johnson as a milk pail, bread pan, dish pan, and water pail. She baked her bread on a picked-up piece of sheet iron or an old kettle cover. There was one table in the house and two or three wooden benches. There was no such thing in the house as a bureau, box or chest and only one bedstead. It was difficult to get fuel enough to warm the rooms in winter, and the children as well as the mother suffered from cold. For years Mrs. Johnson had only one dress, which was her single garment. It was a sort of wrapper, lined with flour sacking. Old-timers in St. Peter, like the Evensons, recall the boy John, hugging the stove in the winter clad only in a linen blouse, well worn before winter came. He was four-

teen years old before he knew the comfort of an overcoat — and that in a climate where the mercury often goes well below zero in the winter. But while the Johnson family lived in abjectest poverty, it was not squalid poverty. The mother kept the house spotlessly clean, and what little there was in it showed to the best advantage.

Neither was poverty faced by the mother and children in a morose or sullen spirit. They made the most of what they had. Mrs. Johnson enjoyed company, and being deprived of a husband's presence and coöperation, liked to have visitors. The children managed to go to school, and the mother was willing to suffer any hardship to keep them there. John delivered the washing for his mother and collected it mornings and evenings, went to school with the other boys, milked the cow, and did the odd jobs that came along; collected scrap iron and copper for a few cents a pound, and found time to play ball and marbles in the summer, and coast and skate in winter.

One of the jobs that came to him and a companion was a commission to hoe the weeds out of the corn field of Gibb Patch, an old citizen and veteran of the Civil War. The boys were to receive twenty cents a row. They worked up and down the rows most diligently, cheering themselves

for their aching backs and blistered hands with the addition of twenty cents to their joint assets at the end of each row. When the work was done — and it was well done — the boys hastened to search for Gibb Patch to collect their money. Gibb could not be found at first, and several weeks passed before he went out to inspect the field. Of course, the weeds had grown up again by this time; Gibb insisted that the work had been done in a slovenly manner and announced to the disappointed boys that ten cents a row was all he would pay. The boys could do no better, and took their pay at that rate, but John was boiling over with rage. He considered that he had been outraged. "Just as soon as I am big enough," he threatened Gibb, "I will give you a good licking for this." It was about the only grudge that John harbored in his life. One day, years later, he realized that he was big enough to "lick" Gibb. "But then," he said, "it would have been such an easy job, that I did n't have the heart to do it."

John's school days and boyhood were soon over, but for recompense it was given him to be a boy all his life. Between the ages of six and thirteen, he had attended school in four different buildings, and had made the most of his opportunities. The first years of school were passed in a little frame

public school building, which, remodeled, still stands, and is used as a dwelling. This building was at first the edifice of the German Methodists, and was built in 1862 of lumber hauled overland from St. Paul by ox-team driven by Henry Moll, the present judge of probate of Nicollet County, who was then only thirteen years old. After the church outgrew this primitive structure, the town school board found it very convenient to accommodate the overflow from the regular schoolhouse. From this little schoolhouse the boy was transferred to the Livermore Episcopalian school, which was then housed in the building that had formerly been used for worship by the First Episcopal Mission Church of the Holy Redeemer. It is now used as a blacksmith shop. Returning to the public schools, the future governor was taken care of in the main school building of that time, which, moved a mile from its old location, now does duty as a hide and wool warehouse. All of these school buildings were moved from their original locations, and have finally come to stand near each other.

The fourth and last schoolhouse, built of brick, and formerly known as the high school, is still in use, and the Governor's sister, Hattie, is a teacher there. The last year of schooling, spent here, was

an important year in the boy's life, for it brought him under the influence of Elias S. Pettijohn, a teacher, who understood and liked the boy, encouraged him to study, set him a good example in and out of school of what a man should be, and aroused in the boy a thirst for knowledge. To the last there was an affectionate regard between the pupil and his schoolmaster, who is now deputy state treasurer.

"John was one of my pupils in the old brick school building at St. Peter," says Mr. Pettijohn, "for one school year and, I think, part of a second year. I was in charge of this school from the beginning of the school year in 1873 till the December holidays in 1876. As I now recall the impressions of John as a student, the first and strongest is as to his personality. He was a natural gentleman. I mean that he had an instinctive tendency to be kindly to and thoughtful of others. He was one of the brightest-minded boys I have ever known. Sincerity, honesty, ability and industry were foundation stones in the temple of his mental and moral life. In his classes and on the playgrounds he was always wide awake, and ready to do the very best that was in him. He never mixed his class work with playground sports, nor carried to the playgrounds any sentiment other than a fine strong love

of athletic sport. There never was any sham in his entire make-up. He was always and under all circumstances perfectly natural — gentlemanly, unassuming. His conduct and deportment in the schoolroom, on the playgrounds, and at all other places was always gentlemanly — fitting perfectly to the time and place.

"He was quite diffident as to his ability as a student, an incident of which I now recall. We had a very lively, wide awake school, and in addition to the lessons assigned in the text-books I always placed or had copied on the blackboard some special work calling for original effort on the part of the student, and an application by the student of the principles embodied in the text of the lesson. I presume that modern methods of teaching make my work appear crude; however, that was the best way I knew of and so used it. The incident mentioned happened when I handed John the written copy and asked him to go to the blackboard and copy it. He demurred, said he was afraid that he could not do it as well as it should be done; he was diffident and bashful, and, as was perfectly natural, lacked confidence in himself, facing an untried experiment. I encouraged him to try — telling him that the mere act of trying under the circumstances and doing his best would be to him a

most useful lesson. He went to the blackboard willingly and copied the work in excellent style and manner. Each student in the class then copied in his blotter the lesson from the blackboard. He spoke of this incident over and over after he became a noted man, and always with the statement that no other event in his school life did so much to develop confidence in himself as this. Ever afterward he was always ready and willing to do any part, or all, of the blackboard work. He developed into a splendid blackboard writer, and also a fine rapid writer with pen and pencil."

When Gustav Johnson gave up the fight and walked out of the village without a word of farewell, he brought John's formal education to an end. The mother was the sole support of the family, and John, though all but heartbroken at leaving school, made up his mind that the time had come for him to go to work. Friends and neighbors, like the Johnsons and Evensons, helped the family out with loads of wood and hay and contributions of provisions of one sort and another, and the mother fought against John leaving school, for she feared that if he left it would be never to return — and so it was. The boy made up his mind that there was no choice for him. And, as always, once he had made up his mind, good-natured and accommodating

as he ever was, nothing could turn him from his purpose. Matthias Evenson, who had always taken a kindly interest in the family, lending the father money now and then to carry on his business, and who with his good wife came to their assistance in this crisis, agreed with John. He deplored the necessity of taking the boy out of school, but advised him to keep his books and study by himself. John said he would, and he did. Mr. Evenson called on Charles J. Colin, who kept a general store, and asked him whether he could not find a place for John in his store. Mr. Colin, who is still living on a farm some twelve miles from St. Peter, had already taken notice of John. Three years before he had begun to observe a slim, light-haired, blue-eyed, bright-looking youngster on the streets, clad in a pair of blue overalls, a hickory shirt, and a battered straw hat. Later he learned that the boy was "Johnny" Johnson, and found that as he came and went, he was often collecting or delivering washing for his mother, and that he and his elder brother, Ed, even helped the mother with the washing and ironing. There was something trim, quick and keen about the barefoot boy that made a lasting impression on Mr. Colin. So he was quite ready to act on Mr. Evenson's application. Thus it came about that, at the age of thirteen, John Johnson went

to work as all-around help in Colin's store at a salary of $10 a month. His duties were to sweep out the store, deliver groceries and take care of the old mare with which John made the round of Colin's customers. John made good from the start, as he always did, seemingly without any great effort. Whatever he did seemed to him to be a good thing to do. The work in hand was always the great thing with Johnson, boy or man. Few men were as little concerned about the future as he; his chief concern was always the present task.

"After John had been with me a week," said Mr. Colin, "I knew I had drawn a prize. He proved to be accommodating, gentlemanly, and was never ruffled. He had natural ability as a salesman, and made friends very fast. In less than two weeks he knew the stock thoroughly, had developed into a first-class clerk and was good at anything he undertook. I would just as soon have him behind the counter as myself. I never hesitated about leaving him in charge of the store, and I always knew where to find him. He was always ready for work and never shirked. My wife and I thought as much of him as we did of our own children. When he was at our house Johnny would insist on helping my wife if she appeared to need any help.

SCHOOLHOUSE IN ST. PETER

"It was his custom to take his wages home to his mother every Saturday night during the two years he was with me. I noticed that he always spoke lovingly of her and the children, and he never complained of his father.

"Twice while I was in the grocery business the grasshoppers swooped down on the farms around St. Peter and destroyed the crops. After the second visitation I went out of business, but before I closed the store Matt Evenson and I found a place for John in Henry Jones' drug store, where at first he was paid the same salary I had given him. We met occasionally, only at long intervals after I left St. Peter, but our friendship never lessened. Once after he became governor, I was his guest for a part of a day in St. Paul — I tried twice that day to give him his title in addressing him, but he would n't have it. 'Call me John or Johnny,' he said, same as you used to.'

"While he was still my clerk he spent most of his leisure in reading, though he was full of fun and frolic, and dearly loved the games of boyhood. He certainly was an omnivorous reader. He always slept in the store, and I have found him many times late at night sitting alongside his cot, reading by the light of a kerosene lamp, entirely

absorbed and completely oblivious of his surroundings. I often had to remind him that it was time to go to bed.

"Even when he was only thirteen years old he was a good speaker. Some say that he developed his faculty for speaking in the Knights of Pythias Lodge, which he joined later, but it is certain that he used to address the boys who would gather in the store when business was dull. If there were four or five of them there, and there was nothing else to do, he would sometimes mount a barrel and gravely discuss the political issues of the day."

After a time spent in the Jones' store, John entered the employ of Stark Brothers & Davis, who conducted a general store. It was winter and one of the firm insisted upon providing him with an overcoat, the first he had ever had. A boy who turned all of his salary over to his mother could hardly afford the luxury of an overcoat, even in a Minnesota winter.

The first great triumph of the boy's life was attained when his salary was made large enough to support the family. With the money in his hands he hastened home to tell his mother that her days of public washing were over. "I have never been prouder of John," said his mother years after, when he was a candidate for governor, "than I was the

evening when he came home and told me that his salary had been raised, and that he would no longer permit me to take in washing."

In the gubernatorial campaign of 1908, while the Governor was making a sort of triumphal progress throughout the state, hailed everywhere as the greatest of Minnesota's governors, and looked upon by his people as a coming president of the United States, one of his party asked him what was the happiest moment of his life — was it when he was first elected governor, or was it when men began to name him for the presidency?

"No," said the Governor, "the keenest satisfaction I have known in life was that evening when with my raised salary I went home, and my heart bounding with joy, laid it in mother's lap, and told her that she would no longer have to take in washing."

Some men might have said that for effect. John A. Johnson said it because it was true. Between mother and son there was always the fullest confidence — except that the boy — as he afterwards confessed — sometimes "went swimming" without her consent or knowledge.

A few months spent as a drug clerk in Decorah, Iowa, and a few months more, in 1886–7, as a railway construction supply clerk in the employ of C. G. Larson & Co., railway contractors, were the

only absences of any length from St. Peter in the whole of Governor Johnson's life up to the time of his first election as state senator. He was with Larson & Co. from March, 1886, until February 1, 1887, but during only part of that time was he employed at Greeley, Iowa. In the last few months of that employment he was stationed at Mankato, which was so near St. Peter that frequent visits home were possible. Returning to the drug store's employ in the early eighties he became a registered pharmacist. The confinement of the store impaired his health and caused the change of occupation.

John Peterson, a member of this contracting firm, and now internal revenue collector for the district of Minnesota, who had known Johnson from his early boyhood, engaged him for the railway work at a salary of $75 a month. The young man's duties were to handle all the supplies and tools needed by the subcontractors from the company store, the work extending ten or fifteen miles each way from Greeley, on the then building Chicago Great Western Railway. Mr. Peterson says that he was one of the most trustworthy and reliable young men he had ever known. "He handled the business to our entire satisfaction, was correct and careful, and in good humor all the time; helping materially by his cheerfulness and promptness to

further our work. Later, on the construction of the Cannon Valley railroad, Johnson performed other services for us with headquarters at Mankato. His duties were to look after the requirements of the laborers and keep track of them, the tools and machinery, and the teams. It was in that work that we taught him bookkeeping. Here, as at Greeley, his service to us was of the highest order."

These mere dates and places of employment, however, give little idea of the life the boy led in the years of adolescence and youth. At home, the days of poverty and want were over, but there was still a full measure of care and grief. Two sisters, twins, were born in 1875, and one of them lived only three years. Another sister, born in 1873, died in 1887. The father, after a final effort to redeem himself, sank into hopeless inebriety, and as an inebriate was sent to the county home, in order to give the mother and children a better chance in their hard struggle. The homestead was sold for taxes, while John was away from St. Peter, and he sent home the money, $125, to bid it in. By his efforts the younger children were kept at school. By the time his salary had reached $75 a month, he managed to retain a little of it for himself, but his sacrifice for the family forced him to a minimum allowance for himself. On one occasion a young

woman with whom John was "keeping company" found fault with his shabby coat, and the young fellow had to confess that he could not afford a new one — and the confession cost him his "company." He did not flinch even from showing his old coat in public when he sang Sundays in the choir of the Presbyterian church. He admitted the need of a new coat, but declared that he would not have one until he could pay for it. Before John went to work the family received considerable help from kind friends and neighbors, but from the moment he began to draw pay, nothing went to the Johnson household that was not paid for. The struggle was still hard, the good friends knew it, and offered help, but always Mrs. Johnson would reply that whatever the family got John would pay for.

Loyalty was one of Johnson's strongest characteristics. He never forgot a friend, but on the other hand, never tried to remember an enemy. Throughout these early years, his sense of the demands of loyalty made the family the great consideration. The boy did not have any vaulting ambition. The duty of the hour and the day and of the years was to stand by the family, and stand by them he did. Each new trouble and added ex-

pense found him in the breach, consoling the mother, cheering up the children, paying the bills.

"On Christmas eve," says his sister Hattie, "John would be Santa Claus for us all. He would come home in the evening loaded down with all sorts of mysterious bundles. Something, first, to cheer mother's heart. Then gifts for all the little ones. Among them there was sure to be a good book for each of the children. And John was just as happy in the giving as we were in the receiving. He certainly taught us all the lesson that it is more blessed to give than to receive. John was more than a brother to us — he was a father to us all."

When John was working for the railway contractors near Mankato he came home every Saturday night. "How the children would anxiously wait for Sunday to come," says the sister, "for we knew that John would be home. Then we would sit around the fireside, and listen to him as he would tell some thrilling tale or sing some of the old Southern melodies. We — and the neighbor's children, too — would sit with tears streaming down our cheeks as he sang those dear old folk songs." The quality that made him strike the responsive chord in all men so long as he lived kept him in touch with the little children. His heart was full

of human kindness, and he had a way of getting to the best side of human nature that was always one of his elements of strength. Even when he was in his teens he made speeches at village gatherings that brought the tears to the cheeks of bearded men.

It must not be thought that John Johnson was a paragon of virtue. He was full of life and energy, and like other boys he offended at times by omission as well as commission. He was no little, sad-eyed saint. He got into mischief and got out as best he could. As always he was thoroughly human. The purpose of life concerned him little, living was the thing. It was good to live, to enjoy, to suffer, to run the gamut of human experience, and living, with him, meant helping others to play the game just as much as playing his own game. His humanness was his strength. It was that which made the tall, thin, awkward, diffident, poorly-clad boy the life of his youthful circle in St. Peter, that later made him the life of the village, and later still the most beloved of governors.

STORE WHERE JOHNSON TOILED WHEN A BOY
Johnson at left of entrance

CHAPTER V

THE JOURNALIST

OPPORTUNITY was looking for John Johnson while he was working on the railroad. All unknown to him his future was being shaped. True to his life-long habit of doing the work at hand, leaving the future to take care of itself, he was busying himself with his seventy-five dollars a month position, and filling every nook and crevice of it. His friends were planning the future. He seemed always to have friends who looked after his future. The way he looked after the present was always a guaranty for other men to plan his future. This man's whole life was a vindication of human nature. He justified friendship and confidence, and he always had it. A half-interest in the St. Peter *Herald* was available for sale in the latter part of 1886. Henry Essler, who owned the other half, and was the possessor of good judgment of men, made up his mind that John Johnson was just the sort of man he wanted for editor and half-owner. He said as much to Johnson one

morning in December, 1886. "How can I buy a half-interest?" said Johnson. "I have n't any money?" "That 's all right," replied Essler, "I 'll get some people you know to buy it for you, if you will accept the offer." "I don't want to get into debt to anyone," demurred Johnson. "I 've been trying to keep out of debt all my life, and I don't want to begin now." Essler tried to overcome John's objections, and the latter said in a day or two he would give his decision. The decision was favorable, and thus began a partnership that continued harmoniously for many years. "John never gave me a cross word in the nineteen years we were together," says Essler. "No matter what happened he was always trying to cheer a fellow up."

Essler took up the financial question with some of the townspeople, and Major A. L. Sackett, always one of John Johnson's firm friends, and Matt Evenson took the initiative in making up a little pool to transform the contractor's clerk into a journalist. Dr. A. W. Daniels, faithful friend and family physician, Joseph Mason, Theodore Knoll and Jacob Bauer joined with them. The purchase was made at once, but John remained with the contractors until February 1, 1887. The *Herald* was a Democratic publication. John was then considered a Republican, though, like most Minnesota

people, he was a low-tariff champion, and the agitation of the tariff in the eighties had begun to shake his devotion to the party. It was considered desirable to continue the *Herald* as a Democratic paper.

"John," said Contractor Peterson, as he shook hands with the young man in farewell, "how can you, a Republican, become the editor of a Democratic paper?"

"It may be a step to something better," answered John.

"And," comments Mr. Peterson, "as events turned out, it certainly was."

To understand Johnson, the clerk, becoming Johnson, the editor, it is necessary to know something of the men and circumstances and self-education that moulded the boy through his struggling years. To begin with, St. Peter was something more than an ordinary country village. It was a producer of big men, and through them it kept in touch with the outer world. The town was founded by Willis A. Gorman, sent to Minnesota, in 1853, as the second governor of the territory. He was a member of a company which proposed to transfer the capital from St. Paul to St. Peter, and the future city was laid out as a capital. The streets were made wide, and sites were reserved for the future capitol and other state buildings. But the

plan failed through the abstraction of the bill from the legislative files, and the city of destiny took its place with a thousand other cities of destiny. Later St. Peter gave the state three governors before Johnson's time, viz., Swift, Austin and McGill, and many state officials. The first "elegant mansion" in the Minnesota Valley was built just below the town by Charles E. Flandrau, pioneer, soldier, old-time gentleman and jurist. St. Peter lost the capital but it got the Central Lunatic Asylum of the state, and that fact made the town headquarters for the Board of Trustees, eminent men in the state and politicians. Edward Eggleston, "The Hoosier Schoolmaster," was there for a while, selling soap from house to house, and there were a number of big men, landed by fate in a small town — such men as J. K. Moore, editor of the *Tribune;* John and Harry Lamberton, Lt.-Gov. G. S. Ives, F. A. Donahower, J. B. and A. L. Sackett, Henry A. Swift, Capt. W. B. Dodd, E. E. Paulding, Major B. H. Randall, C. S. Bryant, Dr. A. W. Daniels, and Col. Benjamin F. Pratt. These men were men of ideas, thought and expression. In his daily work in the stores, in village affairs and society, Johnson met them and heard them talk. Many a warm political debate the boy eagerly listened to in the winter evenings, when the village wise men foregath-

ered at the store and disposed of the fate of the state and the nation. They were well-read men, too, and their allusions as they talked stimulated John Johnson to widen his intellectual horizon by reading. Mr. Donahower exerted a very strong influence on the boy in this direction. He started John's reading with Prescott's "Conquest of Mexico," which was followed by the "Conquest of Peru," and the first standard novel, Scott's "Ivanhoe," and then followed the steady absorption of Dickens, all of Scott's novels and every one of Shakespeare's plays, many of the latter being read several times.

"Once I started reading," he said years afterward, "I read everything I could reach; took the shelves straight ahead — it was all interesting. I think I read everything in that attic where an old town library had been dumped, except perhaps the blue books, the statistical reports and tables of logarithms. I was reading one day a book, 'The Boys of the Order of the White Cross'— I remember it was a red book with the letters B. O. W. C. in white across the front cover — when a teacher in the Presbyterian Sunday school, Capt. J. C. Donahower, came along.

"He turned the book over and gave it back to me, saying, 'It is a pity to waste your time on weak

stuff like that. If you will promise to read two books I will name, I will pay one dollar and a half for a six months' subscription to the library for you.' Of course I promised and started in on his choice, 'The Conquest of Mexico' and 'Ivanhoe.'

"They were a bit difficult in their first chapters, but they held me from my sleep before I got through with them.

"After that the thirst for reading was a flood, a very torrent — I could not get enough. I read Dickens and Scott; I read Shakespeare, and declaimed the scenes to myself at night, and I think I got as much pleasure out of it as I derived from Keene's 'Richard the Third,' and Modjeska's 'As You Like It' in after years."

It was only a short time before his death that writing to a young man, who had inquired as to what books had exerted the greatest influence on his career, the Governor said: "I presume the great dramatist exerted a greater influence than any other one writer because of the delineation of so many-sided characters. Out of him came the inspiration to read more. Historical dramas directed me to the history of England, and Hume and Macaulay naturally followed. Then I turned to France to study her romantic history; from there to Germany and

then back to Rome and Greece, Egypt and all the Aryan regions. The tendency of the above and kindred books interested me in the literature and history of my own country, and the growth of the appetite for this food for thought doubtless created a desire to know more of the institutions of government here and abroad. All of my work in this direction must have from time to time fired me with ambition and exalted my spirit of patriotic duty. In other words my increased knowledge of the world and the men who made its history and affairs fitted me in some measure for the duties of life."

Thus the boy who washed bottles in the drug store and sat behind the counter with his chin resting on his hands, eagerly listening to the discussions of big topics by the village wise men, listened with a mind attuned to grave matters and a sense that history was being made all around him. From these hard-headed men he learned the trick of practical everyday argument. They taught him the knack of putting an opponent to flight by a series of questions. It is still a tradition in St. Peter, of how the young man once confronted two traveling men who were getting all the better of a street argument by the same method. Johnson turned their own weapons on them, and they finally fled to their hotel followed

by a hooting crowd immensely delighted that a simple, green-looking fellow of their own village had put the outsiders to flight.

In the letter above quoted in part the Governor advised his young correspondent to cultivate the "art of communicating what you know to others." From the very beginning of his reading and study, the boy cultivated that art himself. He was naturally diffident and inarticulate, and he labored hard to overcome these defects. He drove himself to create and take advantage of opportunities for speaking, and often through his diffidence made miserable failures of his efforts, but in time he came to be recognized as the readiest speaker in the village. With a similar purpose of unfolding himself he identified himself with everything of public interest in the village. He joined the Presbyterian church, sang in the choir, became secretary and was an active and helpful member. Later he was a charter member of the St. Peter Lodge of the Knights of Pythias, joined the Woodmen and still later the Mankato Lodge of Elks. After he was governor he became a Mason. Until much public speaking injured his voice, he was a good singer and dearly enjoyed singing. Years later in St. Paul a friend asked him what part he sang in the choir.

GOVERNOR JOHNSON AT DIFFERENT AGES

"I thought it was tenor," answered the Governor.

In every county seat of the West the annual county fair is a milestone in the progress of the community. Johnson worked for the success of the Nicollet county fair as if it were his own business. For some years he was secretary of the association, and in this work mastered the art of handling men and getting along with them. He was a pastmaster in settling disputes and dealing with exhibitors and race men. He could always get a better racing card than the neighboring fairs. Horse owners would take their racers to St. Peter because of their liking for Johnson.

At one fair there were no entries for the "scrub" running race. An astute horseman conceived the idea of entering a good horse as a scrub. Johnson accepted the entry fee, but questioned whether the race would "fill." "Come around and get your money back," he advised, "if we don't pull it off." Other horsemen had the same idea as the first and came around to enter their fast nags as scrubs. Johnson took their money but gave them all the same warning. Each professional regarded the race as a sure thing. When the entrants came onto the track they made up the best bunch of race horses

seen in a St. Peter race in years. None of the professionals dared complain, and the secretary chuckled inwardly.

In keeping with his general program of all-around activity the young man entered the National Guard in 1883, enlisting as a private in Company I of the Second Infantry, M. N. G. He became captain and was honorably discharged after five years of service. He was again elected captain of the company in 1892, but obtained an honorable discharge after a few months of service. Company I stood high as a military organization, and contributed its part to the notable achievement of the Second Regiment in taking the second prize in the international regimental competitive drill held in President Cleveland's presence in Chicago in 1887.

Thus with wide interests and self-education, John Johnson, though utterly ignorant of the mechanical side of newspaper work, and knowing nothing of the process of making "copy," was, after all, well-fitted for the post of country editor. Henry Essler was amply able to take care of the mechanical end of the newspaper and job printing office. Even there John could help some by main strength. John knew everybody in the village and surrounding country, could sympathize with the village loafer, advise the mayor, play a game of cards in a dull

hour, organize a baseball nine, play a very good game himself, infuse life into a social club, write gossipy reports of local news, and produce a learned editorial now and then. Human life interested him always; the particular aspect of human life before him was that of St. Peter; Johnson, therefore, was intensely interested in everything that pertained to St. Peter. He knew exactly the point of view of his readers, he was interested in what they were interested in, he could give them what they wanted. The paper reflected local life as he saw it and as he preferred to brighten it. The very incarnation of good nature and tolerance himself, his paper was charitable, optimistic, helpful. Just at the start the sense of his importance as a journalist caused him to write one bitter article. In this he declared that Governor McGill in selecting the editor of the St. Peter *Tribune* for private secretary had appointed an incompetent. The new editor of the *Tribune* came out with an article vindicating the appointment and Johnson was convinced that he had made a mistake. When he was governor, dining one day with the rival editor of old who had set him right, he assured the newspaper man that he had never forgotten the lesson then learned, and that never after his first month as a journalist had he ever written an unkind word of any person. From that time

on his editorials never contained personal attacks. Writing "A Tribute to My Friend," this rival journalist of old St. Peter days, P. V. Collins, now publisher of the *Northwestern Agriculturist,* referred to this incident and added:

"What a noble rule for one buffeting in journalism and politics. How it opened the secret of his kind, sympathetic personality to confess this to have been, throughout his seventeen or eighteen years of editorial experience, the fundamental principle on which his action had ever been based! And no man ever had bitterer attacks made upon him — attacks of a personal, shameful, exasperating character by men so mean and despicable that they could sneer half truths that cut so much more keenly than whole falsehoods. Yet through such bitterness, not one word of personal retort did John A. Johnson ever write or speak or permit to appear in the columns he controlled."

It is unusual for the editors of rival papers in a small town to keep their political and business opposition from degenerating into personal enmity, narrow and bitter. But Johnson seems to have been strong enough and broad enough to avoid that pitfall. Mr. Collins is not the only one to testify on this point. In 1897 Mr. W. E. Cowles bought the St. Peter *Journal,* which then had very poor

mechanical equipment, the press being an old Washington hand press. Johnson understood the situation — he had worked a hand press himself — and invited Mr. Cowles to send his forms over every week and have them run off on the *Herald's* cylinder press. This invitation was accepted and for six months Essler & Johnson printed the rival paper, without thought of sending a bill. Cowles asked for a bill but Johnson said that he and his partner were only performing a neighborly act — and did not expect pay for it. He was finally prevailed upon, however, to accept $50 for the service.

When Johnson took up his editorial work, the *Herald* was printed in an old ramshackle frame building across the street from its present quarters. One evening, while the proprietors were absent, the building burned down and all their property was destroyed. The rear part of the second story of the opposite brick building was immediately secured at the princely rental of $5 per month, and a new outfit, including a hand press, was installed. The space was limited, but so was the business and circulation of the paper. Johnson never took much interest in the mechanical side of the paper, but on publication days, it was his duty as the taller partner to "pull the press" while Essler applied the ink to it. There was little furni-

ture in the room and no desks. Johnson wrote his editorials and local items on the top of an old washstand, which is still a feature of the *Herald* office. The new venture, however, proved to be a success and a fair measure of prosperity came to the partners, resulting in the enlargement of the office, the installation of a cylinder press and other modern equipment. Johnson's share of the profits of the business were such that within a year from undertaking it, he was able to repay his five backers in full.

Now, at the age of 27, the son of the village washerwoman found himself well-advanced on the ladder of achievement. He was an important factor and power in the community. To his old hold of goodfellowship and neighborliness he had added the prestige of editorship and business success. The boy who had carried his mother's washing, who had known every pinch and humiliation of poverty, was now one of the leading men of the same community which had witnessed all his early struggles and privations. Absolutely, measured by standards of achievement in large affairs, this was a small triumph; but to John Johnson and the village it loomed large. Measured by their standards it was enough to turn the head of a superficial young man. But the young editor was no more spoiled by his achieve-

ment than he was afterwards by election to the governorship of a great state. In this very first year of success — after the paper was paid for — Johnson was laid low by typhoid fever. For a time his life was despaired of, and intestinal complications developed, which are believed to have been the beginning of the disorder, which, after four operations, ultimately resulted in his death just twenty years later.

The *Herald,* under Johnson's editorial management, was not greatly different from hundreds of country papers. It abounded in the petty items of village news which are the delight of the metropolitan journalistic humorist. The editor lived the life of his readers, and it was his business to chronicle their doings. This petty chronicling was not distasteful to him — it was human life he was recording, it was interesting to those who were living that small section of life, and it was interesting to Johnson. There was the usual vein of rural humor in dealing with the local happenings, that sort of humor with which friends joke each other about the little things of daily life, which, of course, is not appreciated by those who are not of the circle. The editorial page, as a rule, was made up of paragraphs and short editorials. Johnson never conceived that it was his duty as a journalist to be lecturing his

friends and "roasting" his enemies. He was not given to the "hifalutin" style of editorial, and he was never obsessed by the idea that it was his duty as a country journalist to undertake to reform the world. He conceived that he had done his duty when he covered the local news field, published a clean paper of good typographical appearance, and discussed matters of national import to the extent and in the manner that would appeal to and interest his readers. The *Herald* was a St. Peter, Minn., paper, and Johnson, therefore, was for St. Peter, Minn. He was ready and keen to do all he could to promote and develop the little city. Every plan or undertaking to advance the town's commercial interests, lift its intellectual plane, improve its physical appearance met with his cordial assistance.

Country editors exchange papers with each other and watch each other's work rather closely. The St. Peter *Herald* soon came to be known by the publishers of other country papers in Minnesota as one of the leaders, and as the country editors met and became acquainted with their new fellow-laborer, he gradually warmed his way into their esteem and affection, just as he had years before won his home-folk.

Of course, Johnson had his troubles — what newspaper man has not? He endeavored to make

his paper as amiable as himself, but occasionally he was bound to rub someone the wrong way. Let a newspaper man be as wise as a serpent and as cautious as possible, he can never tell what will be the effect of some innocent paragraph. The country editor has a harder time in this respect than the city editor, for he and his paper are one and the same. The editor's personality is read into every item that appears in the country paper.

"You can never tell," said Governor Johnson, one day, talking about his journalistic experiences, "when the most innocent paragraph will give mortal offense to someone. Some years ago there was a convention of Luxembourgers in St. Paul. Just to fill up a little hole in the paper I wrote a paragraph something like this: 'The Luxembourgers are holding a convention in St. Paul. We suppose the Limbourgers will be holding a convention next.' Never again did I try to get facetious about Limbourger or Limbourgers. It turned out that several of the most influential townspeople were Luxembourgers. They took my playful paragraph as a slap at people from their principality. They withdrew their advertising from the *Herald,* stopped their subscriptions, and when I came up as a candidate for the legislature they were among my strongest opponents."

When the editor took a journey it was incumbent upon him to notify his readers. On departing for the World's Fair in Chicago in 1893, Johnson wrote: —

"The *Herald* will be in charge of C. S. Hanscome during the ensuing ten days, and persons having any old grievances will please call while he is in charge. For any of the mean things we have said or done he will make apologies or amends, and he will also attend to delinquent subscriptions."

In due time the editor took unto himself a wife — and this is the way that important event was announced to his readers:

"MARRIAGE NOTICE.

"Preston-Johnson.

"While this office has not decided to open up a matrimonial bureau it has given some thought recently to matters that follow in that line. A part of the staff has enjoyed the delights of being ineligible to the councils of the N. E. Y. B. [Nineteen Eligible Young Bachelors] for a couple of years, while another part has been groping along the paths of solitude. As procrastination is the thief of time, we have decided that we shall not put off till to-morrow what can as well be done to-day, and therefore, it may surprise some of our friends to learn

that at four o'clock this afternoon J. A. Johnson, of this paper, will wed Miss Nora Preston of this city. The ceremony will be a private one, and will be conducted in the presence of relatives only. It will occur at the residence of the Rev. P. Cary, he officiating. The bride will be attended by Miss Minnie Ludcke, while the groom will be attended by E. C. Johnson. The happy couple, and we use the term advisedly, will make no wedding tour at present, but in a few weeks will journey to the Black Hills for a brief visit. They will take up a temporary residence at the Hotel Nicollet, and after June 1, will be at home to their friends at the present home of Mr. Johnson. Of the groom, we have nothing to say. He will communicate his opinion of himself later. The bride-elect has been a resident of St. Peter for some months, in which time she has endeared herself to all who know her by those estimable qualities which all admire. If the future is as bright for the happy couple as we hope it will be it will indeed be a happy one."

Editor Johnson conducted a weekly column headed "It 's a Fact," in which he hit off his ideas on the passing show in short sentences. This column though it contained much that is commonplace, much of purely local interest, and much that is trivial, gave the editor regular training in saying

things concisely and pointedly — and sometimes humorously — which shows its results later in his speeches and addresses. The following are excerpts taken at random from this column: —

IT'S A FACT —

That no man can lounge into success.

That the platform of a party is like the platform of a car — made to get in on, but not to stand on.

That the whistle of a locomotive does not always indicate the size of a town.

That nothing beats a good wife except a bad husband.

That some women are things of beauty and joy forever; some men are things forever.

That the harvest of life is best when the field is rocky.

That it is an open question whether the man who works himself to death really makes a living.

That because a man has a train of thought is no sign that he has wheels.

That it is good to be frugal, but it is also good to be just a bit liberal. One quality makes the other shine.

That truth is stranger than fiction because there is less of it.

That to pity distress is human; to relieve it is — well, little short of being Godlike.

That society leaders who are in the swim seem to dress for their occupation.

That training will do much for a man, but it has never taught him to look for a towel before filling his eyes with soap.

That the reason so many women go into the legal profession is because their word is law now.

That there seems to be no earthly reason for discovering the North Pole unless it be to avoid future expeditions.

That gloves are worn at night to make the hands soft. Is this the reason why some men wear skull-caps?

That the man has true manhood who, regarding himself as one of the great family of man, has broad ideas of his relations to his fellows, is willing to share with them what he may possess, and labors for the good of humanity with only moderate desires for the gratification of personal indulgences.

That persistence is better than insistence.

That the person who fails after doing the very best possible has still done well.

That a rejected matrimonial proposal is an exemplification of the decline of man.

That the abilities of some men are great, but their liabilities are greater.

That disputes will reduce a wise man to the level of a fool, but they never elevate a fool to the plane of a wise man.

That a man is foolish who wastes his time trying to get even with somebody else. It costs more than it is worth.

That men sometimes have more respect for their subordinates than their subordinates have for them.

That to brood over the past is to misspend the present and jeopardize the future.

That one's success depends largely on what he does not say.

That rumors and editors differ very materially in one respect, at least. Rumors always gain currency, while editors seldom do.

That we would say to those who expect to run for office this spring that this is the time to begin to blunt your finer feelings.

That vulgar wealth is a repellant thing, but many prefer it to even a refined, to say nothing of a coarse, poverty.

While John Johnson, the editor, was agreeable, complaisant, accommodating and trouble-avoiding, he could be as immovable as Gibraltar when he

thought there was necessity for a stand. People would come into the office to protest and argue against some position the *Herald* had taken. If the discussion threatened to be interminable, John would manage in some way, without giving offense, to get his hat and drift out of the office, leaving the debate to Essler or someone else. After awhile he would appear under the office window and ascertain by calling to Essler whether the argumentative ones had gone. If the reply was favorable John would return to work. If not he would stride away down the street. This way of disposing of opposition was characteristic. He did not override opposition — he wore it out or let it use itself up. When Johnson decided against anyone the decision came so gently and gradually that the person denied could not tell precisely when or how it was done. He found out in some easy way that he was against an unalterable decision — and in encountering that decision he experienced less pain than Johnson did in giving it.

CHAPTER VI

A WIDER CIRCLE

AS a newspaper man John Johnson entered into a larger circle of friends, acquaintances and interests. Heretofore St. Peter had been not only the center but also the whole circle of his life. Henceforth it was to continue to be the center, but it was the center from which a circle of ever lengthening radius was described. Editorship of the *Herald* carried with it admission to the Minnesota Editors' and Publishers' Association, an organization of much vitality, which closely knit together all the better and more enterprising country publishers of the state. It is and was an organization which has created and fostered for years many strong friendships. It has always been notable for its large number of good fellows of wit, humor and broad humanity. It was just the sort of a circle to welcome John Johnson, full of life, enthusiasm and ideas and highly delighted with his new calling and, moreover, no bookworm, for all his burning of midnight oil, but one capable of being one of

"THE HERALD" OFFICE AT ST. PETER

Johnson in foreground

the boys whenever "good fellows get together." So John Johnson now had another opportunity to "make good," and again he succeeded in that easy way of his — that way of attaining ends without seeming effort. Four years after becoming an editor he was elected secretary of the Association, and was already prominent in Association affairs. Two years later — in 1893, he was elected president of the Association.

It was the year of the World's Fair at Chicago, and the Association had decided to make its excursion for that year a week's visit to the Fair. The Minnesota Building was to be dedicated on May 18th, and the editors had timed their excursion to be present, in response to an invitation from L. P. Hunt, the Minnesota representative at the Fair. For some reason, not fully understood, Governor (now U. S. Senator) Knute Nelson postponed the dedication until June 1st — and this announcement was made the day before the editors departed for Chicago. The editors were greatly disappointed, but on the way to Chicago President Johnson and some others conceived the idea of having an editorial dedication of the Minnesota Building, anyway, leaving the Governor to have the official dedication at any time that might suit him. As the editors felt that they had been largely responsible

for the increased appropriation which made it possible for Minnesota to have a creditable showing, the idea of having their own dedication proved to be very popular. Arriving in Chicago, President Johnson and a self-constituted committee called on the Minnesota commissioners to secure their permission for the exercises. The commissioners, not desiring to offend the Governor, consented, then withdrew their consent, and finally consented again, upon the announcement of the committee that if the editors could not get into the building they would hold their exercises in the street. The editors, being in the saddle, determined to make the dedication so elaborate that there would be no other. In the absence of the Governor, State Senator Keller was prevailed upon to represent the state, and it was to him that President Johnson handed the keys of the building after his address of dedication. The speech was the best the future governor had made up to that time. It delighted his listeners, who were sure that the Governor himself could not have done better. This address, together with other addresses, and a program of song, made up such a complete dedication that Governor Nelson indefinitely postponed the official dedication of the building. It was said that at first Governor Nelson was greatly offended at the usurpation of authority by the editors,

but later, appreciating the boldness of the conception and the excellence of its execution, was delighted with the audacity which deprived him of figuring in an official dedication.

In 1896 the Editorial Association published a history of its proceedings, and the chapter therein devoted to John A. Johnson shows that his editorial friends had a good and adequate idea of his capacities some years before they were understood beyond that circle. After speaking of the wide vogue of the "It Is a Fact" column of the St. Peter *Herald,* and remarking on Johnson's ability to write good "stuff," the historian continues: —

"Mr. Johnson is an orator as well as an editor, and no editorial meeting or banquet at which he is present fails to find him 'on the list' as one of the speakers. It can be added that no more enjoyable speech than his is made upon such an occasion. If he had been a member of the dominant political party he would long since have attained high political position. A credit to his profession, having gained a wide state prominence in the brief ten years of his newspaper life, he has ability to win fame in a wider field, and it will always be a matter of congratulation on the part of the Editorial Association in future years to point to the fact that John A. Johnson has filled the position of president."

But while Johnson was cultivating the wider field he was not forgetting "old St. Peter," where, on the occasion of a picnic speech, he had once declared he would live and die. He continued to live with much zest the life of the town, and be a very large part of that life. He was the leading spirit in the "Nineteen Eligible Young Bachelors" until he was automatically retired from membership, as related by himself in the foregoing chapter. These young bachelors were a gay crowd, and did not hesitate, on occasion, to spend their money in giving their friends a good time. It is related that they once gave a dinner and ball at the Hotel Nicollet in St. Peter which cost each of the "Nineteen" twenty dollars.

Socially Johnson was never handicapped by his humble and foreign origin any more than he was in journalism and politics. He always had the entree to the best society there was in St. Peter, and there is no manner of doubt that the democracy and hospitality of the little town contributed much to that fine and rare confidence Johnson always had in humanity. People always gave him a chance; he always gave the people a chance. To give some idea of the social and out-of-business-hours Johnson of St. Peter, it is necessary to go somewhat back of his entrance into journalism, to

a time when he was a very humble human unit. When John Johnson was clerking in the store of Stark Bros. & Davis in the fall of 1880 there came into the employ of the firm a young man from the farm, D. A. Rankin. The two occupied as bedroom a little space curtained off in a corner of the store, and soon became good friends as well as loyal co-workers.

"Johnnie, at this time," says Mr. Rankin, who is now a resident of Minneapolis, "sang at the morning service in the choir of the Presbyterian church and was librarian in the Sunday school, whose superintendent was a Mr. Downs. St. Peter was at this time an ideal country town. Its best homes were always open to the young man, however humble his circumstances, if he were known to be honorable and keep clean company. Governor Johnson, then but little more than a boy, had many friends among the business and professional men in the community: such men as L. C. Lord, then principal of the schools, now president of the state normal school at Charleston, Ill., and the late Rev. George McAfee, pastor of the Presbyterian church, often came in after the store closed and encouraged the young man in his efforts to supply the deficiencies in his education. A debating society was organized by ten or twelve young men, including

Johnnie and myself, a room was rented, and individual desks for members were made out of dry goods boxes. Regular debates were held, and if it was not here that the Governor's desire to become a public speaker was born it was here, at least, greatly strengthened.

"Often, after the closing of the store, Johnnie would mount a dry goods box and declaim, while I acted as audience and critic.

"Of John's fun-loving propensities we were constantly reminded. One time, I remember, John nearly broke up a very select party in a home near the park. In some way he secured possession of the village band instruments, and with his comrades made such a discord around the house that conversation was impossible. The single policeman was rendered nearly frantic in his efforts to suppress the serenaders. On another similar occasion, the boy took all the chairs out of the chapel and arranged them in two rows around the house of the party. In each chair he placed a follower armed with a tin pan, borrowed from a hardware store. The tin pan brigade kept up such a deafening noise that the company had to cut short their festivities.

"We were fellow ushers at the Sunday evening services at the Presbyterian church, and if there came in a young man with a young lady for the

first time, the governor-to-be would always solemnly conduct the blushing couple down the aisle to the front pew, much to the quiet merriment of pastor and congregation.

"John's was a sunny disposition. He was friendly to everybody and had a fine, independent, manly nature. He was a pure type of that product of the West and free government which is able to look any man straight in the eye, and without offense brooks no assumption of superiority. John always thought that he had a title to the best there was. I never heard him express unworthy sentiments or use foul language."

John, being highly sociable and devoted to good company, was always popular with the girls of St. Peter. He had two or three rather alarming affairs of the heart in earlier years, but it was not till Miss Elinor Preston came to St. Peter to teach in the parochial school that he met his fate. Within a few weeks after the first meeting, it was with John only a question of whether he could muster courage to declare his affection and whether such a declaration would be accepted. Time and time again he would nerve himself to the supreme test, only to retreat, in confusion, and have to admit to himself that he was a miserable coward. His attentions to Miss Preston became so marked and his

calls at the school so frequent that the sister superior thought it was incumbent upon her to look into the affair a little. So, one day, when John called for Miss Preston, determined for the twentieth time to put his fate to the test, he was told that the sister superior wished to see him.

John was alarmed. With a choking sensation he listened while the sister dwelt upon the frequency of his calls, the embarrassment his attentions must cause a teacher and the consideration he as a gentleman owed to a young woman. The general trend of the sister's remarks was that if Mr. Johnson was merely having a good time with Miss Preston he owed it to her to become less marked in his attentions.

"You have given me the courage," said the embarrassed and perturbed Johnson, "to say what I have long wanted to say. I assure you that my intentions with respect to Miss Preston are of the most serious nature. I —"

"That is enough," said the sister. "I will send for Miss Preston."

Miss Preston came, and they started for the carriage drive John had planned. But the longer they drove the less became John's courage — as on many previous occasions.

"What did the sister want to see you about?" asked Miss Preston, quite innocently.

Here was the opportunity, but John utterly quailed and failed before it.

"Oh, nothing in particular," he answered, and diverted the conversation to the excellence of the weather and the beauty of the scenery.

At last the drive was nearly over — and John thinking of the sister, mustered courage to tell of his conversation with her.

A wedding followed soon.

John took his bride to the Nicollet Hotel, and then rebuilt the old home, adding a new part considerably larger than the old — there he hoped to live in happiness with his bride and in contentment with his good and faithful mother, and well-beloved sister, Hattie. The mother had stood by him and he had stood by the mother. The hard old days were over forever — all should thereafter be smooth and sunny for the family.

CHAPTER VII

ENTERS POLITICS

BY 1894 John A. Johnson was well known and liked by all the newspaper men of the state. This newspaper circle was the beginning of his political career, though he did not then know it. The newspaper men, meeting him twice a year, at the annual convention and annual excursion, began to feel that there was a good deal in John Johnson. The Democratic state convention that year offered him the nomination as secretary of state, but he declined the barren honor. But when the Democrats of his home county offered him the nomination for state senator it seemed to be worth the while and he accepted. He made a good, lively canvass but was defeated. There is no evidence that he had any political ambition at this time — a willingness to serve his people in the legislature hardly being indicative of any special devotion to politics. To all appearances he thought a good deal more of editorial associations than of those political. He continued to be an active member of

the Editorial Association, entering with all his characteristic enthusiasm into all its affairs. He was well content with his work, and continued to put out a very creditable country paper. He felt that his position in the community was an honorable and responsible one. He conceived that the country editor had even more responsibility in his sphere than the metropolitan journalist in his. While he was governor he wrote for the *Youth's Companion* an article on the country newspaper that brought out very fully his ideas of the duties and responsibilities of the country editor. That article will be found in full in the appendix, but these paragraphs are worth quoting here:

"To last long — to last with liberty and wealth — is the greatest problem to be solved by the modern state, and the newspaper is and always will be in the van of progress. That the moral uplift everywhere apparent has reached a higher and more general recognition away from the great centers of population is a tribute to the power of the country newspaper. Out in the purer air, away from the strife and struggle of city life, the people have more time and better opportunity to measure the problems that vex and fret.

"The American Union has endured, and will endure so long as liberty lasts. Its institutions will

grow and flourish, and manhood and womanhood will reach the highest civilization, because in this country there is liberty of speech and action, and every incentive to virtue and honor in the path our fathers blazed. Good and evil, joy and sorrow, truth and falsehood will always exist, but the heart of the great American public has ever yearned for the better and brighter way. The country editor is one of the agencies ever at work pointing out the stars that shine behind the clouds."

In 1897, visiting Milwaukee with the Minnesota editors, Johnson made a speech that captivated all, and made at least one of those who heard him determine that in him the Democracy had good material for a governor. In that year *Once A Year,* published by the Milwaukee Press Club, printed an excerpt from a personal letter written by Johnson to the editor. The excerpt was preceded by an introductory paragraph in which the editor spoke of "John A. Johnson, the editor of the St. Peter *Herald,* whose witty post-prandial talk at Whitefish Bay, with its effervescent overflow at the Press Club, entitled him to laurels that Chauncey Depew might envy." The excerpt follows:

"Permit me to say in this connection that the Press Club of Milwaukee has entwined its ivy about my heart and holds it secure in that position, and

I am constrained to say that if the entertainment accorded the pilgrim editors from Minnesota is an index of their chivalry, generosity and hospitality, it is indeed fortunate that *Once A Year* is the horn of plenty. The Minnesota editors, sometimes styled the 'Hello Bill Company,' have pleasant recollections of the Press Club and its princely entertainment. And I want to say to you (in a burst of confidence) that nowhere and at no other time were the members of that band of strolling minstrels so royally received as on the day of their star engagement in Milwaukee. We all look back now and then to the dingy and yet cosy rooms which you inhabit and think ever and anon (this is not new with me) that yours must, indeed, be Bohemia. We have a colony of Bohemians near our own city, and I state frankly without wishing to reflect upon my own neighbors that you even outdo the real thing. We all remember the handsome and genial ex-governor journalist, with the generosity belonging to those who have held high office, distributing whole blocks of the city, county and even state to those of us who cared for such dross. It occurred to me that such generosity must have been the force of habit to a man who had dispensed all of the patronage within his gift, and that he was assorting up a few of the remaining assets of the state for

generous distribution among the great uncrowned kings and queens and fourspots of the nation. We all remember how we proudly declined the proffered gifts and felt that we preferred to take away the friendship of our generous hosts, believing, as we did, that the chain of title would be less difficult to establish; we remember and we can never forget the beauty of Milwaukee, that charming queen of all Northwestern cities, with its bustle, breweries and dill pickles; its majestic buildings, its beautiful women and all that goes to make a city great, but first and last in our minds are the boys of the Milwaukee Press Club.

"I have passed the morning of my life and am near the summit, where I can look at the land of the setting sun. Like others who have made a semi-failure in the world of commerce, I have come to the conclusion that wealth is not the proper standard, and my loftiest ideals are not those of Klondike. To me the measure of success is the elevation of the human race — the bettering of a worsened race of people; the establishment of a more perfect community of interest and the success of a political party that will do as it agrees, and do nothing that it does not promise to do. Viewing life from such a view point, is it peculiar that I should value the acquaintance of people who are able to dispense hos-

pitality, above those things in life which we can not realize? Perhaps this is not clear to you, but it certainly is as clear to you as to me, for from a sociological or biological point of view, I am not sure of the premises myself. In any event what I wish to emphasize is that a company of struggling, yet poor newspaper people, took a holiday from the squalor of their own environment and went into the glamour of a great city, and owned it and all it contained for a day, and at night sailed out over the blue waters to another land, feeling better because they left the city behind, but taking away what was more eternal — friendship of men. The memory of that eventful day will dwell with us for a long time. The sun may die out of the sky for the last time as someone has said before (although that does n't seem probable now), but until then the memory of Milwaukee will linger as one of the most pleasing of all our recollections."

So, 1898 rolled round, bringing with it Johnson's first political success. Again the Democrats nominated him for state senator, and this time he was elected. Little happened during his legislative career, of two regular sessions and one special session, to stir him up or bring out what was in him. He did not think that it was his duty to distinguish himself by bringing in a pile of bills to die in committee.

His attitude was rather that of a counsellor. He was there, he felt, to pass judgment on the various measures that came before the legislature. But he made friends — always he made friends. His most intimate associates happened to be men of the opposite political party, and they little thought that the witty, good-humored, sociable, pleasure-loving Johnson was one day to make sad havoc with all their plans. He attained some prominence for his earnest advocacy of a measure increasing the tax on the gross earnings of Minnesota railways, but the only "sensation" in his legislative career came in the closing days of the first session — in 1899. It was a sensation that did not seem to have any making of a political future in it, either. John Lind, Democrat, considered by many to be the ablest man in Minnesota, was governor. Lind felt deeply on the subject of the annexation of the Philippines. With all the strength of a strong nature he was against it. Powerful orator that he is, Governor Lind never rose to such heights of persuasive eloquence as in denouncing what he considered a flagrant departure from American ideals. The Jackson Day banquet in 1899 will long be memorable in Minnesota for the Governor's pathetic plea for the Filipinos. Men who never wept before nor since, and really did not care a fig for the Filipinos,

ST. PETER SCENES

1 and 2. Buildings where Johnson attended school. 3. Nicollet Hotel. 4. Minnesota Avenue.

wept and sobbed as the Governor pictured their wrongs. Governor Lind caused to be introduced into the legislature a resolution demanding the recall of the Thirteenth Minnesota Regiment, then serving in the Philippines. The resolution was supported and opposed on strictly party lines except for Senator Johnson. The mild-mannered senator from St. Peter took the floor and opposed the resolution in a speech from which the following paragraph is taken:

"Deplorable as I believe this war to be, I, for one, believe that we should join together to uphold the hands of the government, regardless of the political color that may be lent to the situation. I believe the regiment should remain in the Philippines as long as the Stars and Stripes are liable to insult. If that be political treason, make the most of it."

It took strong convictions and an independent spirit to oppose the strong Governor, the first Democratic governor Minnesota had since Sibley, but Johnson did it, and with no little regret. The incident serves to illustrate the political independence which always characterized him, though he believed that successful political work must be done within party lines. He was at once in disfavor with strong party men, but the incident did not outlaw him, nor cause any rupture between him

and Governor Lind. Indeed, the next step that Johnson made towards fame was in the speech with which he nominated Governor Lind for reëlection in the next political campaign. That nominating speech, caused him to be much talked of for governor by the Democrats in 1902. Some rather obscure work was done on his behalf without his consent, and if he had permitted it, a vigorous effort would have been made to nominate him. Even after the convention was in session and all was moving smoothly toward the nomination of L. A. Rosing, an attempt was made to get Johnson to make a speech that would stampede the convention. D. F. Peebles, of St. Paul, who had heard the Governor speak at Milwaukee before the newspaper men, was carried away with the idea that Johnson would be an irresistible vote-getter. But whether it was merely that Johnson thought that Mr. Rosing was entitled to the honor, or whether he felt that there was no chance to defeat Governor Van Sant, the Republican nominee, then fresh with the laurels of his famous fight against the Northern Securities merger of the Great Northern and Northern Pacific railways, will never be known. At any rate, it was a lucky decision, for not even Johnson could have prevailed that year against Van Sant. Little got into the metropolitan papers this year about

Johnson as a gubernatorial possibility, and returning to St. Peter to be defeated in his campaign for reëlection to the state senate, he was soon forgotten even by those who had favored him, in the avalanche of votes that reëlected Van Sant governor by the greatest majority any governor of Minnesota had ever had — a record that was to stand until Johnson himself eclipsed it four years later.

Democrats were not so numerous in St. Peter then as they might have been. At a caucus to elect delegates to a county convention Johnson found himself and one other person — a man of ample figure — the component elements of the caucus. They went ahead and elected the delegates. As secretary, Johnson wrote a report beginning as follows:

"At a large and influential meeting," etc.

The "fat party" objected that this was untrue.

"Not at all," said Johnson; "you are certainly large, and I, an editor, am influential."

As an editor, Johnson was not much given to long editorials, and this has been the occasion of some disappointment to journalists and magazine writers, who have burrowed in the files of the St. Peter *Herald* to find some evidences of the ability which appeared later in the Governor's public addresses.

They forgot that Johnson was a man in change, in growth. He grew wonderfully from the time he became an editor until he became governor of Minnesota, but he grew even more rapidly after his election. Environment meant more to the development of a man of Johnson's type than it would have meant to some others. His tendency was to grow and expand to all the limits of the circumstances that confronted him, but his lack of a driving ambition, caused him not to crowd circumstances. He had the innate ability to respond to almost any environment. If he had been made editor of a metropolitan newspaper he would have produced profound and able editorials, but the St. Peter opportunity did not seem to call for them, and Johnson did not drive himself to produce them. Yet it must be admitted that what he wrote was of excellent quality, considering the circumstances and the demands upon him. Indeed, they are quite worthy of reproduction here; they are important, too, as showing the Johnson attitude toward the world which was maintained to the end:

ST. PETER HERALD EDITORIALS.

What is a cure for gossip? Simply culture. There is a great deal of gossip that has no malignity in it. Good-natured people talk about their

neighbors because, and only because, they have nothing else to talk about. Gossip is always a personal confession, either of malice or imbecility, and the young should not only shun it, but by the most thorough culture relieve themselves from all temptations to indulge in it. It is low, frivolous and too often a dirty business. There are country neighborhoods in which it rages like a pest. Churches are split in pieces by it. Neighbors make enemies by it for life. In many persons it degenerates into a chronic disease which is practically incurable.

One who circulates much among people, with an attentive ear to expression of opinion in political matters cannot fail to notice that party ties grow weaker every year, and that men's votes are more and more influenced by their preference for particular men or measures. Party managers cannot afford to overlook this fact. The party that puts up the best man, and champions the best public measures most fearlessly, will win. The people are tired of talk; they want business.

It ought to be the aim of every father to create in the soul of his children reverence for the parent.

To get good results from a boy he must be treated as though he were something more than a fungus growth, a wart, as it were, upon the face of the earth. He must have enough of recreation and pleasure to keep the vinegar out of his nature, and no man has the right to deny his children that. . . . Don't be cross, crabbed and crusty. Open up the moss-covered chambers of your soul and let in a little of the sunlight of human kindness, and a year after take an inventory of the acts that you are proud of and see if they have not perceptibly increased.

We have upon one or two occasions been criticised for saying a kind word about some public man of opposite political faith. To those who may silently indulge in any such thought, we would say that we hope the day will never arrive when we shall become so narrow as to fail to recognize merit or pay tribute to it. Politics and religion are much the same. Every man has a right to his opinion and good and true men will be found in every political party as in every church, and we delight to see the advancement of such men to office, no matter what their political faith may be. Personally we hold to the doctrine of the Democratic Party and hope for

the triumph of those principles. But love for that does not create hate for good men who have embraced a different creed. We hope at all times to be governed by fairness, and our fairness will be shown to an adversary as readily as to a friend. It would be baseness to act differently — in our opinion.

Emerson once said in one of his happy talks to the people: "Men who isolate themselves from society and have no near and dear family ties are the most uncomfortable human beings in existence." Byron truly said: "Happiness was born a twin." But the phrase, though pretty and poetic, does not go far enough. We are gregarious and not intended to march through life in either single or double file. The man who cares for nobody and for whom nobody cares has nothing to live for that will pay for keeping the soul and body together. You must have a heap of embers to have a glowing fire. Scatter them apart and they will become dim and cold. So to have a brisk, vigorous life you must have a group of lives to keep each other warm, as it were, to afford mutual encouragement and confidence and support. If you wish to live the life of a man and not a fungus, be social, be brotherly, be

charitable, be sympathetic, and labor earnestly for the good of your kind. Your little acts of kindness may often be misconstrued by unworthy persons, but even though others do not understand you, you will understand and be satisfied with yourself. Evil-minded gossip, ever on the alert for food to work upon, will assail you at every opportunity, yet a self-consciousness of right presents an armor impenetrable to the scorpion tooth of slander, and you may smile upon its vain wrath as you move along the even tenor of your way.

CHAPTER VIII

FIRST GUBERNATORIAL CAMPAIGN

BEATEN for reëlection to the state senate in 1902, Johnson might reasonably have concluded that his political career was over. Yet it is a curious fact that that defeat made possible his later triumphs. For had he been elected to the senate in 1904, he would not have been, under the Minnesota law, eligible for the governorship during his term of office as senator, which would have kept him from accepting the Democratic nomination for governor in 1904. On top of this the Democratic Party was badly disorganized in Minnesota at the beginning of the year. The radicals and conservatives had had a bitter contest over delegates to the national convention at St. Louis, which ended in the delegation being half for Parker and half for Hearst. Besides, the overwhelming defeat of Mr. Rosing two years before had taken the life out of the party. To add to the trouble there had been a conference of Democratic leaders limited to those who were for Parker, which made the Hearst faction angry.

In an endeavor to close the breach between the factions Mr. Frank A. Day and others finally got together in St. Paul some twenty men representing both parties to canvass the state situation, and try to agree on a candidate for governor. Before this Johnson had been in consultation with different party leaders, but evinced little interest in the suggestion that he be a candidate, and the truth is that they were not particularly impressed with him. Mr. Day, however, was firmly convinced that Johnson would be the ideal candidate. He was of Swedish descent, he was popular with the country editors, and he was personally on friendly terms with the Republican senators with whom he had served, many of whom were dissatisfied with the outcome of the Republican state convention. But to most of the other leaders Johnson's brief political career, the fact that he was utterly unknown to the people of the state and was not in a position to make a contribution to the campaign fund seemed to be sufficient ground for lack of any enthusiasm for him. However, nobody else was put forward at the conference of the factions, and when at last a vote was taken to ascertain the sentiment, all present except one, who refrained from voting, cast their ballots for Johnson.

Mr. Day's advocacy of the comparatively ob-

scure country editor naturally carried a good deal of weight with the conferees. He (who had been a fellow editor, a one-time president of the State Editorial Association, twelve years a state senator, president of the senate and one of the managers of the last preceding state campaign) was conceded to be in a position to know what he was doing in so strongly recommending Johnson.

While the conference was in progress Day received a telegram from Johnson, at St. Peter, stating that he had written a dispatch to the St. Paul *Globe* which would make it impossible for him to be considered for the nomination. Mr. Day hurried to the long distance telephone, got Johnson and persuaded him to withhold the dispatch until they had had a personal interview. When the vote was taken Mr. Day had only about fifteen minutes to catch the train for St. Peter. It was a hot summer day, a storm was impending, Mr. Day was tired, and the gloom of the weather seemed to combine with the apathy of the meeting and his own physical condition to discourage him from his errand. At St. Peter, Johnson, by prearrangement, met Day at the rear of the train, unnoticed, and the two hastened to the Johnson home. The storm had broken with cyclonic fury, Johnson was indifferent, Day was dejected, and altogether it did not

seem as if the time were propitious for the birth of an enterprise. However, the two sat down on the porch of the Johnson home to discuss the situation. After some commonplaces the momentous subject was approached.

"We are going to talk politics, John and the governorship, you know," said Mr. Day to Mrs. Johnson, "and I don't suppose you will care to sit up with us."

"If it concerns John, it concerns me," answered Mrs. Johnson, "and I surely want to hear it all."

So the three sat there on the porch in the dark, and talked and figured and conjectured hour after hour. The state was reviewed by counties and congressional districts, the disaffection in the Republican camp was carefully weighed, and the conclusion reached that Johnson had a chance to win, and that even if he lost he would be a net gainer by taking the nomination. Johnson stipulated that he should not be called on for any campaign contribution, and that the nomination should come to him without effort on his part. He also stipulated that Mr. Day should take charge of the campaign. Johnson wanted to know where the money was coming from. Mr. Day did not know, beyond the fact that he had $550 then promised and his confidence that somehow he would be able to get enough money to make

some sort of a campaign. It was 2 o'clock in the morning when the editor decided to accept the nomination if it were offered to him, and then he and his wife walked down to the train with Mr. Day, little knowing that they had made a decision that would revolutionize the politics of Minnesota for six years and give a tremendous impetus to political independence throughout the West.

The convention was held at Minneapolis, August 30, 1904. Mr. W. S. Hammond, of St. James, now member of Congress from the Second Minnesota district, nominated Johnson and he was enthusiastically acclaimed as the Democratic candidate for governor of Minnesota. Still there was little confidence in the outcome, and there was little disposition to proclaim Johnson as a winner. In fact, what hope there was at first was of negative nature. It was based chiefly on the dissensions then existing in the Republican Party. Mr. R. C. Dunn, also a country editor and formerly state auditor, had been nominated for governor by the Republicans after a bitter contest which left the friends of the defeated candidate, Judge Loren W. Collins, sore and sulky. The Democrats hoped that Johnson would be acceptable to these dissatisfied Republicans, who were willing to discipline their party if they could do so without inflicting on the state a

man not competent for the governorship. The campaign had not gone very far, however, before it appeared that Mr. Dunn, a man of rugged strength and great personal popularity, would draw strongly on the normal Democratic vote, and that in order to win, the Democratic nominee must develop a positive power that would bring people to him regardless of political grievances. Except those very few who knew Johnson's reserve ability, and marvelous capacity for winning men, the Democratic leaders were not aware that they had such a man in their nominee.

Mr. Day, in compliance with the mandate of the candidate, was elected chairman of the state central committee. He was fortunate in having as chairman of the executive committee Mr. L. A. Rosing. Mr. Rosing had been the Democratic nominee for governor in the preceding campaign, but had the misfortune to be opposed to Governor S. R. Van Sant, whose stand in opposition to the Northern Securities merger had endowed him with irresistible popularity in a state wherein were the headquarters of the two great railway systems that were to be merged. As secretary to former Governor Lind, and as manager of several state campaigns, Mr. Rosing brought to the Johnson campaign an invaluable fund of political experience and

knowledge, of which, with his admittedly great ability, he made the best possible use.

Johnson started out for a whirlwind campaign. The Democratic committee almost worked him to death. No such strenuous campaign of speaking had ever been undertaken by a candidate for governor in Minnesota. In 42 days the new leader made 103 speeches and penetrated all but ten of the eighty-four counties of the state. Still weak, from a third operation for appendicitis, Johnson showed a surprising reserve of physical strength, corresponding to his mental energy. Often, enduring great agony, he went without meals, rode on freight trains, drove across country, sat up all night, yet spoke with vigor and vivacity at every engagement. In one day he drove 42 miles, traveled twelve by freight train, spoke three times for a total of five-and-a-half hours — and that with only four hours of sleep and two hasty meals.

Reports of a slightly encouraging nature began to come into headquarters. Johnson's first speeches were not especially remarkable or stirring. But the game began to appeal to him. It was a big game, and winning it would make a humble country editor governor of the state. His ambition was aroused, the latent fighting spirit of the Berserkers at last came to the top. Then he began to make speeches

that told. He let himself go, but refrained from attacks on his opponent. The Johnson of the platform became the Johnson that his intimates knew. He unleashed his enthusiasms and his sentiments, he gave play to his feelings, he spoke with ardor and conviction, and he made up his mind that he would win. He surprised his home people by gravely assuring them that he would be elected governor. They saw he meant it, but they thought his head was turned.

"What! John Johnson do what has been done but once in forty-four years — win the governorship of Minnesota for the Democratic Party! Impossible!"

But Johnson knew. He believed himself cool enough, for all the heat of the fray, to see that his audiences in size and enthusiasm were without parallel in the history of the party in the state. The calculating politicians began to notice it, too. Leaders who had been apathetic began to show interest and come to headquarters. Campaign funds began to come in, and Mr. Day, who had mortgaged everything he had to start the fight, began to see some hope of reimbursement.

Then the gods of chance began to fight on Johnson's side. Many of the traveling men of the state had made Johnson's acquaintance in his old clerking

GOVERNOR JOHNSON'S HOME AT ST. PETER

days, and had kept in touch with him after he became editor. The prospect of elevating the humble village boy of a few years back to the governorship appealed to them. They became missionaries for Johnson to the whole traveling fraternity of the state; and then with their converts, ten thousand strong, they moved upon every opposition outpost in the state. The traveling men worked for their houses for pay and for Johnson for love, and the unpaid service was better than the paid. The Republican candidate was so unfortunate as to be reported as saying something that reflected on the traveling men as a class. That made them practically solid for Johnson. Every train became a moving Johnson meeting, every hotel a Johnson headquarters, every store a Johnson working ground.

Not content with that, the gods of chance inspired someone to put out in the form of affidavits the wretched story of Johnson's father. Johnson had dreaded the exploitation of that story from the start. When it came he was for the moment overwhelmed. His first impulse was to write a letter retiring from the campaign. Day sent him a long telegram from St. Paul — Johnson was then at St. Peter — assuring him that the affidavits would not cost him a single friend and that the reaction

would turn it into the winning episode of the campaign.

"What have you to say?" the newspaper men clamored at Johnson.

"Nothing," he replied, sadly. "It is true."

Rallying from his despondency Johnson went to St. James the night of the day the attack was launched, and there made the greatest speech of the campaign up to that time. His audience was wildly enthusiastic. The next day at Sherburn, now thoroughly aroused, he made an even greater speech.

The half-truth of the affidavits was answered with the whole truth — the whole sad story of misery and poverty, a father's disgrace, a mother's woe, a son's humiliation and sacrifice was told. It was terrible thus to have laid bare to the world the family skeleton. But there was no help for it. Johnson himself ignored the whole affair, but his friends published the truth, every sad, hard word of it. The attack was hurled back in defeat. Mothers wept as they read the story of Johnson's life, men hastened to tender their support to the man who had fought all his life against the consequences of his father's weakness and now had to fight the story of that weakness.

Here was where the fireside touched politics, and the home felt itself to have something at stake.

The women do not vote in Minnesota, but that year thousands of them directed how the vote should be cast. Instead of being an object of scorn and contempt Johnson became the popular hero. Men who had been lukewarm or indifferent rallied to his cause. It was plain that nothing but the pressure of national political party allegiance could keep him from the governorship.

"We can give Roosevelt 70,000 majority in the state and still elect Johnson," said the Democratic chieftains.

When the votes were counted the Roosevelt majority ran to 163,000! It seemed as if no individual popularity or strength could overcome the terrific Roosevelt momentum. But as county after county came in with Johnson running ahead, there began to be hope of the impossible. And when the official count was made it was found that John A. Johnson had carried the state by more than 7,000 votes.

The son of the broken exile, the son of the washerwoman, was governor of Minnesota!

CHAPTER IX

GOVERNOR — SUBSEQUENT CAMPAIGNS

AS the telegraph ticked off the figures that were making him governor, John A. Johnson seemed the least concerned of all those who waited at headquarters that November night in 1904. He was philosophically prepared for defeat, but he believed he would be elected. When his election was assured he was as delighted as a boy with a new ball, but his joy was tinged with sympathy for his defeated opponent. The cruel way of the world had made another man's misfortune his fortune. He took no credit to himself for the victory. He was, he felt, simply lifted to the crest of the wave by forces over which he had no control.

Then came telegrams and letters of congratulation and callers innumerable. The editor began to taste the delights of greatness. Now comes the joyous celebration at St. Peter, to which travel the faithful Democrats and Republican allies from all parts of the state — many out of pure gladness, some with a calculating eye to the spoils of victory

When the governor-elect spoke that night to the exulting crowd, none within the range of his voice was so happy as Mrs. Caroline Johnson, the mother, now bent and crippled with rheumatism, who watched and listened from a window overlooking the street. She must, indeed, have felt that her life had been well-rewarded, and that she, the orphan immigrant girl from old Sweden, had done her part in giving to Minnesota a governor. As she thought of her own obscurity and heartbreaks contrasted with her son's distinction she might well have said with the poet:

"No marshalling troops, no bivouac song,
No banners to gleam and wave,
And oh! those battles, they last so long,
From babyhood to the grave."

Yet this mother, fit to be a mother of warriors, had left her son's home when prosperity and ease had come, and he had planned for her last years happiness and contentment, because she must have a home of her own. As always in this life there is something lacking in the sweetest moments so now to the fortunate son and the old mother, those two who had loyally and bravely struggled and suffered together, came the black thought that after all fate had cheated them. The son had gained a state and

in some sort lost a mother; the mother proud of her son, felt that she had lost him.

Johnson was exhausted from the toils of the campaign, and in no condition to assume the responsibilities of governor-elect. So he went to the South for a rest. When he returned he was ready for work. Offices were established at the Nicollet Hotel in St. Peter, which became the Mecca of those who would claim their reward.

When the time came for him to go to St. Paul, the Governor succeeded in persuading his mother and sister to occupy the new home he had built. And there it was that "mother" died more than two years later, and thence with the stalwart governor-son as chief mourner her body was born to Greenhill cemetery, there at last to lie in peace. Now the old St. Peter days are gone forever. The Governor does not know it, but never will St. Peter be his home again, until he, too, stricken down in his prime, is brought by a mournful multitude to share the peace of the grave with the mother.

The day comes when the editor is to be transformed into governor. "Good-bye, Henry," he said to his newspaper partner, Henry Essler, as he boarded the train. "I'll be back in two years. Try to keep the subscribers in line, and don't let the

ads get away from you. Keep the job work going. So long!"

So, now to the great white marble capitol on the hill in St. Paul comes John Johnson, the first governor to be inaugurated into office within its walls, this being done January 4, 1905.

What he did in that seat of authority is left for another chapter. It need be said here, only that he justified the fondest hopes of the people who elected him and lived well up to the warmly applauded concluding words of his first message to the legislature:

"We are assembled to-day in the new capitol of the state. This splendid edifice is a monument to the energy, prosperity and culture of our people. Whatever opposition may have existed to its erection in the past, the people are now proud that its gleaming dome overlooks the capital city of our beloved state. The building is the property of the state, and was provided as a place in which should be transacted the business of the people. As their servants, you and I are commissioned to perform the duties of our several offices in their interest. We should here dedicate ourselves to that service, pledging our zeal, our fidelity and our honest purpose in an endeavor to do our duty to the people who have reposed in us their confidence and their trust. We

should build not for to-day alone, but that future generations may reap the reward of honest, patriotic effort. If there must be sacrifice, let it not be at the expense of the state. If we must regard political considerations let us also remember that political parties are but the vehicles of good government, and that you and I will best serve but one master and that master the sovereign people of the state of Minnesota."

Governor Johnson's infinite capacity for growth and adaptation served him well. As type-metal, cooling, expands to fill every recess of the mold, so the plastic native ability of the new governor demonstrated itself at every opportunity. He soon saw the difference in methods that must be pursued by a governor as contrasted with those of a country editor, and he at once adopted them without in any way changing his essential self. The people of Minnesota were delighted with their new governor. They thought him the ideal executive. Tactful, courteous, debonair, natural and democratic, winning in face and manner, well groomed, ready with the right word at the right time, yet withal firm, decisive, manly, he was simply irresistible.

Again named for governor by the Democratic state convention at Minneapolis, September 4, 1906 — this time not doubtingly and with misgivings, but

with proud confidence, he entered vigorously on his second campaign, with his friends taking up the slogan, "One good term deserves another." While the event showed that the Republican candidate, Albert L. Cole, never had the remotest chance of being elected, there were to the necessarily imperfect judgment of the men in the heat of the conflict some reasons for apprehension. Powerful Republican papers which had supported Johnson in the first campaign, now deemed their party sufficiently chastised and returned to the fold. While there was not much enthusiasm for Mr. Cole, there was no open discord in the party behind him — no such opening for the attack of the opposition as the internal dissensions of 1904 afforded. So the Democratic management took nothing for granted and made a vigorous campaign.

Governor Johnson's "stumping" in this campaign eclipsed his previous record. In seven weeks he made 119 speeches in 78 counties. If there be pleasure in authority and eminence, this campaign must have been one of the most enjoyable periods in Governor Johnson's life. He was now the popular hero, and added to his popularity was the prestige of a great office. Immense crowds gathered to hear all his speeches, and he could not but feel that he was not only admired but loved by the cheering

thousands who hung on his every word. The sweets of popularity were still new enough to him to leave his taste uncloyed. When the votes were counted, there was a wonderful demonstration of Governor Johnson's popularity when unaffected by the influence of a Roosevelt presidential campaign. He had 168,480 votes against 96,162 for his chief opponent, a plurality of 72,318 — the largest ever given to a candidate for governor in Minnesota.

The second term as governor saw the development of Governor Johnson into a national figure and a presidential possibility. The history of the second administration and the presidential campaign are reserved for other chapters. It is enough to say that the Governor continued to advance in popular esteem, and grow inwardly as he grew in reputation. No situation was too difficult for him to manage, and every seeming cul-de-sac in his career proved to have an easy exit.

Now we come to the third campaign for the governorship — in some respects the most remarkable of all. By this time the Republican Party was thoroughly united, and it named as its candidate for governor, Jacob F. Jacobson, a man with a legislative record bristling with popular achievements, a man of the people, nominated amidst great enthusiasm in a convention held at St. Paul while

THE CAPITOL, ST. PAUL

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Governor Johnson's presidential aspirations were receiving a severe rebuff at Denver. The importance of little things in politics is well illustrated by the unfortunate remark which the gentleman who nominated Mr. Jacobson before the convention made in putting forward the candidate.

"The worst thing that has ever been said against him," said the orator, "is that he eats pie with a knife."

Now it has never been proved that Mr. Jacobson was guilty of this social error, and doubtless the orator thought the charge would endear him to the multitude who are traditionally supposed to favor the knife as against the fork. But the remark immediately raised a question in the public mind as to the candidate's social fitness for the governorship as contrasted with that of Governor Johnson.

However, the Democrats were at sea. Governor Johnson had announced that whatever happened at Denver he would not again be a candidate for governor. In making this announcement he had consulted his personal inclinations. He longed to get back to the serenity and comfort of private life. With a national reputation as a speaker, lucrative speaking engagements were crowding in upon him. He had often said that all a man should want in the way of income was $5,000 a year assured. He now

saw an opportunity to amass a fortune that would yield that income. He had long looked forward to a tour of Europe. He had been highly honored by his people. There was little to be gained, he thought, by another term, and there was a possibility of defeat. The ideas of some of the Governor's political advisers ran with his own tendencies and desires. They thought it wiser to maintain the prestige of two successive victories than to risk defeat in striving for the third — looking forward to the national campaign of 1912. Moreover, a man must always reckon with his wife. Mrs. Johnson was emphatically opposed to another campaign. She had no ambitions for her husband's political future. Her inclinations, like his, made for the quiet enjoyment of private life. So, the Governor, resisting the appeals of his official family, the pressure of a party foreseeing certain defeat without him, genuine popular appeal, seemingly burned his bridges behind him by announcing that he could not accept a third nomination without stultifying himself. Every effort was made to change him. At the last even those political advisers who had opposed a third term joined the forces of those who insisted that the Governor must run once more. Meantime, by one of those freaks of politics, the Bryan Democrats of Minnesota, who had so vigor-

ously and bitterly opposed Governor Johnson as a presidential candidate, became the most strenuous advocates of a third term. The Governor's "organization" was, of course, enjoined from doing anything for him, and remained passive, while their erstwhile opponents lined up county after county for "Johnson, first, last, and all the time."

As the day approached for the convention in Minneapolis the situation was most confused. The Governor was firm, the party demanded his nomination, and there was a fear that he would take some abrupt method of ending the situation that would leave the party hopelessly demoralized. These were days of gloom in the Governor's official circle. The day before, yes, the morning of the convention, Governor Johnson himself did not know what he would do, if nominated. No matter how strong his objections, they who were determined to nominate him felt that he would have to admit an obligation to the party that would compel him to accept the nomination. Governor Johnson's friends had agreed upon Congressman Hammond as the nominee, and laid their plans to bring about his nomination. But there was no chance for plans in that mad convention. Mayor Lawler of St. Paul placed Govenor Johnson's name before the convention. Then ensued a scene rarely witnessed outside a

national convention. For more than an hour a thousand men cheered, shouted, waved their arms, raced up and down the convention hall and out into the streets. They would have Johnson and none but Johnson. He was nominated.

When the news of the convention's action was brought to him the Governor was genuinely distressed. He had most sincerely tried to put the honor away, he dreaded the ordeal of another campaign, he longed for private life. But the call of duty was unmistakable. A man owes something to a party and to friends who had done for him what the Minnesota Democracy and his friends had done for Governor Johnson. The nomination was reluctantly accepted, against the advice of Mrs. Johnson, who declared that the Governor was the victim of a conspiracy of his friends. But once in the contest the Governor was in to win. Once more he bore the brunt of the battle. It was a hard campaign. This time the opposition was more stubborn, more aggressive, more determined than in the preceding campaigns. The presidential canvass was on, too, and a well-planned effort was made to drive the independent Republicans back into line. In the last days of the contest impartial observers began to think that it was possible that the Governor would be beaten. He, however, never

doubted the outcome for a moment. The day before the election, though worn out with the arduous work of the campaign, and though suffering sorely from the old appendicitis wound, he calmly and confidently predicted that he would win by about 30,000 plurality. In fact, he had nearly 30,000 plurality, though President Taft carried the state by upwards of 80,000. For the third time he had demonstrated his wonderful qualities as a vote-getter. It was at least some consolation for his last as well as his first opponent to know that it was not their weakness but Johnson's strength that defeated them. But the victory was dearly bought. The exertions of the campaign and its hardships aggravated the old intestinal trouble.

But the victory had its reward. Upwards of a thousand telegrams of congratulation came to the triumphant governor from all parts of the United States, Canada, and even from Europe. Hundreds of these messages hailed him as the leader who four years later would lead the national party to victory as he had three times in succession lead the state party to victory.

And so once more St. Peter celebrates the victory of her favorite and faithful son. November 12, 1908, every steam whistle in the town is blowing, bells are ringing and cannon fire a salute of thirteen

guns, crowds cheer — a tall, over-coated man steps from the train and, three times governor, John Johnson returns to his own people. Among those who welcome him is the little girl with whom he went to school, now Madame Olive Fremstad. They talk long over the old days; and their talk ranges from Gibb Patch's cornfield to the capitol at Washington and from the school days in old St Peter to the conquests of the prima donna.

AT HOME WITH RELATIVES AND FRIENDS

Johnson fourth from right

CHAPTER X

POLITICAL METHODS

AS in all else he did, Governor Johnson in politics was a marvel because of his success without seeming effort or laborious planning or devious calculating. To the astute politicians who surrounded and worked so hard for him, he was long a puzzle. At first, they were inclined to look upon him as merely a good-natured boy grown into a man. They did not credit him with either good judgment or foresight.

His methods were not the ordinary political methods, and perhaps they prevailed because of their novelty. It would be a waste of words to say that he never gave way to considerations of political expediency, though always he was a champion of principle as opposed to expediency. No man ever stayed in politics any length of time without in some degree sacrificing abstract principle to expediency. Even Lincoln, to whom Johnson has often been compared, did not hesitate to do the expedient thing. When a man becomes the leader of

a political party, or the executive of a great state his personality becomes multiplex. He can not always decide and act as the individual man. Yet in no great matter did John Johnson ever allow the pressure of the moment to swerve him from adherence to principle. The chief fault he found with his own party was that, in his opinion, it sometimes had been too much inclined to take up the expedient and popular rather than the right. In many of his speeches he preached this idea, that the party would never achieve great success until it ceased to run to fads and stood for principle.

Early in his first term, his advisers discovered that if Johnson were merely a big boy, he had a strong backbone. Always open to advice and counsel, always grateful to his friends, it was discovered that he regarded himself, as governor, as responsible to an authority beyond his friends — beyond his party — the people of the state. His was the responsibility to the people ultimately, therefore, in the last resort, every important matter must be settled on the basis of that stewardship. This attitude caused much heart-burning at first, and the Governor was sometimes accused of ingratitude. But it gradually became known that Johnson was governor in fact as well as in name.

Governor Johnson had scant love for indirection,

and he did not believe in playing politics. He was for measures or against them on their merits, and devoted no time to the careful weighing of the effects of his acts as regards partisan advantage or disadvantage. There was not the slightest trace of the demagogue in him. He never advocated anti-corporation measures out of hatred for corporations; he advocated them because he believed they were right. He had no hatred of individuals who in the popular mind are the incarnated devils of corporation oppression. He regarded them as the inevitable products of conditions, and did not withhold admiration for their creative genius. It was, perhaps, unpopular for the Governor of Minnesota to express his respect for that consummate railway genius, James J. Hill, but Johnson did not hesitate to do so nor to unveil the Hill statue at Seattle. Johnson believed in the open, frank way of attaining ends. He did not appear to aim at one purpose, while secretly striving to attain another. He could always be located. This course proved to be good politics with him. The people liked it and gave him their votes, but he did not follow the policy because it was good policy. It was simply his way.

He so invariably had the people with him in all the important things he did that the politicians, measuring him by themselves, finally came to think

that he was a master politician, instead of a lucky boy. They made up their minds that under that frank, friendly exterior there was a deep, calculating, plotting mind. But in this they were as much in error as when they thought he was lacking in great parts. The truth is that Johnson was so close to the people that his judgment of men and events was the best possible barometer of popular opinion. He did not keep his ear to the ground with a view to shaping his policy by the probable trend of public opinion. His judgment simply coincided with the public judgment or forestalled it. As a man of the people, he looked at things as the composite popular eye saw them. He might have been wrong, doubtless, he often was wrong, but the people were wrong with him.

After a while it became evident that even in purely partisan political matters he had a good head. When the campaign is on, and the incumbent of office is a candidate for reëlection, it devolves upon him to play the political game. A man in politics does not need to make a fool of himself in order to prove his devotion to principle. There is a political diplomacy and strategy that a Lincoln can resort to without proving himself false to the state or principle. Johnson as a candidate had his own ideas about the way the game should be played.

Many times in campaigns he shaped his speeches and concentrated his attack in a manner directly contrary to the advice of his closest friends. As a rule, the outcome demonstrated his political sagacity.

Personality is a power in politics as well as in society and business. The personality that made Johnson the well-beloved at home and among the country editors was a power of strength to him in politics. Johnson, if he were aware of his magnetic personality, never consciously used it. He was simply irresistible. The party label had very little power to hold the man who knew Johnson. When this man got into the little voting booth he forgot party and voted for the man. Johnson won men individually and in the mass. It was difficult for a stranger to talk with him for a few minutes without becoming an ardent admirer. It was equally difficult for audiences to escape his endearing personality. He was not a great orator, but he was a splendid speaker. He spoke simply, naturally, enthusiastically — he won audiences just as he won individuals.

A close friend of the Governor after long reflection on the secret of his popularity came to this conclusion:

"John is so popular because he is so interested

in humanity. He is genuinely concerned about every human being with whom he comes in contact. A man or a woman is not a mere unit in an immense whole to him. He is able to view each person's affairs to a high degree from that person's point of view. Nothing so much interests us in the world as ourselves. In the highest degree John Johnson has the faculty of seeing every other man's life as that man views it himself. The average man who meets the governor of a state naturally feels somewhat awed by direct contact with authority. Therefore when the hesitant caller discovers after a few minutes of conversation that the Governor of Minnesota is even more interested in him than he is in the Governor he loses his timidity, becomes conversational and surprises himself by his ease. He goes away from the Governor's office with a better opinion of himself and only one opinion of the Governor — unqualified approval. This natural human interest the Governor has is reinforced by his wonderful memory for names and incidents. The caller is surprised to find that the Governor, who may have met him once years before, recalls his name, the occasion of the meeting and knows many of his friends and acquaintances."

Governor Johnson maintained the dignity of his office without ceasing to be plain, approachable John

Johnson. He dressed well and appropriately to the occasion, and even achieved a reputation as the best-dressed governor; though when he was first considered as a possibility for governor in 1904 a prominent Democratic politician advised Mr. Day to take his discovery out and get him a suit that was a little roomier and with less tight-fitting trousers. He was always equal to the occasion, and the people of Minnesota took a certain satisfaction in feeling that their governor looked the part. Nevertheless, he was absolutely without formality or convention in receiving callers. He was always accessible, and showed no favors. Yet he could dispose of callers in a limited time and without giving offense. He was never oppressed by his office. Like as not he would surprise a caller by tilting back in his chair and shooting his long legs up to the top of the table. Generally he sat on the edge of the office table when meeting callers. He was restless, and liked to stride out into the reception room, between calls or business engagements, on which occasions he usually made the rounds of all who might be waiting there. As a rule he had something worth while to say, and awkward pauses were rare. A magazine writer * has given an account of an interview

* Don E. Giffin in *The Independent.*

that is typical of the Governor's way of meeting people:

"A young attorney was showing his fiancée through the Minnesota State Capitol, and they stopped to rest a few moments in the magnificent reception room just outside the gubernatorial chambers. A moment later, a tall, smooth-faced man of medium build, dressed in a business suit of a greenish brown color, came from the inner room with quick, almost nervous steps. He glanced about him as he entered, said, 'Hello, boys,' to three or four reporters who were waiting for the adjournment of the pardon board, and then walked to where the attorney and the young woman were standing. He greeted the former cordially and acknowledged his introduction to the girl with earnest warmth, which called forth an involuntary response.

"'And how do you like the West?' was his decidedly conventional question, on learning that she was from another part of the country.

"'Oh, I rather like it,' she answered, 'though, of course, it is very different from home. I live in Boston, you know,' with just a tinge of pride in tone and manner.

"The Governor smiled quietly.

"'Of course, such proximity to great institutions develops an atmosphere of its own in any

city,' he said. 'But do you know,' and here a broad strong hand made a sweeping gesture, which seemed to include all points of the compass, 'we have culture out here, too — the culture of manliness. You will find it in every city, every village, every community in the country. We all acknowledge it and admire it, and it is the best kind, after all. It is what has made this country the greatest on the globe, and it is what has made America respected wherever true Americans are known.'

"The interview lasted about two minutes, during which time the girl from Boston scarcely let her glance wander from the Governor's face. When he finally excused himself, and disappeared with such suddenness that he almost seemed to have vanished, she stood gazing after him for a moment, and then turned to her companion with the words:

"'Why, I like him. Somehow, I feel as if I had always known him.'

"Such a man is Governor John A. Johnson of Minnesota. To meet him is to like him. To talk with him is to become his friend. To know him well is to join the ranks of his admirers. He is possessed of a compelling power which may be personal magnetism, or may be the attraction of inherent manliness, deep-seated sincerity that draws to him everyone with whom he comes in contact. It is

impossible to describe, yet it is there and never fails to make itself felt. Perhaps it lies partly in his belief in men, for his remark to the girl was not a mere platitude, but the expression of a firm conviction born of experience that has included association with many classes of society.

"Perhaps the most effective thing in Governor Johnson's greeting to a stranger, next to the frank, direct look in the blue-gray eyes, is that hand-clasp of his. It is free and hearty, absolutely lacking in ostentation or condescension, warm with the warmth of instant friendliness. Hours or even days afterwards you remember it and can recall the exact sensation it gave you. If several other persons are present at the introduction you forget them for the time being and realize only that you are meeting John A. Johnson for the first time, and you are even conscious of a hope that it may not be the last. As you study his face you see there lines of thought, of care, which it is easy to believe are the result of a lost boyhood, an assumption of the duties of life all too early, according to our standards of child development."

Governor Johnson dealt with a legislature of the opposite party in a frank man-to-man, fellow-citizen way that smoothed his path, even when a pardonable effort was made to block him. It must be said

to the credit of the legislatures that they usually met him half-way. He was so popular that he might have been successful with the Rooseveltian method of dealing with Congress. But that was not the Johnson way. He got on safe and strong ground in his recommendations to the legislature, and then left the rest to that body. His subsequent attitude was that he had done his duty, and it only remained for the legislature to do its duty.

An illuminating instance of the Johnsonian way of getting along with the legislature is afforded by the tax commission legislation. The Governor favored taxation reform and the appointment of a permanent tax commission. The work of the commission called for the appointment of high-grade men at good salaries. Naturally enough the Republican legislature hesitated to create three offices for Democratic appointees. Informally, the Governor caused it to be known that if the commission were created, none would find fault with his appointments on the ground of partisanship. The legislature took the Governor's word for it and passed the law. The Governor then announced his appointees. One was a prominent Republican, one was a Democrat, and one was a professor of economics in the University of Minnesota whose politics was unknown — and all were men of ability

and fitness for the position. The appointments were so acceptable that the senate enthusiastically ratified the appointments, and the house, which had nothing to do with the matter, adopted a resolution expressing its satisfaction.

The Johnson methods in politics and affairs of state were simply the Johnson personal methods applied to public matters. His theory was that in the main the average man inclines to do what is just and righteous, and that, therefore, in the long run it is more successful to make a straight appeal to the average man to join with you in doing the right thing, than to attempt to lead him up to it by some devious route. Johnson had faith in human nature and applied it. Johnson, himself, was decidedly human, and it should not be inferred that any attempt is here made to represent him as being of such sublimated virtue that he could conduct the office of governor without any regard for personal or political affiliations. He was not of that impeccable virtue that he could forget the ties of friendship. Loyalty was one of his characteristics, and though he made public considerations the supreme guide in his conduct he did not find that always inconsistent with remembering his friends. This, however, he would not do — he would not appoint to any office a man that he believed to be in-

competent or unfitted for the place. Some unfortunate appointments, he undoubtedly did make, but in these instances he waived his own judgment and accepted that of others.

CHAPTER XI

ACHIEVEMENTS IN OFFICE

ACTION was the characterizing quality of Governor Johnson's administrations. He brought to the gubernatorial office a conception of active duty. He looked upon the office as that of the general manager of the state. He sought responsibility, he proposed reforms, he advocated innovations, he infused energy and fidelity into every department of the state. He felt that a governor should create duties and manufacture opportunities. He would have been an ideal premier in a cabinet government. He realized the defects of our system of irresponsible government and sought to establish responsibility by individual initiative. However, he made haste slowly. As a new governor he thought himself not sufficiently familiar with the business of the state to indulge in an inaugural address bristling with recommendations. Reflecting on his lack of knowledge of state conditions, he came to the conclusion that two years was too short a term for the evolution of any candidate into a governor and pro-

posed that the term be extended to four years without reëlection. The legislature did not act on this recommendation but the people gave the man who made the suggestion a term of six years.

The complex problem of taxation was one of the first to attract Governor Johnson's attention. Meeting cordial coöperation from the Republican legislature, he was instrumental in creating a tax commission, composed of experts and endowed with large authority, which has accomplished wonderful results. The assessed valuation of the iron mines of Minnesota was raised from $32,000,000 to $190,000,000 and marked progress was made toward an equitable and just system of taxation. Facing still further increase of valuation the U. S. Steel Corporation pledged itself, by way of compromise, to erect a twenty million dollar plant in Minnesota.

This problem of taxing the iron mines which supply the furnaces of the East while depleting Minnesota of a great natural wealth was productive of a remarkable illustration of Governor Johnson's balance and fearlessness. His three general messages to the legislature show a groping in his mind toward some sort of a tonnage tax on ore production. And the U. S. Steel Corporation was so convinced that he would ultimately, if continued in

power, bring about such a system of taxation that its influence was powerfully used against him in the last campaign. The Governor did with some reserve advise the legislature to consider a royalty tax, which would, in effect, have been a tonnage tax — at the same time pointing out that a royalty tax would not reach mines operated by their owners. A tonnage tax bill was introduced and passed in the legislative session of 1909. Outside the iron regions of the state it was a highly popular measure — and four-fifths of the people of the state reside beyond those regions. When the bill was passed the people of the iron districts were frantic. They considered it a ruinous measure. Three thousand telegrams were rushed to the Governor demanding a veto. The remainder of the state demanded approval. It was a situation that seemed hopeless for the continuation of the Governor's popularity. After due deliberation he calmly took the unpopular course and vetoed the bill. He supported his veto with a message which won instant approval of his course — and thus taking the unpopular course, he found himself more popular than ever. It was a wonderful illustration of how implicitly the people will accept the judgment of a man in whom they believe.

The insurance reforms of recent years found

HOME OF GOVERNOR JOHNSON'S MOTHER AT ST. PETER

Right wing the original structure

Governor Johnson ready to do his part. The affairs of a large insurance company having its headquarters in Minneapolis were found to be greatly involved during the Governor's first administration. Through his insurance commissioner, Mr. T. D. O'Brien, he brought about a reorganization of the company and a general straightening of its affairs. Perceiving the necessity of better and more uniform insurance laws, Governor Johnson was instrumental in bringing about an interstate conference at Chicago, over which he presided, that adopted a proposed insurance code, which has since been adopted in many states.

Governor Johnson's influence was a powerful factor in railway legislation and rate reductions. One speech of his resulted in a voluntary reduction of ten per cent. in certain classes of freight rates in northern Minnesota. Other reductions were made by commission order and legislative enactment, though the commodity rate reductions ordered have heretofore been avoided by litigation. The Governor took the initiative in the two-cent-a-mile passenger rate movement. Such a law was enacted and, though the railways have fought it in the courts, it is still actually in effect.

Recognizing the many abuses that attach to private employment bureaus, the Governor recom-

mended the creation of a free state employment bureau, which has proved a great success. In all three of his administrations, Governor Johnson steadfastly endeavored to secure better laws for the protection of workmen and he especially attacked the common-law doctrine of the non-liability of an employer for injuries arising from the negligence of a fellow servant.

In legislation of purely local interest and value, Governor Johnson's administrations were prolific.

A summary of some of the progressive legislation enacted at Governor Johnson's suggestion is here given: —

A broad amendment to the state constitutional provision for taxation.

An inheritance tax law.

An improvement of the state timber trespass laws.

Creation of a state immigration bureau.

Separate training school for delinquent girls.

Uniform life insurance laws.

Permanent tax commission which is steadily making for scientific taxation.

Maximum freight rate schedule.

Two-cent passenger fare law.

Abolition of railway passes and franks.

A reciprocal demurrage law.

A registry tax on real estate mortgages.

Increased taxation of sleeping car companies.

Abolition of private banks.

A law facilitating municipal ownership.

Extension of state drainage operations.

Larger salaries for the State University faculty.

Establishment of a state harvesting machine factory.

As an executive the most spectacular achievement of his career was his handling of the strike on the Minnesota iron ranges in the summer of 1907. The mines had been organized by the Western Federation of Miners, who sought to extend the labor-capital war of Idaho and Colorado to Minnesota. Teofilo Petriella, an Italian socialist, was the organizer. Urged on by his leadership and the fiery appeals of other socialists, sixteen thousand men went out on strike. Soon a crisis impended. Many of the miners were armed, citizens were armed and sworn in as deputy sheriffs, and the mine employés who remained on duty, likewise armed, guarded the mine property. The strikers, largely ignorant foreigners, convinced by their leaders that they were deeply wronged, were in an ugly mood. The armed citizens and business men, angered at what seemed to them a wanton suspension of business held the strikers in contempt. It needed only a spark to explode this magazine of hatred and fancied wrong.

The mine owners and the business men, by telegram, telephone and letter, warned Governor Johnson that unless state troops were dispatched to the iron mines violence and bloodshed would ensue. Some of the Governor's advisers urged him to comply immediately with the request for troops. Instead of doing so the Governor went to the Range himself. Without guard or escort, he sought out the leaders of the strike and told them in plain language that if there should be any violence the troops would be sent, and sent quickly. Perhaps never before in America was afforded the spectacle of the governor of a great state going in person to potential disturbers of the peace, engaging in man-to-man conversation with them and winning them over to law and order. They promised that there would be no violence. The leaders of the other side of the industrial controversy were seen in the same personal manner. In one of the Range towns, the Governor addressed a meeting at which his remarks were loudly applauded. He sternly suppressed the applause, saying that he wanted it understood that he was talking to make himself understood — not to seek popularity. Returning to St. Paul, the Governor issued a proclamation warning all to keep the peace. And the peace was kept without the use of a single soldier or the firing of a single shot — at

the cost to the state only of the Governor's trip to the Range.

Governor Johnson said afterwards that his meetings with the socialist labor leaders at this time was of great benefit to him. He learned the point of view of labor and of the socialist and obtained a better idea of how those who bear the world's physical burden look on their task, their taskmasters, and society.

Throughout his terms in the governor's office, Johnson was intent on doing his duty. He was particular in attending to his duties as ex-officio member of many state boards. In this way he kept in touch with state affairs and exercised a salutary influence, even where his powers were limited. The Governor would never absent himself from an important board meeting to gratify his own inclinations or to suit his personal interests. At a crisis in his presidential nomination campaign he absolutely refused to listen to the advice of his managers because to do so would take him away from an important board meeting. After the meeting he went merrily to a ball game;— and the presidency at stake!

This steadiness in doing his own will when he knew he was right ever kept the Governor far from demagogy. As a legislator he refused to be a party

to "pork barrel" appropriations, even when threatened with niggardly appropriations for his home institution. As governor he vetoed a bill extending relief to persons who had suffered from the Indian war of forty years before, though scores of his constituents at home would have been beneficiaries.

Members of the various boards testify to Governor Johnson's remarkable ability in analyzing and solving complex problems. A member of the Board of Control, himself a man of great industry and comprehensive mental grasp, said that he marveled many times at the lucid advice he had received from the Governor when he had gone to him with some knotty problem of administration.

The knowledge that there was a man of a different party from theirs in the governor's chair and that he was making a splendid record, had a stimulating effect on the officials in state departments over which the Governor had no legal control. Not to be outdone, they vied with the Governor in well-doing. The Republican legislature could not afford to be surpassed by a Democratic governor. Thus what might be termed divided responsibility resulted in Governor Johnson's administrations being the most successful, progressive and achieving in the history of the state.

CHAPTER XII

THE FAMOUS GRIDIRON DINNER

ONE speech made Johnson a national character. His triumphant second election as governor of Minnesota caused much talk throughout the country, but nothing had happened to focus national attention on him. After that speech was made he was unquestionably, next to William Jennings Bryan, the most prominent Democrat. The occasion was the December (December 7, 1907) dinner of the Gridiron Club, that famous organization of journalists at the national capital. The unexpected, unheralded speech the little-known western governor then made is declared by the Washington *Post* to have had no parallel in political history, "the nearest being Abraham Lincoln's unreported speech in 1856, which made him immediately the central figure of Western Republicanism."

"With all the disadvantages of an unreported speech," continues the *Post,* "there go certain extraordinary advantages. One of them is that as no one can prove or disprove anything about it, the

wildest eulogy may cross the continent without criticism, and nothing that is said about it seems incredible. The actual publication of Lincoln's speech in Hay and Nicolay's life of him, a generation later, leaves one wondering at the effect it produced, and the legend that grew up about it — for it was not one of his greatest, nor near as great, for instance as his 'house divided against itself' speech."

After outlining the situation in the Democratic Party at this time, and the frantic search for a leader that was then in progress, the *Post* published the following as "written by one who heard the unreported speech of Governor Johnson:"

"At this time, while there was a lackadaisical, apathetic, listless movement for Gray or Johnson or Harmon or anybody, the Gridiron Club of Washington invited Governor Johnson, Judge Gray and many other national leaders to attend one of its dinners in Washington. The Governor and the Judge were among those who accepted. There was only a languid interest in the Governor when he took his place, not at the head of the table, but at one of the side tables, and attacked the Gridiron viands.

"There were 250 guests present, the President of

the United States at their head, with supreme court, senate, house, the money kings of the country, generals, admirals, authors, scientists, governors, judges, 'among those present.' In the course of the evening — rather far down the evening — the Governor was introduced.

"The Gridiron always introduces its speakers, not with a speech, but with a song, usually addressed to the prospective speaker, and gently derisive of him. In this case they sang a song entitled 'Poor John,' the burden of which was that 'poor John'— that is, Johnson — wanted the nomination, but could n't have it, because Bryan would n't let him.

"The Governor arose, and the first glimpse of him in the great dining hall of the Willard somehow dissipated every tenaciously held idea of the stolid Scandinavian, the new Alton B. Parker. Before he had said a word his merry, twinkling eyes and the genial, friendly face had belied every photograph ever sent out about him, and the deep, warm voice that rang out in his first sentence with strange and happy inflections that made everybody warm to him, made over John A. Johnson, made him over completely in a second of time, to those who thought they knew what he was.

"'Poor John?' he said. 'I appreciate the

honor; but don't you think, when you look back at 1896, at 1900 and at 1904, you ought to say "Poor Bill"?'

"The unexpectedness of it, the additional element of unexpectedness that was attached to its coming from 'the stolid Swede,' set the crowd wild. The president, the speaker of the house, the justices of the supreme court, all united in one mighty shout that lasted a minute. Johnson looked out over the shouting crowd with eyes that danced.

"He was so utterly different from what his ill-advised press agents had represented him. Tall, straight, with a sensitive, mobile face that changed in expression every second, he was as fine-looking and striking a presence as ever was seen in a dinner hall, despite the libelous photographs of his press agents. His mellow voice, full of unexpected deeps and shallows, and always so calculated to bring out of the uttermost every meaning that lay behind one of his sentences, may not have been the voice of an orator, but no orator could have made such an impression on that crowd.

"And remember, it was not the ordinary mass-meeting audience. It was made up, that crowd of 250, of men to whom oratory was their daily bread; men who heard it daily in house and senate until they were sick of it. It was the most trying audi-

ence, the most cynical and skeptical audience, that a man could have addressed.

"It is wholly within bounds to say that no such hit was ever made before that audience — which is pretty much the same from year to year — as John A. Johnson made that night.

"His human enjoyment of the hit he was making and the surprise he was creating was perfectly obvious in his face and manner as he went on. He was facing such an audience as, four years before, the obscure country editor in Minnesota could never have expected to confront — an audience that is given to few men to confront; an audience made up of the nation's leaders in every walk of life, and an audience which takes no interest in oratory, even good oratory — and he was conquering it, establishing his dominion over it, and raising that dominion higher with every sentence.

"The matter of that speech has escaped from the mind of the writer. He recalls one occasion when Johnson, in the midst of a keen, clever eulogy of Minnesota, enumerated the products in which she excelled every other state, and concluded, with a humorous glance at Vice President Fairbanks:

"'And her production of artificial ice exceeds even that of Indiana'—

"A witticism which brought the Vice President,

chuckling, to his feet, while everybody else roared and stamped.

"But the jokes and sarcasms inevitably linger longer in the memory than the more serious matter of a speech. To sum it up, it was a fresh, vigorous, direct, typically western and yet broadly national review of the political life of the time. The enthusiasm of his auditors mounted every minute. His delivery was appropriate to the matter — a slashing, easy running delivery, without a suspicion of demagogy on the one hand or pomposity on the other. It was like a western breeze rolling over the jaded East.

"As the Governor finished and sat down there was such a scene as had seldom been witnessed in the Gridiron Club. Speaker Cannon began it. He leaped up from his place and darted around to Johnson's table to grasp his hand in both of his. Hardly a second behind him came Senator Foraker and then Secretary Root, and after them there piled up a mass of statesmen, business men, newspaper men, lawyers and judges, all excited and delighted, all falling over themselves to scramble for Johnson's hand.

"Though he must have had self-confidence enough to know that he would conquer the crowd, he could not have looked for any such tribute as

that — a tribute all the more impressive because it was paid by the leaders of the land, by men who had hitherto been mere names to him, in most cases.

"Naturally, he was flushed and excited, but he stood his ground, giving back easy and equable retort to all the witty compliments that were showered upon him. He sat down, still as genial and as unaffected as he had risen, though he had had a triumph such as comes to few men.

"Among the guests were many men who were apathetically hoping for some not too unattractive candidate against Bryan. They had not hoped for a real leader; they had hoped only for a respectable name. They went away from that dining hall filled with real enthusiasm for the first time. The name, the respectable Scandinavian, had turned out to be a man.

"Charles H. Grasty, then owner of the Baltimore *News,* was one of these men, and he proceeded to print in his paper such an account of Johnson that it made the other anti-Bryan men all over the land sit up and take notice. The rules of the Gridiron Club forbid the publication of any speeches delivered before it, and Johnson's was never reported. This fact added to the Johnson legend. As Grasty's story went rolling on over the country, reinforced by the equally enthusiastic reports of other

men who had attended the dinner, even the real brilliancy of the speech was eclipsed by common report. As a result of it the anti-Bryan men fell in behind Johnson with real loyalty and enthusiasm where they had expected to give only a perfunctory support to the most "available" man.

"Gray, it is true, polled a larger vote than Johnson at Denver, but that was for strategic reasons. If there had been a real chance to nominate an anti-Bryan man it would have been Johnson. He was in training again for 1912, with an outlook for better luck, when he died. His passing leaves a sentiment of real regret in the hearts of the men who that night in Washington were brought up standing by the delivery of one of the freshest and most original speeches ever delivered at a dinner — a speech that made a candidate, and might in three years more have made a president."

The report of Charles H. Grasty, then of the Baltimore *News,* "which went rolling over the land," in the light of subsequent developments is well worth reading. This is what Mr. Grasty wrote:

"JOHNSON OF MINNESOTA

"After all, Henry Watterson is a pretty good judge of colts. Six or eight months ago, when it looked as if the next election would go by default

to the Republican because of the poverty of Presidential material in the Democratic Party, the Louisville editor announced that he had made a discovery.

"The name of Mr. Watterson's unknown did not at that time revive the jaded hopes of the millions of people who have been yearning to get together on some plan and leadership that would make effective an opposition in this country. In our admiration of the brilliant and picturesque qualities of Henry of Kentucky we had all forgotten that almost feminine instinct of his about men. And so when he mentioned the uninspiring name of John Johnson most of us hardly took the trouble to recall whether it was in Minnesota, Iowa or Dakota that the Republicans would not always be sure of winning against a popular Democrat of Swedish extraction.

"But Mr. Watterson knew. From his editorial observatory his shrewd and eager gaze had swept every horizon. Thus, while all the rest were submitting themselves in reluctant resignation to a third-time Bryan, the cunning hand of Watterson plucked from the hitherto mediocre mass of Democratic officialdom the man of hope.

"At the psychological moment, when the mighty Republican Party is divided against itself, and when Bryan has just left us with a fresh impression of

his mastery of the situation and our own helplessness, Governor Johnson appears on these coasts. It is the first time he has been seen in the presidential limelight.

"He attended the Gridiron dinner. He made a speech. A barnyard rooster never goes through that experience without losing his tail feathers. A mere prairie phenomenon would have been exploded. A demagogue would have been found out. Any word of buncombe would have made the gridiron sizzle.

"A new man has arrived. Cannon saw him and jumped across the table to greet him. Foraker wrung his hand. Harry New, Republican chairman that he is, ran to meet the man coming from Minnesota to greater things. Roosevelt-Taft editors like Nelson of Kansas City pressed around him. And as for Democrats—men groaning under the Bryan yoke and looking for deliverance — they fairly went wild.

"Here is a Democrat without demagogy. A leader whose head is not in the clouds. A sober thinker with the saving grace of humor. A right-doer whose temperature is perfectly normal. A man of action without strenuosity. A young man of seasoned judgment. A man of the people who looks well in evening clothes. The possessor of

IN THE COUNTRY WITH FRIENDS

Johnson in overcoat, first row

that greatest gift of the gods, sense — which means judgment and taste — but all the while a virile son of the West with every red corpuscle intact.

"This is not one man's enthusiasm; it is the unanimous verdict of a set of men trained to size up other men and cold-blooded to the point of cynicism. The Supreme Bench of the United States is not less subject to emotion than these singed cats of journalism. It is something to be a Democrat who is a two times winner in a strong Republican state, but that does not matter so much to them. They rub elbows and sit at meat with president, cabinet ministers, ambassadors and all the rest. But John Johnson, modest, self-poised, keen witted, clear-minded and good to look at — coming to Washington with an official record behind him without a flaw at a time when every eye is straining for Democratic timber — well, they all think he will do."

CHAPTER XIII

CANDIDATE FOR THE PRESIDENCY

SCARCELY had the shouts of triumph, with which Governor Johnson's smashing second victory was received, died away before men began to whisper that here was presidential material for the Democratic Party. Many leaders and editors in different parts of the country almost simultaneously began to talk about the victory-getting young governor of Minnesota. One of the first to pin his faith to the northern vote-getter was Mr. J. C. Hemphill, editor of the Charleston, South Carolina, *News and Courier,* and Mr. Hemphill was as faithful as he was early. From the moment he began to urge Governor Johnson he was constantly faithful.

In the spring of 1907, Henry Watterson, the famous editor of the Louisville *Courier-Journal,* took up William J. Bryan's announcement that if the Democratic Party could find a man who stood true to the guns in 1896, who could get more votes than Mr. Bryan was likely to get, the national

Democratic convention should nominate him, and announced that in case Mr. Bryan meant to decline the Democratic nomination, he could name the man who would unite the party and probably carry the election. "And," continued the Colonel, "he does not live east of the Alleghanies or south of the Potomac and Ohio."

At once there was a great flutter of curiosity throughout the country as to the identity of Henry Watterson's "dark horse," as he came to be designated. At length it came to be understood that Mr. Watterson had in mind Governor Johnson, and finally in the *American Magazine* for October, 1907, Mr. Watterson said:

"If you will acquit me of any purpose to set up for an oracle or to pique the public curiosity, I do not mind telling you that it was Governor Johnson I had in mind. Mr. Bryan, you may recall, had declared in a speech, that if the party could find a representative man, who might get more votes than he was likely to get, it should make him its presidential nominee. Mr. Bryan's friends were everywhere saying that he did not desire the nomination. Upon these hints I spoke. I said that I knew of such a man — a dyed-in-the-wool regulation Democrat, and — as both a concession and an answer to Mr. Bryan's rather proscriptive requirements, I

added that he did not live either in the despised East or the ignored South.

"I did n't blurt his name for the reason that in the first place I was not undertaking to play Warwick — I wanted Mr. Bryan to play Warwick — and second that any suggestion coming from me would be at once black-balled by that very considerable but unthinking body of extremists and visionaries who seem to want to reduce the Democratic Party to Mr. Bryan and themselves.

"There are myriads of Democrats like myself who are sick and tired of all this. We are not unfriendly to Mr. Bryan, though we reject some of his gospels, and we agree that the campaign of 1904 was in many ways illogical. We would have done with factionism.

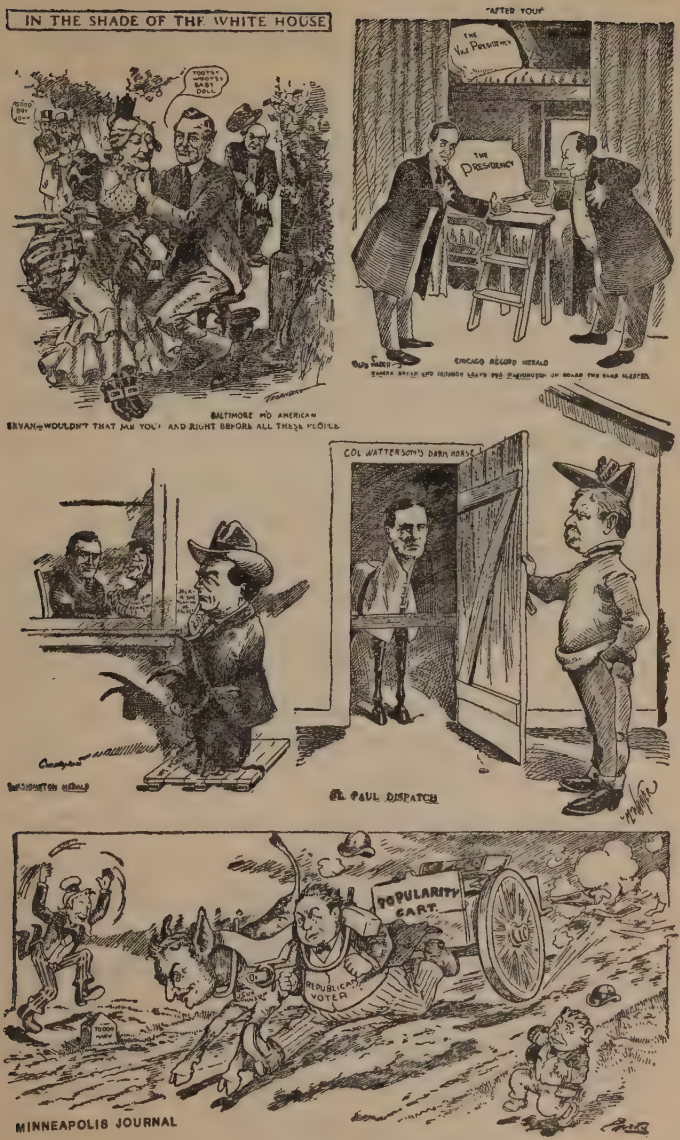
"It happens that I have known Governor Johnson for many years, and have watched his career with interest. He is a most exceptional man, both in character and ability; a steady-going, level-headed man, who thinks first and acts afterward; a man who does things worth doing, nothing visionary or fantastic about him. He is as typical American in his personality and in his working methods and in his mental processes as may be found among the rich progeny of the Scotch-Irish to which the country owes so much of Scandinavian origin,

next after the Scotch-Irish high upon the racial honor-roll, whence we have drawn so many of our statesmen and soldiers. That means that he could not fail to prove as he has already proven a great vote-getter. He has not been mixed up in any faction fight. He comes from the right quarter. Even as Lincoln emerged from obscurity to take the helm, it seems to me that this man might, so like Lincoln in his simplicity and modesty as well as in his hard up-hill antecedent experience."

Colonel Watterson never retracted this estimate of Johnson, but he did later, after Johnson had become a recognized candidate, declare that the " dark horse " had been entered too late to get the nomination in view of Mr. Bryan's evident disposition to want it for himself.

In fact it was not until March, 1908, that Governor Johnson could be considered as an active candidate. For months he and his friends were overwhelmed with letters and delegations and visitors from almost every state in the Union, urging him as the one hope of salvation of the Democratic Party to become a presidential candidate. Various causes are assigned for the delay in definitely bringing Governor Johnson before the people. In the first place the Governor did not believe himself to be of presidential calibre. He liked and admired

Mr. Bryan, and hated to think of himself as a candidate in opposition to the twelve-year leader of the Democracy. The Governor's friends could not persuade him to get into the race. Besides, some of them were of the opinion that the Governor would have a better opportunity of securing a nomination if the announcement of his candidacy were made late in the day. Their idea was that had the Governor been brought into the field a year or nine months before the convention his boom would wear itself out early in the day. It was found out later, however, that this apprehension was not justified, for when Governor Johnson was formally put forward as a candidate it was found that his chances in many states had already been foreclosed, owing to the prevailing opinion that Mr. Bryan would be the only candidate. At last, however, the Democratic State Central Committee of Minnesota, on March 6, formally sponsored Governor Johnson's candidacy by means of the following resolution:

"Governor John A. Johnson has twice brought victory to the Democracy of Minnesota. During his incumbency of the office of governor more reforms have been instituted and more remedial legislations adopted than during any period of time in the history of our state. He has been controlled only by the public interest. His mentality, restless

THE OLD STORY FITS ONCE MORE

POLITICAL CARTOONS

energy and sound judgment united with his unimpeachable integrity make him the embodiment of the best spirit of the West, an ideal American citizen. Confidently believing that his nomination as the candidate of the party for the presidency would bring to our support the electoral vote of all the states east of the Mississippi Valley, and thus secure national triumph, we respectfully present to the Democracy of the nation the name of the Hon. John A. Johnson as candidate for President of the United States, and recommend the Democrats of Minnesota that they cause his name to be presented to the national convention at Denver for nomination."

Even then Governor Johnson would not admit that he considered himself a candidate. His friends, however, were determined to enter him in the race, and immediately after the state committee had adopted the resolution above quoted, they began to put out feelers and take scouting trips to various sections of the country, and finally on March 23, Governor Johnson wrote to Swan J. Turnblad, publisher of the *Swedish-American Post* of Minneapolis, in response to a letter from that gentleman, saying:

"I do not believe that any American citizen should be an active open candidate for the nomina-

tion to the presidency. Matters have progressed so far, however, it seems to me that I should at least say in answer to your interrogation, that if the Democratic Party of the nation believe me to be more available than any other man and feel that by nomination I can contribute any service to the party and to the nation, I should be happy to be the recipient of the honor that it would confer. I am not unmindful, however, of the high honor which has been paid me by the people of Minnesota; and if the Democratic Party of the state desires to present my name to the next annual convention I am sure I would have no objection, but even if Minnesota should be the only state to declare for me at that time I should feel that the distinction was one of the greatest that could come to me."

Mr. F. B. Lynch, who had been treasurer of the Democratic State Central Committee through both of Governor Johnson's gubernatorial campaigns and between whom and the Governor there had grown up a very intimate friendship, took charge of the national campaign in Governor Johnson's behalf, and opened headquarters at the Grand Pacific Hotel, Chicago, in the latter part of March. From that time on an energetic, active, organized fight was made to secure Governor Johnson's nomination. At first the effort met with much encouragement,

and only those who were intimately associated with it know how near it came to success. There were several occasions when the result really trembled in the balance. The plan of campaign of the Johnson managers was to secure the greatest possible number of uninstructed delegations to the Democratic national convention, the idea being to make that convention a body of genuine delegated authority. It was felt that a convention of unpledged and uninstructed delegates, calmly reviewing the field, having in mind the best interests of the party, desiring a candidate who could unite the factions and who would probably bring success in the election, would choose Governor Johnson as the leader.

The effort in Governor Johnson's behalf revealed the fact that the great majority of the party leaders in all sections of the country felt that to nominate Mr. Bryan for a third time would invite defeat. On the other hand most of the leaders finally came to the conclusion that, in view of Mr. Bryan's attitude and evident desire for a third nomination, there would be so many irreconcilables among his followers that there would be little hope of electing even so popular a man as Governor Johnson. So, reluctantly and regretfully, as men giving up a golden opportunity, they gradually gave

their support to Mr. Bryan. So, some weeks before the Denver convention it began to be plain that there was little hope for Governor Johnson's nomination. State after state, which his managers had good reason for believing would be for him, sent delegations instructed for Mr. Bryan. It was determined, however, to make a game fight for the Governor to the last, and the contest was carried on till the last minute at Denver. Overwhelmed and without hope, Governor Johnson's supporters, headed by the solid delegation from his own state, stood loyally by him to the last. They made a clean, dignified, earnest campaign, and sought to exclude all personal bitterness. They were loyal Democrats, earnest in their belief that they had the ideal candidate for the party leader, but were not there to rule or ruin. Governor Johnson's name was placed before the convention by Congressman W. S. Hammond of Minnesota, who had twice nominated him before state conventions, in a strong and dignified speech, at the conclusion of which the Governor was given a demonstration of personal popularity rarely, if ever, accorded to a defeated candidate. For more than half an hour the great auditorium resounded with the cheers of the Governor's loyal adherents. When it was all over they accepted the result in

good spirit, as did the Governor himself, who immediately telegraphed Mr. Bryan as follows:

"Please accept my heartiest congratulations on your nomination, and the splendid personal victory which it implies. You will have no more earnest supporter than I, and I hope to be permitted to contribute to your success and that of the party."

In the state campaign Governor Johnson demonstrated his loyalty by saying in his speech:

"We are in the midst of one of the most momentous political campaigns in the history of our country, made so by reason of new political lines, by reason of differences in the various political organizations, and because of the peculiar situation in regard to platforms and candidates. The Democracy of the nation and state come to you in this campaign with platform and candidates which need no apologies. In fact we come to you with a national platform and candidate, which in our judgment, challenges comparison. In my judgment there has never been in the history of American politics so wide a division in the matter of political declarations as that which exists between those of the Chicago and Denver conventions. . . . In contradistinction to that (Republican) platform adopted, we ask you to consider the platform adopted by the Democratic Party at Denver — a

platform that has not been challenged successfully by any of the great newspaper organs of the opposition, and proud as we are of our platform we come to you with just as much pride in our national leader, W. J. Bryan. You must admit the purity of his life, the earnestness of his purpose and the dominant fact that he has sought for what he believes to be the good of the masses."

The direction of the national campaign in Minnesota was in the hands of Mr. F. B. Lynch, as national committeeman, and no state leader gave Mr. Bryan more loyal support than Mr. Lynch, who had been Johnson's pre-convention manager.

It is a fact that the result at Denver was not the least disappointment to Governor Johnson. He had never been a willing candidate. He had never had any confidence that he would be nominated, and it had been almost impossible for his managers to get him to support their efforts to any extent. Time and time again he refused to accept invitations to speak or make tours that could be construed as being in the interest of his candidacy.

Those who had so loyally supported Governor Johnson for president were not cast down by the defeat at Denver. They had more regret on account of the party than on account of the Governor. They felt that they had offered the party a candi-

date who could have won victory. Then, too, Governor Johnson was a young man and four years did not seem long to them to wait. The Governor's wonderful victory in the state contest in 1908 added to his renown, and his admirers everywhere felt that it was practically certain that he would be named for the presidency by his party in 1912. Great hopes were buried with him.

CHAPTER XIV

PRIVATE LIFE

GOVERNOR JOHNSON was without an overmastering ambition. This is not the flattery of a biographer anxious to make a demi-god of his subject. It is not contended that he was unmindful of the applause of the multitude or contemptuous of power and distinction, but with him one thing led to another. He had no permanent ambition for distinction, no lust of office. He found his chief enjoyment in private life. His wife, his books, the theater, a few friends, outdoor games, fishing, and, latterly, automobiling were his chief engrossments. His wife was his chum and companion. She had even less political ambitions for her husband than he had for himself. She was furious over his third nomination for governor and with vivid indignation accused the Governor's friends of a conspiracy to nominate him against his will!

Baseball was one of the Governor's hobbies. In his youth he was an excellent player himself, and

once deliberated long over an offer to enlist as a professional ball player. He followed all the games of the big leagues, and few "fans" in America were more familiar than he with the names and records of the leading players of baseball. He was also a great lover of football and rarely missed the games played by the University of Minnesota eleven.

He loved nature and outings in the fields and woods. It is characteristic of his gentle nature, though, that he never hunted. He could see no enjoyment in killing bird or animal, and was proud of the fact that he had never killed for sport. Yet he was extremely fond of fishing — especially trout fishing.

Soon after his third election as governor he purchased an automobile, and took much pleasure in running it himself. Only a short time before his death he made the trip to St. Peter from St. Paul in his automobile. The roads were bad and the journey was very tedious. On the return to St. Paul, though far behind his schedule and late for an engagement, the Governor insisted on further delay to help a stranded machine.

The theater, especially classic drama and grand opera, had a great hold on Governor Johnson. He

MRS. JOHN ALBERT JOHNSON

and Mrs. Johnson were regular attendants at all good plays to be seen in St. Paul theaters.

The Governor abhorred formal banquets and course dinners, but he was at his best with a few gathered around the table. He was a zestful diner, and delighted in good things to eat, friends to talk with and a fragrant cigar to smoke. Whether it was the extreme deprivation of good things in his youth or not, it is certain that when he was able to have good things he enjoyed them with the gusto of a boy. As a conversationalist he was at his best at such times. He liked to talk of men and events, indulge in reminiscences and tell stories of real life as he had seen it. He was not a teller of stock funny stories, though none enjoyed a good story more than he.

Being a newspaper man he always had a fondness for "the boys." Many of his appointees were newspaper men. He keenly watched the local newspapers of Minneapolis and St. Paul, and would often notice and comment on a "scoop." The newspaper men had the run of his office. He was always accessible to them, and enjoyed their confidence to such an extent that he often advised with them concerning matters that were not ripe for publication. Sometimes he would restlessly stroll into

the press room in the capitol, sit on the corner of the table, swing his legs and inquire; — "Well, boys, can I do anything for you?"

Childless, himself, Governor Johnson passionately loved children. He would hardly pass a child without stopping to play or chat. The memory of his own restricted childhood was always with him and prompted him to take every opportunity to brighten the life of any child who came his way.

One day a small lad intent upon meeting the Governor, whose life story had fired his imagination, stood in the corridor of the capitol and asked of every man who passed:

"Please, sir, are you the Governor?"

Most of the legislators and officials who passed scarcely gave the wistful boy a glance or answer. His lip quivered, but he stuck to his post.

A tall man, with a smooth face, hurried by, and after him the waiting boy sped the same question. Quickly the big man turned and taking the child by the hand, asked:

"What do you want to do with the governor?"

"I want to shake hands with him."

"And who are you?" asked the tall man, with sympathetic smile.

"I am Herman Hauenstein, of New Ulm."

"All right," said the stranger. "You come

along with me, and I will take you to the governor."

So, taking the hand of the little fellow, the tall man, took him down the corridor, bought him some candy, and then revealed himself as the governor, while Herman grinned and blushed with delight.

In each small boy, the Governor saw himself of other days. He knew the boys — and because he knew boys he knew men. Perhaps, in giving a lift to each boy who came his way, the Governor was doing honor to the memory of a young woman from New England who taught him his letters and helped him master the English language in his first school in St. Peter. She first noticed John because of his tendency to tardiness. An explanation followed. The boy in his broken English explained that he had to get up at five o'clock every morning to carry water and help his mother wash. The little hands, red, chapped and sore, told the story and aroused infinite compassion in the teacher's breast; the thin little body and the tattered clothes told more. From that time little "Yon Yonson" had special personal attention from that teacher. After school hours she gave him special instruction in pronouncing and reading English.

This recalls the fact that, though Swedish was the first language the boy learned, the schools and daily associations early made English his favorite lan-

guage, and by the time he was a man grown he had no facility in the use of Swedish, though he could always understand it. Even when addressing Scandinavian audiences he was compelled to use English.

The State of Minnesota does not provide an executive residence, and, being without children, Governor and Mrs. Johnson during their years in St. Paul resided in apartments in a family hotel. But a few months before his death he had made up his mind to reside permanently in St. Paul, and had purchased a home at 586 Lincoln Avenue. He had taken much pleasure in superintending the decorating and furnishing of the new home, but was not to live to occupy it. In St. Peter, after his marriage he rebuilt and enlarged the boyhood home, and later built a small modern home after a plan that Mrs. Johnson had clipped from a magazine. The building of this little home was a great delight to the happy couple, and they passed a number of contented years there — Mrs. Johnson "doing her own work," becoming a famous cook, caring for her flower gardens, in which John so delighted — living the sane, simple country life of man and maid happily wedded. In those good days, it is related, they once visited St. Paul to buy some fine rugs for their little home. The salesman displayed a mag-

nificent Persian rug, which captivated John, quite ignorant of rug values. Before he asked the price he had obviously shown his preference. "Only six hundred dollars," said the salesman. John could not have been any more surprised if the salesman had said six million dollars. "Well," he said, "if you can give me two exactly alike, I will take them."

Governor Johnson was not a business man. He had little liking for buying and selling. Living modestly, he was able to save something from his salary of $7,000 a year as governor.

Governor Johnson was for many years very active in the Presbyterian church at St. Peter and was an occasional attendant at church after coming to St. Paul.

One of the most striking characteristics of Governor Johnson was his perfect candor and lack of dissimulation. Interviewers were often amazed at his frank admission of ignorance. He never made a pretense of knowing or understanding. He was, through his frankness, a disappointment to many with whom he would have stood higher had he resorted to deceitful devices. He did not pretend to be a repository of knowledge or wisdom, and nothing amused him more than the disappointment of the occasional "journalist" so fresh from college that he did not discriminate between knowledge and

power, when he found that there were scores of names of modern economical and sociological writers of whom Governor Johnson had never heard. The same test would have disqualified Lincoln.

The Governor loved the simple, the true, the honest. The simple life, as he saw it lived by an old couple at Sarnia, Ontario, made a deep impression on him, and he often referred to these good folk in his conversation and at least once in public — a reference that gave them the great distinction of their lives. In that speech delivered at Detroit, May 3, 1908, the Governor said:

"When I think of wealth and the curses that go with it there always comes to my mind the picture of Mr. and Mrs. Gibbs of Sarnia.

"I met them during a tour of Canada three years ago with a party of Minnesota editors. To-day I have forgotten the great men I met, the statesmen who strove to make our stay in Canada an enjoyable one, but always to my mind comes the memory of Mr. and Mrs. Gibbs.

"I had never seen a peach orchard, and when we reached Sarnia and was told that the fruit grew in abundance about the town I expressed a desire to see an orchard. A friend drove us to the Gibbs homestead, a short distance from town.

" The old gentleman welcomed us at the gate, was told the request of Mrs. Johnson and myself, and in his simple way expressed his gratification at our coming. We left the carriage and walked around the house. But he would not start for the orchard until ' mother was there.' She was as sweetly simple as her husband, and like children we all wandered through that orchard, the boughs laden with the luscious fruit. We feasted until it seemed I should never wish to eat again, but when we returned to the house Mrs. Gibbs invited us to ' stay to tea.' Now, we did not want any tea, I hardly believed I could drink a drop, but I knew that if we refused they would be heartbroken. So we stayed and further enjoyed their hospitality.

" After our tour through Canada, during which prime ministers and the highest statesmen of the government did us honor, we returned to Sarnia to embark for Duluth.

" I was hurrying up the gang-plank, a suit case in either hand, when an old gentleman said: ' Good-bye, sir.' ' Good-bye,' I said without turning. But when I reached the deck Mrs. Johnson called me and said: ' There are Mr. and Mrs. Gibbs down there on the dock.' Then I remembered who it was that had spoken to me and I hurried down to shake their hands.

"To-day it is the picture of the sweet-faced old couple, happy in their beautiful home, the recipients of God's bounteous gifts, that lingers in my mind. I can see them hand and hand in their peach orchard, passing the twilight of their lives, when the heroes and master men of their land are to me but meaningless names."

Governor Johnson would have been a knight-errant had he lived in olden times. He had the true American devotion to and respect for women. He was never tainted with the modern idea that equal rights for women mean deprivation of privilege for the weaker sex. He felt that women were entitled to special consideration at all times, and that it should be both a duty and an honor for a man to protect not only one woman but all women. He was most considerate of all the women and delegations of women who came to the executive offices. He never made any concealment of his belief in woman suffrage, and yet for the mannish woman he had nothing but contempt. It was doubtless his chivalric reverence for women that kept his life and his thoughts so pure. He never had any patience with foul stories or suggestive allusions.

John A. Johnson was a success in private life, quite as much as in public. The spirit of human service actuated him in both fields.

CHAPTER XV

AS A PUBLIC SPEAKER

GOVERNOR Johnson was at his best as an extemporaneous speaker. The stimulus of the necessity of saying something creditable seemed to open reservoirs of thought and memory that were not ordinarily open. Many times after delivering a part of a set speech which pleased neither him nor his auditors, he would throw away his manuscript or forget his lines and plunge into an extemporaneous talk that would electrify his hearers. He could not get himself into what he carefully prepared. Johnson's greatness was not in thought but in personality, and the personality disappeared through the medium of the typewriter. But when he thought as he spoke, he became to the public what he was to his friends, only better, because the inspiration of the situation lifted him to a plane of eloquence and charm that was not reached in the ordinary routine of his life. He was amazingly adept at saying the appropriate thing, and at converting some little incident of the day or the occasion into the theme of his remarks.

Thus it happens that the best speeches he made are not recorded. There was no manuscript of them, and they were delivered, for the most part, on occasions when there was no stenographic report available. But where such reports are available they are found to be disappointing. The reader who was auditor does not find in the record all that he got in person.

The frank, engaging manner, the revealing eyes, the delightful smile, the characteristic gestures, the rich, resonant, sympathetic voice are not recorded. All these established a sympathy between the speaker and the audience that counted for more than was said. He seemed to be able to suggest thoughts and recollections and flights of imagination that set his listeners aglow and gave them a sense of satisfaction and approval. He had a way of saying rather innocuous things that made a deep impression on his hearers.

On one occasion when he was addressing a large audience, the electric lights, which had been sputtering and dwindling for some time, finally went out. As they died down the Governor stood with uplifted hand, looking at them, and as they ceased he stopped talking. A moment later the lights flashed out again with the Governor still standing in the same attitude of command.

"I did n't think I could do it!" he exclaimed, and the audience laughed and applauded as if he had given them a bon mot of extraordinary brilliancy.

American political audiences do not, as a rule, interrupt speakers, but Governor Johnson was very successful in parrying attacks made on him in that way. On such occasions the conciliatory, soft-mannered Johnson gave way to the hard-hitter. One time he was addressing an audience on the wisdom of direct legislation. He gave it as his opinion that every voter is or should be qualified to pass directly upon legislation affecting himself and the public.

"Now," he asked, "is there any man here who is prepared to admit that he is incapable of governing himself?"

"Here is one," yelled a man in the rear of the hall.

"Well, my friend," said Johnson, "over in my town the state benevolently supports an institution where unhappy unfortunates like yourself are tenderly cared for."

Speaking at a Jefferson Day banquet in Louisville in 1908 Governor Johnson made a speech which was most enthusiastically received. He was tired and listless and thought himself doomed to make a failure. A minute before he rose he did not know

what he would say. Then, happening to recall one of the Louisville ladies he had met during the day, he began:—

"Kentucky has made a very serious impression on me more than once, though my visits to this great state have been very recent. After a short time in my incumbency of the office of governor, it was my great good fortune to entertain in the capitol of our state a great host of beautiful and brilliant ladies from the commonwealths of the country, the Federation of Woman's Clubs. After the delights of that evening had begun to pass away, I began to think and try to recall the various persons whom on that occasion I had met, and I came finally to this conclusion: I remembered particularly three of the delegations which came to Minnesota on that occasion, and were included in the reception at the capitol on that night. One was the Massachusetts delegation, one was the Texas delegation, and one, God bless them, was the Kentucky delegation. I remembered the Massachusetts delegation because they were intellectual and brilliant; I remembered the Texas delegation because they were as handsome as any women I had ever seen, and I remembered the Kentucky delegation because they were as intellectual as Massachusetts and as handsome as Texas."

Of course that audience of Kentuckians was

wildly delighted. They clapped their hands, cheered and yelled. The effect on the Governor was instantaneous. He was inspired, the rest was easy, and with enjoyment in his task he proceeded easily with a speech that was received with breathless interest.

Like all governors, Governor Johnson was called on innumerable times to make speeches at conventions, and all kinds of gatherings, local, state and national. He finally got to a point where most of such invitations bored him. He disliked to make the "welcome-to-our-city" talk which was so often expected of him, and his secretary was often disturbed for fear the Governor would give offense by declining such invitations and forgetting some that he had accepted. The Governor was aware of the secretary's concern. One day the Governor was scheduled to welcome some fraternal society state gathering. He told his secretary that he thought he would not fill the engagement.

"But you have promised."

"Well, telephone them that I can't come, if you want to, but anyway, I am not going."

Soon the reception committee arrived. The Governor could not be found anywhere in the capitol. The secretary was wildly excited — the committee said the meeting was waiting. He rushed to the telephone, called up the hall and sent word to the

chairman that the Governor would soon be there. And at that very moment the Governor was addressing the audience.

One kind of speaking Governor Johnson delighted in before all others. He loved debates, and was never quite so keen and full of life as when taking part in a public discussion, where the speakers rise in their places and talk at each other. His success in this kind of speaking was remarkably demonstrated at the second conservation congress at Washington, and made him the figure of central interest there.

Governor Johnson's fame soon made him in great demand as a speaker, and he was overwhelmed with invitations from Maine to California. Some of these he accepted, though many of them he declined because of the press of public business. But he liked these opportunities to meet non-political audiences and get away from partisan discussions. He enjoyed meeting new people and seeing new places. He saw in this work an opportunity for a career after he had retired from politics.

Mr. Charles L. Wagner, the well-known lyceum manager, who arranged Governor Johnson's lecture tours, contributes the following concerning the Governor's platform experience:

"For several years and especially the year pre-

ceding the last campaign, there was a great demand from the general public to hear men of the hour. The magazines were very active 'making men' with each issue. The public at large was clamoring to hear them, and as a lyceum manager I was very anxious to satisfy the public. Not only for financial reasons, either, for I had become very much interested in the great reform work that was being done all over the country and was pleased to note a general awakening of all classes. The demand for public men came first from the rural communities, where people have time to read everything, and still think for themselves, instead of allowing their favorite newspaper to do it for them — communities where the people look upon a series of lectures as the great events of the long winter season and where the Chautauqua thrives and really becomes as intended by Dr. Vincent, the great Summer School of the common people. Such men of power and prominence in the public eye as the Hon. Wm. Jennings Bryan of Nebraska, Governor J. Frank Hanly of Indiana, Gov. Jos. W. Folk of Missouri, Senator Robert M. LaFollette of Wisconsin, and others, had led the way in the lecture field, and after his second great victory in Minnesota my attention was called to Governor John A. Johnson. I had first become interested in him through his sad

life's story. Then a talk with Mr. Bryan convinced me of the power of Johnson's personality — the most valuable asset a public speaker can possess. I wrote him repeatedly and was always politely but firmly refused. He never gave any particular reason for not wanting to lecture but always led me to understand that if he had ever thought of it the time had not yet come. Finally, after the Hon. Henry Watterson placed him in the public eye as a possible Democratic candidate for president, I again urged him to lecture, and asked for a personal interview and not another positive refusal. I was delighted to be summoned to St. Paul by wire and met Governor Johnson for the first time, in his office, in early February, 1908. We covered the lyceum field thoroughly in our conversation for about an hour and I tried to prove to him its great possibilities from every view point. The public believed Minnesota had a great governor and the public wanted to hear him. Naturally I believed in satisfying the public. Incidentally I told him of a remark Senator Tillman once made to me; that a public man could not live honestly on his salary alone, and hence was forced to do something else unless he had a competence to live upon or some other source of revenue beside his salary as a public servant. Lecturing, at this time, was the easiest

and best way to make money enough to enable a man of ideals, and of high purpose, to serve his people honestly and creditably. I felt I must have Governor Johnson for the season of 1908 and 1909 and I presume I grew somewhat enthusiastic over the prospects both political and financial. He sat at his desk for fully five minutes in apparent deep thought, then arose, walked around and sat on the edge of his desk, a favorite position of his, as I learned during later visits. With a smile fairly illuminating his sad face, he said: 'Well, I guess it 's " up to me "— I must either lecture or never get rid of you.' We discussed terms and I told him I felt he was worth the highest price that was being paid, $200.00 a lecture. This was entirely satisfactory. In fact, he seemed to care less about the financial side of it than any other public man I had ever met, though he saw the great opportunity of laying aside a little money and an opportunity for travel after his term of governor was ended. He told me then he was not a presidential candidate, simply in the hands of his friends ' whom,' he added again with that strange sad smile, ' are very fond of me and I fear over-estimate my strength and ability.' He also said he would not again run for governor and I know he meant it.

" Governor Johnson began his platform work with

a lecture, or rather a talk on 'The Majesty of the Law' and a few weeks later decided to add another title, 'Landmarks of Liberty.' He seemed to see a wonderful opportunity in the lecture field and made it a serious matter, showing more a desire to do good and give value received, than to simply enlarge his place in the lime-light, and make money out of it. He had a great fear of not being able to give the public a satisfactory message and realized that he would be judged by other men on the platform. At the commencement of our arrangements he said: 'If I fail to "make good" at any place, if I feel the audience is not pleased, or the committee has lost money, and I will know it if it so happens, I shall go quietly to the committee and return the fee. You will not lose by it. I will send on your commission, but I want to be square with the public, with the committees and with you.'

"I was surprised to find how much he knew about the lyceum movement and in the course of our conversation he told me he had once managed a lecture engagement in his home town of St. Peter, for our bureau. The attraction was the Hon. Henry Watterson, with his well-known lecture, 'Money and Morals.' It seems that the college there had failed to sell enough tickets to guarantee this lecture and had decided to drop it. So great was Governor

Johnson's desire to hear Mr. Watterson, he went from store to store and sold enough tickets to guarantee the lecture. Years after he became Watterson's famous 'dark-horse.'

"From the beginning of our arrangement I disagreed with the Governor's secretary, Mr. Frank A. Day, regarding the lecture. Mr. Day felt he should take time to write a lecture, preparing for it thoroughly. But the more I saw of Governor Johnson the more I felt certain he should not lecture but simply 'talk' to his public. He had a way of always saying the right thing and was always the center of any crowd. Mr. Day and I clashed on this point frequently and the Governor once said: 'If I fail to prepare an address, Frank has nervous prostration; if I do prepare it, you have it.' I think, however, Mr. Day now agrees with me. The nearest the Governor ever came to failure was with a prepared lecture at Armour Institute. He saw the effect on the audience, which was largely one of students, threw aside the manuscript after thirty minutes of trying to interest them, gave them his usual talk and the evening ended in enthusiasm. In other words, he put himself into the work and it landed over the footlights. He was a most winning personality, and he was always at his best when in close touch with the public. He was not

an orator, he always spoke in a conversational tone, but had the power to become confidential with his auditors, and each man felt he was receiving a personal message. I do not mean to convey the impression that Governor Johnson could not prepare an especial address; he could and did on many an occasion. But a lecture was quite a different matter, the test of the man being greater. He was given an hour and half before a mixed public and in that hour and a half must satisfy hero worshipers, people of idle curiosity, and people who fairly dared him to 'make good.' In each town he would be judged by that one appearance and the public must have the best possible view of him.

"His first lecture was given at Houghton, Michigan, second at Detroit and the next night I heard him at Ann Arbor, where his success was the most pronounced. This was particularly gratifying, for the University of Michigan gives its students the finest course of lectures available. Men who seldom appear on the platform accept the invitation to Ann Arbor, and I was delighted with the pronounced success of 'my new find.' During that day Governor Johnson was interviewed by Mr. Lincoln Steffens, and his description of the meeting was most interesting, and I am sure Mr. Steffens will confess that after it was over he was as much

interviewed as interviewer. Governor Johnson had a gracious way of getting the best out of the other fellow and that is saying a great deal in a case with Mr. Steffens, who is considered one of the best men in the literary world to 'find out things.'

"The lecture field appealed to Governor Johnson and from the very first he was as enthusiastic as a boy with his first pair of red-topped boots. He enjoyed meeting people, he felt the broadening influence of this non-political, non-partisan touch with the big outside world and looked forward to a year of travel and talk at the end of his second term.

"In a letter to me as early as March 30, 1908, he wrote: 'I have your letter giving the engagements made for Chautauqua work. These meet with my concurrence in every way but I am of the opinion that it would not be wise for me to undertake any more engagements for the summer than you have already arranged for me. I certainly do not want to discourage you in the splendid work which you have done, and which has been far beyond my expectations; but in view of my visit to Washington, which will consume a week, my trip to Shiloh, which will consume ten days more, and my visit to Lindsborg, Kansas, which will take three days, you have cut out enough work for me during the summer time so that a vacation is absolutely

impossible. I shall make no conditions as to the work next year. I shall be willing to tread the wine-press as often and continually as you and your patrons deem it necessary.'

"The demand was so great for Johnson's appearance that over one hundred applications for lecture dates were refused during the coming summer. We had already arranged dates through our bureau offices for the coming winter season, and the bookings finally reached the enormous sum of $30,000.00, a tour extending from Coast to Coast, beginning with scattering dates during the last few months of his second term as governor, and then a continuous tour from January 5th, 1909, to May 1st, 1909. He planned then to go to Europe with Mrs. Johnson for the months of May and June, returning in July in time for the summer Chautauqua work.

"I shall always feel that had this programme been possible he would be with us to-day and we who had been honored with his beautiful friendship, would have our friend; the nation would still have another of the type of statesmen it needs so much — a type which is rather scarce at present. But it was not to be, and he had nothing to do but accept the inevitable.

"During March and April, 1908, Mr. Lynch con-

ducted a splendid campaign for his much-beloved friend and the demand to hear him in Chicago was universal. Invitations poured in upon him and one of the hospitals wanted him for a benefit in Orchestra Hall, but for political reasons it was thought best he should not give a public lecture in such a strong political center until after the Denver Convention. The lady in charge of the hospital was the kind of a woman to whom 'no' meant nothing. She had made a sensational and therefore financial success of the lecture by Senator Tillman the previous year, and feeling that Johnson was the man the people now wanted most to hear, she persisted in calling upon me every hour by 'phone or in person for a date for Governor Johnson. She even met him on his way through town, and he only escaped a positive promise to come through friends coming to his rescue, and his hurried assurance that he would write. In a letter dated May 7, he says: 'I will not be able to give the hospital lecture at this time. I regret this very much indeed and because I realize how insistent Mrs. —— must have been. You can say to her that I hope to give her this address sometime this year. . . . I will do nothing to conflict with the dates you have made in the South for next year. As I said before, I am willing to tread the wine-press

freely next year. I am looking forward to it.'

"Our contract for the winter season to follow was made subject to the Denver Convention. In middle June, when presidential possibilities were announced in the morning papers, dropped in the evening issues, and forgotten entirely the next day, Mr. Walter Wellman, in the *Record Herald,* announced Johnson for vice-president. As a part of a letter on business, and our letters were always part business and part personal, I wrote him: 'I see Wellman is announcing you for vice-president. Don't let that happen. That is the one thing the public would never forgive. If you cannot be president this time, they will need you four years from now.' He replied: 'It won't happen, I would rather lecture for you, and hope nothing will prevent that.' I quote this to show he did not seriously expect to try to procure any nomination at Denver.

"The Governor was very conscientious in his public speaking, and always anxious about results. After his first Chautauqua appearance, he wrote: 'I have just returned from Ottawa, Kans., where I had a delightful day. Had an audience of about 4,000. They seemed to be pleased with me. I certainly was with them.' A few weeks later, after several engagements in as many states, he

wrote: 'I had a very delightful week and spoke to large audiences in every case. I certainly had occasion to feel pleased with my reception at all the places, and hope that the public were as well pleased as myself. The managers and patrons were very kind in their comments, and so I have every reason to believe that the engagements were satisfactory from both sides. I would be very much pleased to hear from you at any time should you have heard from them directly. If at any time criticism comes to you, I should be most happy to receive that, because I am as anxious as anybody to build this lecture into one which will be eminently satisfactory. I feel from the start made, that the work is going to be very agreeable in every way. As a matter of fact, the whole situation pleases me much.'

"In closing a letter dated July 10th, 1908, the Governor says: 'You doubtless have already been informed of the Denver Convention, which I can confidentially say to you, is perfectly satisfactory to me in its action. I have accustomed myself to look forward to next year's work with a great deal of pleasure and delight, and now nothing can possibly interfere with it.'

"In late July he writes enthusiastically of his lecture tour, which even the Denver Convention did

not interrupt. From Oklahoma he sends word: 'I have had a perfectly delightful time down here during these few days, although two appearances daily, with night travel, has made it quite a task. I have found a fine lot of people; learned many things, and have certainly got as much out of the people in this section as they have got out of me.' The demand for him in the Southwest had been so great that we had to book him twice a day and his success was so unusual that every town without a single exception asked for return-dates the following summer.

"By this time the political situation in Minnesota became critical — very critical to our lecture bureau. A race for the third term as governor was urged upon Johnson and he had repeatedly refused. We had a year's engagements booked ahead and it was certainly a serious matter. He was the main attraction in 150 lecture courses, and every committee began to quake and each quake gave our bureau a jar. A telegram asking me to meet him came, and at that meeting we decided there was but one thing to do; cancel three engagements to give him time to get back to St. Paul to prevent his own nomination. After a day at home he wrote, under date of August 19: 'I was sorry indeed to have to cancel those engagements but it was imperative, and

even now, after all I have done and after all my positive declarations, it appears this morning that they were all futile, and that the Democratic Party in convention, this afternoon, proposed to nominate me in spite of all my protest and all my declinations. I have never been in a situation so embarrassing as this, and have never been in one which has brought me more real grief. I appreciate the great compliment my Democratic friends are bestowing upon me, yet nothing they could do would be more disagreeable to me than to renominate me for this office. I have repeatedly informed them that I would not accept the place if nominated, and felt bound by that declaration, but even that does not seem to be of any particular avail. The whole thing has made me very unhappy indeed. I had considered the future absolutely settled, and was so delighted with the prospect, that this new arrangement staring me in the face disconcerts me very much. I still hope, however, to avoid the nomination. I shall leave here Thursday night for Hillsboro, Ohio, to resume the tour, passing through Chicago Friday, when I shall certainly drop in to see you.' He was nominated, finished his Chautauqua tour September first and plunged into a heavy campaign. We were forced to cancel all October lecture engagements, several of which he

particularly wanted to fill. He wrote: 'It would be a great political mistake to fill any dates just before the election, even were I physically fit, and I find I must cancel the dates for early November. I have just gone through the most strenuous campaign in my experience, having made up to date more than one hundred speeches, some of these being in tents and in the open air. My voice is absolutely gone and I am scarce able to dictate this letter to you. I have been obliged to cancel a speaking engagement which I had made for the last three days of the campaign. The contest here has been a hard one indeed. I have had the opposition of most all the metropolitan papers, the greatest political organization I have ever had to contend with, and in addition to these, every great corporation, including the ———, whose officers have spent money like drunken sailors, and who have used every means at their command to encompass my defeat. The fight on my side has been made single-handed and alone; that is to say, by myself and by my few official and personal friends. I think we have whipped the enemy; but this will be determined in a few days. Many times during this contest I have found myself almost hoping that I would lose the fight in order that I might get into our lecture business next year. Of

course, my sober judgment told me I was wrong in any such conclusion as that, and when my sober senses again took possession of me, I went into the fight with more vigor than ever. I realized that the victory this year under the circumstances, and against the combined opposition of almost every potent element in this state, will be the most phenomenal thing, not only in my political experience, but in the history of American politics. I am almost in a state of nervous collapse and prostration.'

"The morning after the election I wired him: 'Congratulations under protest; I almost wish you had been defeated.' He replied: 'Sometimes I almost feel as you do, but once in the fight — and you know how it came about that I was in — I simply had to win. The result, of course, is very gratifying and if you knew all the circumstances connected with the contest here in Minnesota, you would appreciate the magnitude of the victory.' Following the election he attended a great homecoming at St. Peter. His illustrious fellow-townswoman, Madame Olive Fremstad, of the Metropolitan Opera Company, was also a guest on this occasion, and I have always regretted not attending that affair. He wrote me: 'I want to introduce you to my people as the man who made me lecture.' I know many of his friends, and all those who op-

posed him, had objected to his lecture tours, and it had been made a campaign issue. So it would have been a great joy to me to tell them they were subjects for congratulations, for having at last one man great enough so that the other states wanted to see him and hear him. Johnson now belonged not to one state, but to the nation.

"His health forbade filling most of the November and December bookings, and in January, 1909, the legislature was again in session and he was needed at home. The people all over the country were clamoring for him to fill his engagements. It was a sad and serious day for the bureau and for this popular governor. He wrote once: 'I have a nervous chill every time I see a letter from a committee.'

"He felt more than unusual regret in canceling his New England tour. He had planned to take Mrs. Johnson with him, anticipating a great deal of pleasure. He knew that New England was not a prosperous lecture field, and that booking a lecture at a large fee in Boston was to a bureau an unusual event, so he felt sure that they wanted him and he was anxious to go. New England committees were not very patient, for as soon as they found there was some doubt as to his coming, they wanted him more than ever. Had they

known the real state of his health as I knew it, I am sure they would have been more patient.

"One man who had several engagements arranged was inclined to be unruly, ridding his system of his anger in violent letters, both to the Governor and to the bureau. Gov. Johnson wrote, under date of Dec. 28th: 'I trust Mr. —— will be able to see the matter in its proper light. I notice that he has said to you that they would only consider Mr. Bryan as a substitute for me. Can you not possibly secure Mr. Bryan to fill the dates? This certainly would be a happy solution of the situation, because of the indefiniteness of the future. I notice they threaten suit and all that sort of thing, and because of this fact I have written Mr. ——, asking him to send me a bill of what he thinks would cover the actual loss. I realize that it is most unfortunate that the matter has come as it has, and no one has felt the gravity of the situation more keenly than myself, but, as I wrote them, it is physically impossible to do any public work now. Besides, conditions have arisen here which I am sure will make it absolutely necessary for me to stay in St. Paul practically every day during the legislature and give attention to my official duties.'

"But even the newspaper accounts of his physical inability to even read all of his own message to the

legislature did not satisfy committees. To add to his troubles Mrs. Johnson became ill, was in the hospital at Rochester for weeks, and so the season wore on; thousands of people who had hoped to see and hear this popular man were doomed to disappointment. At no time did he want to leave the state or neglect his duties as governor, but he felt obligated to the people at large for plans that had been made a year ahead and had been forced aside by his reëlection.

"He filled quite a few engagements during the summer season of 1909, and delivered his last lecture August 29th, at Urbana, Illinois, Chautauqua.

"The more I saw of Governor Johnson the more I thought him a really great man — a man of the Lincoln-mold, always simple and direct, with a face sad in repose, a sense of humor, fascinating as it was irresistible, a smile that was a benediction. He was as full of enthusiasm as a boy of twelve and during the time when Mr. Lynch wanted him to meet prominent political friends in Chicago, just prior to the Denver Convention, he surprised us all, and I fear gave some alarm, by carrying me off to a baseball game. I liked this true test of his greatness; he was big enough to play occasionally. I have often been asked if I thought him 'presidential timber,' and I reply: 'He would have been.'

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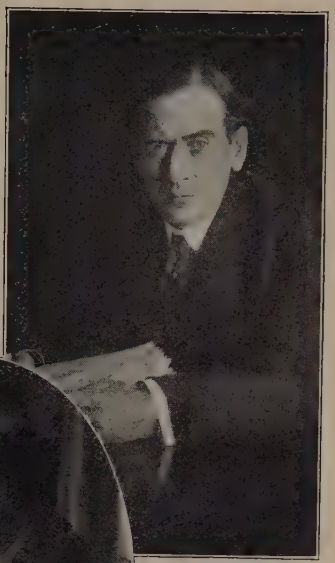

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PORTRAITS OF GOVERNOR JOHNSON

He was one of those rare men who step into public life only once in a generation, a man who, Lincoln-like, would be equal to any task given him, even though he had made no especial showing in that direction before.

"He was not a 'lime-light player,' to use a slangy theatrical phrase, which a long lyceum career has found useful. He was modest and retiring. He always wanted to know people, but did not care to be known. He did not care for demonstration in his honor, but was always appreciative of any attention. I had to urge upon him the great necessity of notifying his committees in advance of his coming. He replied: 'I took it as a matter of course they would expect me unless they heard to the contrary. I simply governed myself according to the time-card you furnished me. However, if it is necessary I will wire them train and time of arrival.'

"He was often a good mixer, and often rode on trains for hours, conversing with men who never even guessed his identity. Last summer, while on a Pullman en route to an Iowa town to lecture at a Chautauqua, he was talking insurance with some fellow travelers. Three young college students joined the circle. They found him a most enthusiastic advocate of insurance, and they even went so

far as to accuse him of being an insurance agent. One of the students said: 'You 're the best ever; you will try and write us up before we leave the train.' Judge of their surprise as the train stopped at the crossing, a mile out from the Iowa destination. Two members of the local committee came in, one offered his hand, and presented his friend to Governor Johnson! The boys were speechless, and, with a merry smile of 'Good-bye,' Johnson said: 'If you ever come to St. Paul, boys, come over to the capitol and I will write you up for sure.' And he left the train amid the cheers of a large crowd who awaited his coming.

"He was always ready for fun and took a great chance at being severely criticised and certainly misunderstood. During the Hearst Presidential Convention at Orchestra Hall, Chicago, Governor Johnson wired me to meet him at the station, for he had a three hours' wait. I suggested in the spirit of fun that we attend the Hearst convention. 'Wonder if we would be discovered?' he asked. The session had begun, so we took the chance, and enjoyed the greatest discord our famous music hall had ever heard. He was not discovered, but I tremble to think of what might have been! I saw glaring headlines in my dreams for a week to come.

"I saw Governor Johnson for the last time at his

closing lecture in Urbana. He had stood the summer well. He was full of life and hope and seemed to feel sure of a successful outcome of the hospital experience which was to follow within a fortnight. On the train coming back to Chicago we met Mr. Bryan. Until that day they had not met since the campaign, and I am sure it was the meeting of friends. Mr. Bryan left us at Kankakee and we came on to Chicago. Governor Johnson talked most of the time enthusiastically of the future. I was planning a trip West with a return via the Canadian Pacific. The Governor had made that trip during the summer and wrote out notes for me of his journey, giving places to see and people to meet. He died while I was on this trip. The news came when I was almost in sight of Mt. Hood, a mountain he loved so much, standing there, 'on a throne of rocks, in a robe of clouds, with a diadem of snow.' He was with me in spirit all through the great Northwest — for he was a genuine product of that Northwest — all the way back through the mighty mountain ranges of Canada, 'where rolls the Oregon and hears no sound, save its own dashings.' I recalled his appreciative description of Glacier, in the mighty Selkirks, standing out against the cold Canadian sky, towering above all others, imperishable as his fame. He

was a real son of the soil — the magnificent type of man that has made this wonderful Empire of the Northwest. He early heard its call and heeded it. He could truly say:

> "These are my people, this is my land
> I feel the throb of its secret soul,
> This is the life I understand,
> Savage and simple, sane and whole."

"He was the most fearless factor in Minnesota's great political struggle. Since Lincoln, there has been no gentler memory of our times."

CHAPTER XVI

JOHNSON AND THE TIMES

GOVERNOR JOHNSON was a true child of the age. He was in touch and sympathy with the universal unrest that characterizes the beginning of the twentieth century. He took the world optimistically, as it is, but he knew that it was a world about to be remade. Never did he think that the evolution of mankind and of human relation and organization had culminated. He looked forward to the abolition of war and the reign of universal peace, as between nations, and he believed that in a coming time human society would be so reconstructed that every man would have a full chance and a "square deal." As a rule, successful, self-made men are inclined to think that the present organization of society is well-nigh perfect. It seems to them that what they have done others can do. Johnson never underestimated the value of talent and energy in the distribution of this earth's goods, but he firmly believed that under the present system, there is too

much privilege, too much scope for chance for those who are equipped for the fray, and little or no chance for those lacking in equipment. He believed that democracy had but begun its work, that with all our progress the great mass of humanity has not yet a fair chance. He admired the successful, but he was compassionate for the unsuccessful. He knew full well the slight difference between the two. But his patient nature taught him to be prepared for a long wait for the golden age. He knew how slowly through the centuries, inch by inch, mankind has struggled forward, and he had no thought of allowing himself to be soured or dejected by the birthright of wrong and misfortune and vice that he saw all around him. He appreciated the importance of the point of view, of the attitude of the human unit toward life in making for happiness or unhappiness. A favorite saying with him was: —

"This world is not so bad a world as some would like to make it.
But whether good, or whether bad, depends on how you take it."

Socialism never appealed to him, because it involved a program — and Johnson had a horror of reform programs. He was at one with the genius

of the English-speaking race, which is always chiefly concerned with the problem in hand. He believed in reducing the ancient citadel of wrong and injustice, by taking it apart and gradually building a new edifice to take its place. He understood the overwhelming conservatism of the bulk of mankind, the imposing human inertia old as the ages, which is ever the despair of the wholesale reformer. He believed in making haste slowly in reforming legislation, because he knew that in no other way could effective reforming be done. Yet he would take up individual reform measures of the most highly radical nature, and stoutly champion them — as, for instance, the initiative and referendum. And he believed that the people must be ever active to hold what they gain, and to gain what they have not. The battle of reform must always be waged vigorously, he held, but it must be fought according to human nature. Thus it was that Johnson was often correctly classed as a radical-conservative, paradoxical as that sounds. He was radical in his ideals and his objectives, but conservative in his undertakings. Yet Johnson, himself, had little of the racial conservatism. He was always ready for the new and better. He was a genuine democrat of democrats. He hated pretension, snobbery, aristocracy. He believed in men, and cared noth-

ing for external trappings. This belief worked out in him a curious contrast. He was modest and diffident, and yet he had such a good opinion of himself as a free born American citizen that he would not have fawned or cringed to anyone for any favor — and he detested any cringing by others towards him.

In politics Johnson attached more importance to men and measures than to parties. His first marked interest in politics was as a champion of Samuel Tilden to his boyhood comrades. His next great personal political attachment was to James G. Blaine, and it was in that period of hero worship that he was considered a Republican. Later in life he was an ardent admirer of Theodore Roosevelt, and he never permitted his own party affiliations to stand between him and expressions of admiration for Roosevelt, though he thought that a republic could easily have too much of such a man. Yet he was a man utterly unlike Roosevelt. He would have been a strictly constitutional president, and yet he would have accomplished things and had the people with him. He considered that the historic devotion of the Democratic Party to states' rights was no anachronism. Conceding that changing conditions have made necessary national action where formerly state action was sufficient, and admitting that con-

stitutional construction may be very broad, Johnson nevertheless maintained that the modern tendency was to load the federal government up with work that it could not properly do. He believed that the only way to maintain democratic institutions is to keep the people working the machinery and exercising themselves in the use of authority. The more done at Washington the less done at home; the more political exercise for congress the less for the constituent. In other words, he believed that a government as much decentralized as consistent with nationhood and national efficiency was the surest pledge of popular liberty.

It was the tariff that made him a Democrat, and he never for a moment thought that the tariff question was settled in America. He believed that there was an intimate connection between our high tariff system and the great commercial combinations and monopolies, and he believed also that the excesses of high tariff had corrupted the nation. The tariff system, as he saw it, resulted in the enrichment of the few at the expense of the many by a sort of legalized but unrighteous transfer of wealth. He understood the seeming menace of the great corporations as well as anyone, but he considered that so long as the high tariff wall stood to protect domestic extortion against foreign competition, much

anti-combination legislation was about as effective as Canute's royal will in staying the tide. The inflated, unearned prosperity that rose up behind the tariff wall, Governor Johnson regarded as largely responsible for the reign of graft. Had he been raised to the presidency he would have been an advocate of tariff reduction to a straight revenue basis. His conception of the importance of the tariff question is here given in his own words: —

"It seems to me that the slogan of the Democratic Party in the next campaign and in every succeeding campaign until the question is settled should be a revision of the tariff. A most thorough revision, mind you, for it is on this point that I disagree with the President of the United States. I believe that the tariff, more than any other cause, has a direct bearing on the trusts, and places a burden, direct and indirect, upon the people, benefiting no general class and productive of good only to a privileged few."

Living in a northern border state, tariff discussion naturally caused Governor Johnson to think of Canada not a little. He thought that what might be called our tariff treatment of Canada amounted to criminal folly. He believed in continental free trade — "the peaceful consolidation of the continent from Panama to the Arctic Circle." This pro-

gram did not necessarily mean the annexation of either Canada or Mexico. He would have established free trade from the Canal to the polar regions, and left the question of political integrity to care for itself. He believed that a correct attitude toward Canada on the tariff question during the last half century would inevitably have led to the union of the two countries. All things considered, he would have judged that advisable, though he saw some common benefits arising from the maintenance of two independent democracies in North America. The main thing, to his mind, was that these people, essentially American, essentially the same, should have the blessings of free and unrestricted commerce. He fully understood the potentialities of Canada, especially western Canada.

Governor Johnson was a keen conservationist. He attended President Roosevelt's first conference of governors and also the second. At the first were almost all the governors, at the second were only a few. The Governor made it plain that he was for conservation, not as a politician, but as a man, as a citizen. Speaking at the second conference, he said at one time: —

"My own opinion is that proper conservation consists in the proper exploitation and proper development, rather than to discontinue use, as, for in-

stance, in Sweden, where the amount of iron ore that can be mined is limited to 5,000,000 tons a year. We want all those things to use, as we need them, but we must properly exploit and develop them. If the work is to be done it must be done scientifically. It has always been my opinion that this problem is not a politician's problem at all, but that it is an engineer's problem. I realized this morning, as I looked at this conference, and as I have watched it from the time I came into this room, that the politician is going to eliminate himself from this conservation work, and that the plodder, the man of whom the President spoke yesterday, using him as a type of man who sits at his desk and works overtime without any pay or any hope of ever getting any, is the man who will have to take it up and carry it on.

"I remember at the conference last spring at the White House all the governors of states were there who could be present. Some of them came in to look over the premises to see whether it was really, after all, a desirable place to live at some time in the future. Having satisfied their curiosity, a great many of them are not here now."

"You are still here," someone, interrupted.

"And always will be," answered the Governor, "on such an occasion."

"Many of the conferees," he continued, "having met in the White House were satisfied with one experience, and then the politician, having satisfied the public as to himself, and having satisfied himself as to the public, left the work to go to someone else — and there is not that manifestation of interest that was displayed a little while ago, but it is going to grow just the same. This movement, if I understand it, is bigger than the conferees, it is bigger than the conference, it is bigger than the government, it is bigger than the nation itself. I am of the opinion that we shall all live to see the day when history will write it into its pages as the greatest achievement in the record of the nation's present chief."

At both of the conferences Governor Johnson laid much stress on sane conservation, the conservation of use as opposed to the conservation of hoarding. He had some apprehension that the movement might go to an absurd extreme, that would deprive the nation of the full use of its resources.

Returning to Minnesota from the second conference, the Governor undertook to put into practice in his state the idea of conservation of resources. He recommended to the legislature the creation of a new state bureau or department in which should be centralized the control of the public lands, forests

and mines, that they might be wisely administered, used and conserved. He reinforced his recommendation by the interesting statements that through lack of a proper conservation policy one iron mine worth $15,000,000 was lost to the state and that the state timber losses by fire and trespass would amount to enough to pay all the expenses of the state for a generation.

Patriotic as he was, Governor Johnson was not a jingo and was opposed to over-sea expansion. He disliked the cultivation of the military spirit, viewed with apprehension the tendency continually to increase the strength of the standing army, but believed in a powerful and efficient navy so long as other countries were intent upon building up great armadas. He regretted the decline of the American merchant marine, but was opposed to efforts to rehabilitate it by means of subsidies. He thought that the right kind of navigation laws would accomplish the purpose. He believed in a federal income tax.

As to the perplexing question of the great corporations and combinations, he was disposed to hold that they were the natural outgrowth of economic forces, and that while their abolition by law was impossible they should and could be subjected to such rigid control as would make them servants of

the common good. He was opposed to state ownership of railways but advocated the municipal ownership of public utilities.

In the course of his five years in the governor's office, traveling widely, attending many important national gatherings, he met many of the big men of the nation. He warmly admired Governor Hughes, of New York, whom he considered an ideal type of public servant. He was a warm admirer of W. J. Bryan, and that admiration was not quenched by the presidential contest — in fact, he was genuinely reluctant to permit his name to be used against Mr. Bryan in that contest. He formed opinions and estimates of the great men he met, which were not always those held by the general public. He liked to analyze them and seek out the explanation of their greatness, and his intimates were often entertained by character studies of the famous men he had met. In securing from Andrew Carnegie large financial assistance for Gustavus Adolphus College at St. Peter, and later at the conservation conferences at Washington, the Governor became rather intimately acquainted with the "iron master," and the latter's preference for Governor Johnson was very marked. He made no secret of his belief that the Governor was of presidential material and possibility.

It would not tally with the facts to say that Governor Johnson was profoundly learned with respect to the great problems of the day. His mind was not given to detail in study or thought. This was a defect resulting, possibly, from the brevity of his routine education. He had little training as a student. His reading had never been carefully planned. He read omnivorously and absorbingly, but not as a student. The laborious massing of facts he was content to leave to those who were equipped for the task. They could supply the ammunition, but there was a field for men of action who could pick out the salient facts and supply the energy and the leadership for the conflict.

GOVERNOR JOHNSON AT FORT SNELLING

CHAPTER XVII

PERSONALITY

TALL, lean, sinewy, angular, nervous in movement, Governor Johnson, for all his foreign blood, was of the American type. Deep lines, radiating from the eyes, were one of the most notable facial peculiarities. They were at once significant of character and a badge of honor; for they had been deepened by moral and physical suffering borne with all the uncomplaining patience of the Stoics. These lines, too, were indicative of qualities of shrewdness and intense observation, which were part and parcel of temperament and habit. He was looking, learning, listening, everywhere, all the time. He had wonderful eyes, of clear blue-gray; eyes full of sympathy and kindness, but eyes of penetration and search. No pretense could pass undetected and unscathed the intense scrutiny of his directly aimed, concentrated regard. The voice, full-toned, resonant, manly, supplemented the glance. It won all who did not succumb to the winning eyes, and the ingenuous smile, which

somehow, seemed to tell the Governor's vis-a-vis that he was being curiously examined, weighed and estimated behind that good-natured face. Just as it was impossible for him to conceal his own nature, so it seemed impossible for another to conceal his true nature from the Governor. In talking to him, you felt that whatever you really were, known or unknown to yourself, this man of the kindly voice and the sympathetic eye would arrive at an exact estimate of you.

Because of his furrowed face, his angularity, his height (over six feet), his slight stoop, the lurking sadness of the face in repose, and the tragedies of his boyhood, Governor Johnson was often likened to Lincoln. Their sympathetic, tolerant attitudes toward the world added to the likeness. Each had found the world sad, but each dearly loved to laugh. Johnson, however, differed from Lincoln in the exuberance of his spirits. He took a lively delight in play and in living; his sensations were never blunted; life was always fresh to him, he never experienced lasting ennui.

"He loved men, revered women and adored children." Thus did one of the newspaper editorial writers, picturing his character a day or two after his death, summarize much of the truth about Governor Johnson. It was at once tribute and

explanation. That one in public life could occupy toward his fellow-beings the position implied in this pregnant remark, accounted in large measure for the powerful hold which the Governor had obtained upon all who were interested in and observed him, whether from personal contact or from repute at a distance. All, young and old, trusted him. None ever regretted the trust, for he was always true. Fidelity and steadfastness informed all his friendships. He was ever the firm friend, the sympathetic and charitable adviser. He seemed to have taken into his inmost heart and adopted as a rule of guidance, the splendid principle enunciated by Pope: —

> "Help me to feel another's woe,
> To hide the faults I see;
> The mercy I to others show,
> That mercy show to me."

To assist others in every possible way was as natural to him as breath-taking. He remembered the plain girls at the dances in old St. Peter, and he did not forget the weak and helpless when he was governor. As he was leaving St. Peter to assume his gubernatorial duties a tiny girl friend petitioned him: "When oo get all froo being governor will oo come back here again and play wiv me?" When, on that sad day, his body was carried to

the capitol to lie in state a little girl pushed her way between the stalwart soldier guards to beg to be allowed to look at the face of the "kind, tall man who gave me candy almost every day."

Governor Johnson was possessed of a remarkably even nature. He was never known to indulge in an outburst of rage. On the rare occasions when he did become angry, the only outward symptoms were a transient paleness and a nervous plucking at his finger tips.

He was full and bubbling over with sentiment, practical as his views of life were, and the human sorrows, miseries and tragedies that came before his attention were suffered by him in some measure as if they were his own. He was so human that all human woes seemed to be his by sympathy. Thomas Lawson tells elsewhere how he moved an audience to tears by his account of an exercise of the pardoning power. The incident itself is worth relating for its pathos.

Came one day to the governor's office a young woman, sad-faced and with a look as of one haunted.

"Governor Johnson," she said, "I am a liar. For five long years I have lied to my children, lied to hide their father's weakness and sin from them. I have told them over and over again that father is

far away on business, and that some day he will come back to them. And, oh, how those children long for their father. And now, at last, I have promised the children that their father will be home at Christmas time. Oh, Governor, I have lied so many times for their sake and his, help me to make the promise come true."

The husband and father was in prison for embezzlement, and the pardon board had referred the application for pardon to the Governor. Every particle of that poor woman's misery, the Governor felt himself. Only one answer could he give.

" Madam, you shall lie to those children no more. Your husband shall spend Christmas with them," he stammered, and when his secretary entered the office a few minutes later the tears were still streaming down that kindly face.

There was a strong poetic vein in the Governor's composition. Nobody can read certain passages of his writings, notably his holiday proclamations, without noticing this, but he kept it in strict abeyance, probably from prudential motives, realizing that the cold world looks askance upon him of poetic temperament.

Patriotism was a passion with Governor Johnson. He loved America, with all her faults, even as Walt Whitman did. He had the fullest confidence in

the American people, believed with all his soul in "the invincible republic," looked to her to redeem humanity, and was superbly confident that she would triumph soon or late over all foes, foreign or domestic. And yet this man was the son of immigrants. What a wonderful and compelling answer to all who fear the humble, hopeful peasants that throng to America from all lands! Some of Governor Johnson's best traits were undoubtedly due to his Swedish blood — such as his freedom from anger and irritability, his patient, uncomplaining endurance in suffering and in all manner of adversity, his unflagging devotion to duty. His were the most sterling attributes of the Scandinavian race, plus the energy, optimism and success-winning characteristics of Americanism. In him were blent the best of the Old World and the New.

A memorial speaker observed that the dead governor performed small duties as though they were great ones. This was literally true. Everywhere — in office and home — he was methodical and painstaking, though his nature was easy-going. All the details of domestic as well as business and official life were reduced to a system of scientific invariableness and accuracy. He was prompt and punctual and performed the most trifling duties at the proper time. But outside the line of duty, he

let his love of ease have its way. He refused to be overwhelmed by the duties of office or deprived of the pleasures of private life.

"The Great Governor," as the people loved to call him, was an intense lover of books. Reading, and the best sort of reading, was a passion with him, and he had the advantage of a very retentive memory. He had in the highest degree the editorial faculty of getting instantly at the heart of an article or book, no matter how voluminous. Even Daniel Webster did not surpass him in this knack, so useful to the publicist, no less than to the plodding newspaper man. He was thus from wide reading and retentive memory able on many occasions to correct loose and reckless statements of men whose educational advantages had far exceeded his own.

To his newspaper training as well as to a natural, ready comprehension, the Governor owed his ability to "stage up" any situation, to grasp intelligently any legal or administrative proposition, no matter how complex and difficult. So quick was he in arriving at an understanding of any case in hand, and so ready in forming a wise conclusion, that one would suppose that he had made a life study of the particular branch of knowledge under which the pending problem fell. Therefore when the attorney-general, the insurance commissioner or any

of the officers of the state government had occasion to confer with the Governor on some unusual and important subject, there was no necessity for elaborate explanation, no exhaustive or exhausting expenditure of words. Johnson always saw the point at a glance. No one ever had reason to apply to him the rebuke, his namesake, the lexicographer and literary dictator of the eighteenth century, once administered to a questioning dullard: "Sir, I can give you information, but I can not supply you with an understanding." The Governor's mind was given to traveling faster than that of the person he was conversing with. He foresaw what the other man was going to say, and often restrained himself with much difficulty from finishing the statement himself, but he was a model listener.

Governor Johnson was deeply religious. The world was always wonderful to him, and from his wonder he always turned to the eternal question: "What does it all mean — Whence does it all come?" As the years went by, he found no special creed worth while, though he believed in the churches and the work of the churches. But with an implicit faith in an all-controlling Goodness and Greatness there was for him the religion of daily life.

"I believe," he often said, "that if I try to do

right I shall have all the essential attributes of a man."

If, as the poet says, "He prayeth best who loveth best all things both great and small," Governor Johnson's prayers were piled deep around the Throne of Mercy. He was at peace with his God. He went into the Valley of the Shadow of Death, knowing full well the chances, but with the peace of one who fears not and trusts much.

His was a simple, unspoiled nature. Fearless to do the work that was set before him, he always underestimated his capacity. Because he was so unassuming, others, even his intimates, likewise underestimated his ability, even when the marvelous reserve power and intelligence had been demonstrated over and over again. His election to the governorship came to his simple nature as if it were a dream. Surrounded by cheering, delighted thousands of his fellow citizens he said then to an old friend:

"Why, I always supposed that men who rose to such an office as this were men who were different from the rest of us; I thought they must know a whole lot more than we do. But I 'll do the best I can."

CHAPTER XVIII

ILLNESS AND DEATH

IT was characteristic of Governor Johnson's life of action and achievement that in the blaze of discussion over his Seattle speech and President Taft's reply thereto he should suddenly determine to undergo a fourth operation for an intestinal trouble. As long ago as 1897, the Governor had been operated on for appendicitis. A second operation followed a few years later, and in 1904 he was operated on the third time. The third operation was for an intestinal adhesion somewhat similar to the malady which took him to the hospital the fourth time.

On Monday, September 13, 1909, the Governor said good-bye to his friends and accompanied by his wife went to Rochester, Minnesota, where all his previous operations had been performed by the Drs. Mayo.

He had put off the operation as long as possible. For several years he had from time to time suffered great agony, and the repeated recurrence of these

paroxysms of pain warned him that he must not longer procrastinate.

He put a light aspect on his approaching ordeal.

"God be with you," said a friend who met him at lunch the day of his departure for Rochester.

"Oh! don't put it so seriously," replied the Governor. "I am used to this sort of thing, and I regard a stay in a hospital as a vacation. I will be well enough to read within a few days and then I am going to break my record. The last time I was in the hospital I read fourteen books. Why, the best chance I get for reading nowadays is when I am in the hospital."

At the same time — in Carling's restaurant in St. Paul — John E. Burchard, a warm friend, said to the Governor:

"I would gladly go to Rochester in your place if I could."

"You would be foolish, John," was the Governor's reply. "I am used to these operations. It will be over in twenty or thirty minutes, and I do not even dread it. It will be much easier for me than for you."

As the Governor sat at lunch he held something of an informal reception. He was alert and vivacious and full of the joy of life.

He walked back to the capitol with Mr. Day,

dropping into a department store on the way, where, after his democratic fashion, he chatted with the young women clerks in lively mood.

On the way from the capitol to the restaurant Mr. Day remarked to the Governor that something of a political revolution seemed to be in progress in the nation, and that as the Governor would likely be laid up something like five or six weeks he (Day) should know the Governor's attitude as to the presidential talk.

"I don't see how I can keep out of the race," was the answer. "You know I have never been anxious for the office. The candidacy will largely take the pleasure out of my life and I am honestly indifferent but at the same time, I suppose the pressure will be such that I will be eventually forced into the race."

Further, in a guarded way the Governor admitted that the chances were that the pressure of the presidential candidacy would force him into a fourth term as governor.

The Governor had not been back at the capitol half an hour before the dreadful pains returned. Mr. Day called an automobile, rode with the Governor to his hotel and bade him good-bye — the last good-bye. On the way to Rochester the Governor had another attack of severe pain.

Monday night and Tuesday, September 14, the Governor spent resting at the home of his old Rochester friend, Tom Sullivan. Tuesday evening he was taken in a carriage to a room in the south wing of the hospital, fronting on a splendid prospect of green sward and trees. When Mr. W. W. Williams, a newspaper correspondent, called on him at 8 o'clock that evening, the Governor was sitting in an easy chair reading a book.

"He might," says Mr. Williams, "have been doing the same thing in his own home for aught of difference there was in his appearance or in the true ring of friendship in the kindly, familiar voice, with which he bade me welcome to the room.

"'Glad to see you, old man,' he said. 'How long are you going to stay?'

"'Oh! probably a day or so after your operation,' I replied, 'just long enough to pull you through all right. You know we have to keep pretty close tab on you national characters.' Whereat we both smiled.

"There was no thought in either of our minds of the black shadow that was already creeping over the horizon, and that was so soon to rob Minnesota of her best beloved native son and governor. I am positive that at that time the Governor had no idea that the operation would prove serious, and

his air of absolute confidence in the outcome dispelled any misgivings that I may have had. We were old friends and we talked intimately that evening of the great changes that had come in his life since we had first become acquainted fourteen years before, when he was the publisher of the St. Peter *Herald* and a member of the state senate. At that time I was a legislative reporter for the *Pioneer Press,* and we became close personal friends before the session closed. At last our talk turned to the coming ordeal of the morning. The Governor talked about it in a thoroughly impersonal way, just as he would have done had it been some other person and not himself who was going under the knife of the surgeon.

"'I have been through three of these affairs, you know,' he said, 'and Mrs. Johnson has not yet entirely recovered from the effects of one last winter, so I do not fear it as one would who had never undergone an operation. I remember very well the first operation. How I dreaded the thought of the anesthetic! I feared the outcome, but this time I have absolutely no fear. I know that I will survive the anesthetic and that the operation will not prove serious. I will probably be here two or three weeks, and will then be back at my desk in the capitol. The only thing I regret is the fact that I

will be unable to be in St. Paul when President Taft arrives, to participate in his reception. I had willed it otherwise, but that severe attack on Sunday warned me that I must at once take steps to secure relief. In fact I guess I put off the operation longer than I should have.' "

" When it was known the next day that the operation had proved exceedingly dangerous and that its outcome was in doubt, Governor Johnson gave rigid instructions to the surgeons that I was to have all the information concerning his case from day to day that arose while he was in a critical condition."

Governor Johnson was taken to the operating room in the hospital at 8:30 Wednesday morning. For nearly three hours he was unconscious under the anesthetic and for two hours and ten minutes he was uninterruptedly under the surgeon's knife. The duration of the operation was extraordinary. Dr. William J. Mayo performed the actual operation in constant consultation with his brother, Dr. Charles H. Mayo. The Governor was their personal friend and if such men could or would have done more for one man than for any other they would have done it for the Governor. They found complicated conditions to deal with. There was a deep-seated abscess and a baffling adhesion of the

intestines. The surgeons were dismayed and pro foundly apprehensive.

"It was one of the most remarkable and successful operations of its kind," said an eminent Italian surgeon who was present, "but I did not believe that the Governor would survive."

The Governor's first request upon returning to consciousness was for his wife. "Tell Nora I want to see her," he said, and Mrs. Johnson was at once summoned from an adjoining room, where she had remained during the operation.

The Governor rallied so bravely from the effects of the anesthetic and the operation that at 3 o'clock that afternoon Dr. W. J. Mayo said that he had hope that the Governor would recover, although the operation had proved far more complicated than had been expected.

The first set-back came at 10 o'clock that night, when Dr. C. F. McNevin, one of the house physicians, who had been detailed on the Governor's case, was horrified to find his distinguished patient in a serious sinking spell. He could not detect the pulse, and promptly resorted to extreme measures. The Governor rallied and when this crisis was past the indications were very hopeful. Thursday, Thursday night and up to 3 o'clock in the afternoon of Friday there was marked improvement.

FUNERAL PROCESSION IN ST. PAUL

That evening he had another severe sinking spell, but from that time until the afternoon of Monday, September 20, he seemed to be on the road to recovery. However, because the nature of the operation made it impossible for him to take any real nourishment, he was gradually growing weaker. On Monday, however, he was able to take and retain some broth, and as the danger of peritonitis was then past, it was hoped that the crisis was over. About 2 o'clock in the afternoon, however, a rapid fluctuating pulse with sub-normal temperature indicated the approach of another collapse. As the hours passed and there was no rallying, all hope was abandoned.

The Governor's brother, Fred W. Johnson, and his two closest personal friends, Frederick B. Lynch and Frank A. Day, were summoned. All through the sad hours of that fatal night the two friends waited in the hospital, hoping against hope. The Drs. Mayo, Dr. E. S. Judd, their principal assistant, Dr. McNevin and the nurses, Mrs. Johnson and her friend, Miss Margaret Sullivan, were at the bedside nearly all of this time of despair. For hours at a time Dr. McNevin stood by the bed gently waving a palm leaf fan that the Governor might enjoy a breath of fresh air. He expressed a feeling of intense fatigue. No one told him that his last

hours had come. He silently struggled for life, but in some way it was borne in upon him that the struggle would be in vain. Raising himself, he caressed his wife on the cheek and said:

"Well, Nora, I guess I am going, but we have made a good fight."

He said no more, but from time to time feebly stroked Mrs. Johnson's cheek and indicated his consciousness at other times by a tender pressure of the hand.

At 3:25 o'clock in the morning of Tuesday, September 21, the Governor died.

Never was such general grief known in Minnesota. Not since Lincoln's death, perhaps, has the death of a public man been a personal grief to so many.

"Yesterday," said one man, "there was brought home the body of my brother, dead in the Philippines. I loved that brother, but I think it no shame to say that my grief over the Governor's death is fully as great."

Men and women wept in public. A dense gloom settled down upon the whole state. Day by day the people had prayed and hoped for the survival of their good governor. They could not believe that he had been taken from them. Dead in the zenith of his strength, in the flower of his fame,

with great things to do and the genius for them — it could not be God were so unkind!

The body was that day brought from Rochester to St. Paul, soldiers stood in silent guard that night, and all day Wednesday it lay in peaceful state in the great white capitol, where for so many years the Governor had been the center of life and action. All day his faithful friends tramped by the bier. Fifty thousand persons were in that sad procession of farewell and their passing wore a path in the stone.

The next day, Thursday, a special train conveyed body and mourners to St. Peter. Governor Eberhart proclaimed it a day of mourning. The whole state stopped to mourn — all business was stayed. In some degree the whole nation mourned. The war ships in New York harbor dropped their flags to half mast, the telegraph wires were crowded and the mails congested with expressions of grief. Hundreds of memorial meetings were held throughout the land. Everywhere it was sadly realized that the nation had lost a leader of hope and strength.

Funeral services were held in the Presbyterian church, where the Governor had been a regular attendant for many years. The little city was overwhelmed with grief. Trains brought thousands of

mourners, and the country folk came in carriages and wagons for forty and fifty miles around. From the church, all that was mortal of the great governor was conveyed with solemn procession to quiet Greenhill cemetery, there to rest beside the mother.

THE CEMETERY AT ST. PETER

Johnson lot

CHAPTER XIX

GOVERNOR JOHNSON'S INFLUENCE

ALTHOUGH Governor Johnson never held any national official position, and was not even recognized at the time of his death as a national political leader, though considered the probable nominee of the Democracy for the presidency in 1912, his influence was felt throughout the country and will continue to be felt for a long time. Had he lived there is little doubt among those who knew and appreciated him that he would have exerted a most powerful influence on the future of his party and the nation. Had he attained to the presidency, his remarkable executive and administrative qualities, and his faculty for leadership would probably have effected the welding together of all the conflicting elements in the Democratic Party, and under his leadership, that party would have given the country a demonstration of constructive statesmanship. There is little doubt that Governor Johnson's fame and influence will, like Lincoln's, increase with the years, and will continue a powerful, whole-

some, moral force for an indefinite period. Perhaps the most notable influence that his career has already exerted was the giving of a mighty impetus to the cause of independence and non-partisanship in our nation. Governor Johnson was a Democrat, but he was not a blind partisan, and he always held the public good superior to party good. His election to the governorship of Minnesota, a Republican state, three times in succession had a great effect in promoting political independence and liberality throughout the West.

Of course, there is a natural and pardonable tendency on the part of those who were closest to the Governor, and knew him best, to be prejudiced in his favor in attempting to pass judgment on his work and influence. He was so dear to his own people, and his death so profoundly saddened them, that it is hard for one of them cold-bloodedly to interpret the true meaning of his character, and to attempt impartially to outline the channels through which his permanent influence will flow as the generations go by.

Governor Johnson's phenomenal success as leader and administrator was due to a rare combination of excellent qualities. Many others were as able as he. Others were as patriotic. Others were equally gifted with hard, common sense.

Others were as honest and sincere. Others were as shrewd observers of political tendencies. Still others were as magnetic. But in few men have all these characteristics been so happily blended. He made wise and skillful use of his gifts. Never did he lead men astray. Never did one regret having submitted to his guidance.

The Governor's wondrous faculty of leadership never shone more conspicuously than during his relations with three legislatures overwhelmingly controlled by his political opponents. Their councils were divided, their allegiance split up among several party chiefs. In Governor Johnson, never a bitter partisan, always the urbane, always the sympathetic, always the force raised to potency by the genius of levelheadedness, these men found a leader whom, Democrat though he was, they could follow without loss of self-respect, of dignity or of consistency. They observed that his advice was mainly sound and reasonable, and uniformly endorsed his principal recommendations. It was a thing without precedent in Minnesota political annals, but it came to pass and the whole state was a gainer. At times some member of the majority would become restive and protest against this strange acquiescence in the wishes of the Democratic executive; but when the time came for action,

all were found in line. Perhaps the result was due partially to the imminence of sundry unhappy half-hours with constituents had the lawmakers departed from the path of wisdom simply because a minority governor had blazed the way.

Governor Johnson's capacity for public affairs was elastic. He had not half reached its limits when struck down. In no crisis was he found wanting. In no delicate situation did he ever fail to do exactly the right thing at the right time. More than once conditions of peril and difficulty arose and his friends viewed the outcome with misgiving. They wondered how the Governor would solve the problem. The solution always came with the occasion. He was always equal to the problem. He met and overcame it with skill, wisdom and surprising success. Then the friends would exclaim: "Why, that was the most natural way to adjust the trouble!" True: but Governor Johnson was the only one to whom it had occurred in time. The most celebrated instance of this constant readiness, this dependable application of adequate remedies for acute danger, was his settlement of the great strike of iron miners in Northern Minnesota, when he packed his grip, went to Hibbing and Duluth and in a few hours saved the state from the horrors of virtual civil war. Whenever adjust-

ment was needed Governor Johnson exercised it to the general satisfaction of all parties, and as by magic all grounds for bitter feeling were swept away. Of all the dispensers of patronage the state has ever known, he was the only one capable of the miracle of sending disappointed officeseekers away swearing by him instead of at him. He was a wizard of administration.

It was by means of one of the most vigorous assertions of the independent spirit, one of the most notable instances of widespread repudiation of party ties and claims, to be found in political history that the modest country editor was placed in the governor's chair. His two reëlections, with his whole general line of conduct in the office distinguished by a surpassing excellence of appointments, and the cordial and patriotic coöperation of Republican state officials, fostered and cultivated the idea of merit before partisanship in public office to a degree never before attained in any state of the Union. This idea is destined to growth and perpetuation. The people like it. They will have more of it before they will have less of it. They will tolerate no retrogression. They have put their hand to the plow and will not turn back. When on that melancholy September day, under the half-masted flags of the capitol, the new governor,

Adolph O. Eberhart, the Republican, announced that he would carry out the policies of his Democratic predecessor, he paid a magnificent tribute to the worth and memory of the man whose departure had plunged the people of Minnesota into the profoundest depths of mourning that had ever been their misfortune to fathom. Such a thing would have been impossible anywhere twenty years ago. What better evidence of the universal recognition of the integrity of purpose, the purity of motive, the sincerity of endeavor, the righteousness of ideals, of the lamented Johnson could have been addressed than this declaration of the new governor and its hearty popular indorsement?

To the many thousands in and out of Minnesota whose hopes were centered upon the elevation of Governor Johnson to the presidency, whose sentiment was finely expressed in concrete form by a Republican paper,— "He was the hope of the best in both parties,"— his premature end was doubly distressing. Try as they would to console themselves with words of philosophical resignation, some degree of bitterness at this cruel decree of untoward destiny intensified their disappointment.

Let us consider for a moment what might logically have been expected had this favorite son of

Minnesota been elevated to the chief magistracy of the nation. In Washington, as in St. Paul, he would have proved equal to every demand upon his peculiar powers. To begin with, supposing his party should at the same time or during his term have secured control of both branches of congress, Johnson would have brought about a complete union of the Democratic factions, and been instrumental in bringing them unitedly to bear upon the business of government. He would most assuredly have succeeded where Grover Cleveland failed, and Cleveland was a great leader of men, but lacked Johnson's marvelous tact in dealing with them. This welding of the antagonistic elements in a great party would have been accomplished by Johnson without a sacrifice of principle, and without a surrender of the right in the shape of questionable compromise.

Johnson would have proved a great president, worthy of the worthiest of his predecessors. The public interests would have been protected jealously, the national welfare advanced, and this country raised to a still prouder height among the nations, while all the time the vast machinery of government would have run on smoothly, harmoniously and without friction. Great as was the loss to Min-

nesota in this man's death, the loss to the nation was infinitely greater.

The true greatness of Lincoln did not dawn upon the world until after he had left it. Even now we have not a full perception of that grand character, nor will this come till far in the future. So will it be with Johnson. If Lincoln is immortal, so is Johnson. The field to which the activities of the Minnesota governor were confined was much more restricted than that of the apostle of emancipation, but the sphere of his influence will expand with the years. There is now something of a partisan feeling when Johnson is measured by his own generation; but the time will come when Republicans will forget that Johnson was a Democrat just as Democrats are forgetting that Lincoln was a Republican. Ill would it be for any people that failed to cherish and make the most of the example of so illustrious, so unique a representative. The school text-books will be enriched by the absorbing, elevating story of the poor son of an impecunious Scandinavian immigrant who won his way to national renown over obstacles that would have been fatally disheartening to a soul of less heroic mold.

It is a matter of testimony that one of the most fruitful sources of inspiration to the Republican

state officials from 1905 to 1909 was the ever-present realization that in the governor's office sat a man who every hour of every day addressed his best, earnest efforts to the service of the people in utter disregard of all political considerations. They knew him worthy of emulation, and each worked fortified by a determination to exert his powers as a public servant in the same spirit that animated his chief. The result was the most harmonious, efficient and popular administration that Minnesota has ever enjoyed.

It is inconceivable that the beneficent results of a record like this should fail of appreciation, and be lost to posterity. The good of Johnson was not interred with his bones. The world cannot afford to lose so precious a legacy of achievement in statecraft as this. Too seldom does high official station boast an incumbent whose efforts for the commonweal are put forth with like intelligence, conscientiousness and success. The record of Johnson will be treasured and utilized as inspiration and guide till republican government is no more.

In the seventeenth century a great "White King" came down from the north, and at the head of his Swedish army swept across Europe, battering down every force that dared oppose until the fatal

field of Lutzen at once crowned the glory and terminated the triumphant career of Gustavus Adolphus, the Sword of the Reformation.

In the twentieth century another "White King" came down from the north and moved across the American continent in conquest of human hearts till checked untimely by the inscrutable mandate of the Sovereign Terror.

Gustavus was the embodiment of the principle of Force. Johnson was the incarnation of the principle of Love. The age of Gustavus was of sterner mold and less enlightened than this, and men were wont to bend only to the might of military power. The time is now approaching when we can say:

> "Fold up the banners, smelt the guns;
> Love rules, her gentler purpose runs."

Every day are we coming to realize more and more the truth contained in the little essay of the late Henry Drummond, "The Greatest Thing in the World," that the most potent weapon, the most considerable force, in the universe is Love. Too many there are who cannot yet see this, or who, seeing, lose sight of it; but it will be understood universally some day. Johnson knew it, not as a matter of study and deliberation, but as a matter of intuition, of involuntary revelation. It was his

nature to bestow as well as to receive this vital essence of the gospel of the Prince of Peace. And his life achievement was greater than that of Gustavus.

APPENDIX

Public Addresses, Proclamations and Writings of Governor Johnson

Tributes

FOURTH OF JULY ADDRESS

PORTIONS OF A SPEECH DELIVERED AT RED LAKE FALLS, MINNESOTA, IN 1904

IT has been said that there is nothing new under the sun. That may or may not be true, but one thing is certain; there is only one kind of a Fourth of July, and we do not want it changed. On this day we do not want to know of art, science, literature. We want told again and again the story of the Boston Tea Party, Bunker Hill and Valley Forge. We want to hear of Washington, Stark, Putnam, Ethan Allen and the other heroes who won the right to immortality. During the remainder of the year we can talk of the tariff, the banking system and the currency question. To-day there is one, and only one text — the Declaration of Independence. We want to know what it was, who uttered it, who secured it and what brought it to us. There is scarcely need to go into detail. Every schoolboy knows the story. Every man and woman ought to know it as they know their alphabet. And yet we like on this day to talk of the

cruel wrongs practiced by the mother country upon the colonists; how they grew weary of their wrongs; how our forefathers burned with righteous indignation and declared that all men were created free and equal; how they threw off the yoke of oppression; how they were ready to fight for freedom and willing to lay down their lives for it.

Then, too, we love to read and think how it was all brought about; how the Minute Men sprang up day and night and made war upon the invading foe. We love to dwell upon the heroes at Bennington and Bunker Hill, at Ticonderoga, Concord and Lexington, and the other battlefields where honor was won and independence established. The world has no parallel to it in all its history. Rome had her heroes, Greece had her men who fought for their homes and their country. Romantic France had her revolution which stands out in the sky of history like a lodestar. Poland and Switzerland reared their Tells and Kosciuskos, but in no country and at no time was freedom bought at such a cost as ours, nowhere was it gained against such odds, and nowhere was the result so complete, so lasting and so extensive. It must have been a divinity which shaped our ends. The god of destinies was arrayed with Washington, with Paul Jones, with Adams, Franklin, Randolph, Henry and Jefferson.

There was never such a congress as the old Continental Congress and never such patriots as those who fought for the independence of America, never such a country as America.

There was a time when statesmen were patriots — when politicians were patriots. Changes have taken place in our economic system. From the continued malfeasance in office politics is now regarded either a charity or a crime. Some men are kept in office through pity or because they cannot earn a living in the regular channels of labor or commerce. Others hold office because they buy their way in and sell their birthright for other pottage to continue to buy office. All men are not thus. There are still pure, lofty, patriotic men, who honestly discharge their duty. But when we read of the bribery of Minneapolis, the rottenness of Chicago, the corruption of Pennsylvania, wide as the state itself, we stand aghast and fear for the future of the Republic. We hear sometimes that a river cannot rise higher than its source: that if public servants are corrupt it is because the people themselves are lacking in honesty. That is false. The people as a rule are honest, and the fact that public servants are untrue is because of the apathy of the people. In politics we are an indolent and a lazy people. We are content to let things take their own course and allow selfish men to

transact the business we ought to do and because we are too lazy to pay attention to the details of our own business. Our country is cursed by a slavery to partisanship. I warrant that less than ten per cent. of the people are familiar with the constitution of the country. Less than that number study the platforms of their party and an equally small number know why they are Republicans or why they are Democrats.

An ideal state of civilization comes only from a quickened intelligence and the education of the masses. No people ever became great through ignorance and superstition. No party can become permanent so long as the few can dominate the many by cant, hypocrisy, and misrepresentation. The greatest power ever given to any people is an equal right with the ballot. No power is so often rendered useless by using it without intelligence. Some men shun political heresy through the fear of ridicule. No man is so weak as the voter without the courage of his convictions. The independent voter, the man who votes as his conscience dictates, is the ideal citizen. The hope of the nation is in all the people aroused from the sleep of party bigotry, armed with the breastplate of conviction and carrying the sword of Conscience and Truth.

America has just cause for pride in her educa-

tional system. Other countries and their rulers have purposely kept their people in ignorance and superstition that they might the easier be governed by passion and fear. In our country every boy and every girl has the right to an education. The state not only offers it but urges it. And every boy in this state should grasp the prize held out to him. True dignity is in education. Education is the key that unlocks opportunity. Because some men have succeeded in business without education is no argument in favor of ignorance. Ten succeed through education where one fails. Ten ignorant men fail where one succeeds. The poor boy must have brains to compete with the rich man's influence. The start in life is unequal, but the poor boy with an education will eventually outstrip the rich man and his prestige. In this age there is no excuse for any boy going through life without an education. No boy is too poor to have an education and no boy makes a mistake who seeks and gets an education.

What we need in this country is men of character. Character is the greatest thing in the world. It is as old as the world itself. Character is that something ingrown into the man — that something which makes him kind to his neighbors, generous to his family, honest in the payment of his debts and honest in public life. It is not that which makes him

honest when in the sight of other men, but honest when he is alone. Character is what a man is, not what he seems. Character is what you actually are, not what your neighbor thinks you are. Character, as Moody once said, is what a man is when he is in the dark, what he actually thinks and does when alone. Alexander the Great, before he died, ordered that his hands be left uncovered by his funeral shroud in order that the people might know that he took nothing from this world or from his people. Some of our public servants of to-day fail to make such a provision. We want character in our neighbor. We must have character in ourselves.

COMMERCIAL AND POLITICAL INTEGRITY

A SPEECH DELIVERED BEFORE THE MERCHANTS CLUB OF CHICAGO, FEB. 18, 1905

NOT since the days leading up to the abolition of slavery has there been such a political awakening in city, state and nation, as at the present time. For a half century the Republic had been lulled to a sense of security and rest. Weary after four years of civil war, the nation slumbered in peace. Reconstruction was undertaken and accomplished. The people prospered and the Republic grew. The great ship of state drifted on the tide of prosperity. Suddenly, through the mist, officers, crew, and passengers heard the warning sound of breakers on the reefs — reefs of political graft, reefs of commercialism, reefs of public control for private ends. On the night of November 8th, the order went ringing to the men at the wheel: "Change your course, mind the compass of the Constitution and public conscience; the heartbeat of the people is running this craft."

For the first time in a half century the nation is startled by the news that a political revolution has taken place and that it is without a parallel in American history. The old Bay State, casting its vote for the presidential candidate of one party, elects for its governor a champion of the people, nominated by the opposition party. Missouri elects Folk and then casts its presidential vote for a man of different political complexion. In your own state a champion of human rights is chosen as the chief executive. In my beloved state, the anomaly appears of the people choosing a Democrat as governor in a presidential year, when they give a hundred thousand plurality or more to President Theodore Roosevelt.

You ask the cause of these anomalies, of this revolution for independence. There comes the answer, the people are smarting under the lash of real or fancied wrongs. They have arisen in their might to correct the abuses of a system of political and commercial dishonesty which has reached a climax.

Wherein lies the dishonesty? For fifty years the people of this nation have been voluntary slaves of a political and partisan system which has been the means of almost wrecking the foundations of our government. Three months ago the voice of the

people was lifted for the President of the Republic and he was swept into the presidential chair by a tidal wave that was almost equivalent to a unanimous choice. To-day the great captains of industry, who did so much to bring about the result, are arrayed in solid phalanx for the control of the national congress to defeat the very ends of justice as he understands them, and as the American people understand them in him. The people stand amazed as they behold the conflict. The press teems with praises for the one and condemnation for the other.

In the Middle West and in the Northwest, we watch the fight with interest; for our people, controlled for years by unwholesome influences, have awakened to a sense of their responsibility. They are engaged in solving the problem of popular control, of realizing good citizenship, decent politics and honest administration, of punishing and preventing criminal interference with the sovereign right of the people to honest government for and by themselves. Their cry for justice and equal rights is not the roar of the anarchist or the wail of the agitator. It is the intelligent and patriotic demand of a sober people too long accustomed to endure a situation as un-American as it is unjust.

But yesterday a prosecuting attorney in the city

of St. Louis brought to bay a long line of corrupt officials who had put up the honor and fair name of a state for barter and sale. Your own state legislature has been pictured as a public auction, where the rights of the people are sold as wheat in the pit or options on 'change. The Governor of Indiana brings his state before the court of public opinion with the charge of bribery and corruption. In Minnesota the people arise in revolt to resent the interference of the corporation and of the army of trespassers in the selection of public officials. From everywhere we hear the same story: Privileged interests are in control; legislative bodies are corrupt; executive officials are untrue to the trusts reposed in them.

For years we have deliberately stultified ourselves. The great Northwest, under the lash of the party whip, has subscribed to a tariff doctrine wholly inconsistent with its needs and interests. Candidates for Congress, elected on the promise of tariff revision and reform, have gone to the nation's capital to aid the friends of high tariff to revise the schedules upward and still higher on the royal highway of trust and paternalism.

The Middle West has conceded the right of its commercial competitor, the East, to fix every economic policy of government. It has surrendered to

the East the control of Congress and centered in the grasp of the great special interests of New York, New Jersey, and Pennsylvania the powers and prerogatives which the Constitution guaranteed to the people, and all the people, as the American Bill of Rights.

The Republican and the Democrat have been equally blind in their partisanship. A splendid example of obedient stupidity was illustrated in the Democracy of the nation bending the pregnant hinges of its knee to the great Juggernaut of the East; waiting for the car to pass over its prostrate form and then back up and practically complete the party's annihilation. The western Republican rejoices over the misfortune of his neighbor, not realizing that in different form he has been equally the victim of the calamity of a political system which has taken all and given him little in return. He, too, for years has been the victim of a conspiracy which has yielded him the rare and gracious privilege of subscribing to his own undoing.

He has delighted himself with the thought that he was saving the country; while he was voting faithfully and prayerfully, early and often, year after year, for a party policy of special privilege, devised by Pennsylvania, revised by New Jersey, the nursery of trust incorporation, and finally drafted

into party platforms and law by New York, where the trust managers live, move, and have their place of business.

The public mind is aroused. It is learning its lesson. The process of disillusionment may be slow, but it will be sure. The voter is beginning to realize that there has been too much partisanship and too little intelligence; too much partisanship, too little independence; too much partisanship, too little patriotism; too much politics, too little love of country.

To-day the Congress of the United States is in the absolute control and dominion of a section and the other sections sit supinely by and tolerate the condition. Why should the city of Chicago be the political servant of its great commercial rivals, New York and Philadelphia? The balance of power should rest in that great central empire of our domain, the principal metropolis of which is Chicago.

There must eventually, and possibly very soon, be a new political alignment; but even under the old alignment, the great center of political power should be close to the population center and industrial center of the nation. It should be in the Mississippi Valley, instead of on the Atlantic Coast. The star of political power, following the westward course of population and industrial achievement, will yet

rest over the great empire of the interior, with the Father of Waters and the Great Lakes as its outlet to the ocean, and with Chicago as its main depot.

New York, with its vice, and New England, with its virtue to balance the ledger, to-day control the economic policy of the nation. The time has come to transfer the seat of empire across the Adirondacks, to Illinois, Indiana, Michigan, Ohio, Kentucky, Iowa, Minnesota, Wisconsin, Kansas, Nebraska, Missouri and the Dakotas. The best brain and the surest brawn of the nation is found here and it should be organized into one mighty moral, material and patriotic force to overthrow paternalism and plunder, and regenerate politics and the Republic.

As Americans we are proud of the fact that the bank clearings of New York are to-day one-half greater than those of London, and that the cash reserve of the New York clearing-house banks is double that of the Bank of England. But the location of the counting-house in Wall Street does not justify the transfer of the power of the ballot there.

Rather let the ballot follow population and industry. The Republic rests on men, not money. This central West of ours, where the Mississippi flows to the sea, is settled by the best class of inhabitants the world has ever brought together, a

people rugged in their honesty, loyal in the love of country, intelligent and progressive; and to them must come sooner or later that power for good which is the nation's hope.

The great central basin lying between the Adirondacks and the Rockies produces three-fourths of the necessaries and comforts which sustain the nation's life. It contains two-thirds of the working and voting population, more than one-half the mills and factories, and four-fifths of the farms.

The internal commerce, the product of the labor and capital of this central empire, is many times our total foreign trade. Through the "Soo" Canal passes a freight tonnage nearly double that of the Suez Canal and equal that of all our Atlantic ports. The lake port of Duluth-Superior alone handles a tonnage that equals one-third the ocean tonnage of the United States.

The so-called "agricultural state" of Minnesota, which leads the world in bread and butter, besides standing first in the manufacture of flour and lumber, produced last year one-half the iron ore of the United States and one-fourth that of the globe.

The star of empire is westward. The other day the steamship Minnesota — product of the transportation genius of the North Star State — steamed out of Seattle for the Orient, carrying the greatest

cargo ever shipped within the holds of a single vessel in the world's maritime history. To the resources, the energies and genius of the West, the nation looks, not only to build up its commercial and industrial greatness, but its moral and political strength.

I am not among those who believe the nation is tottering, but among those who behold grave danger and have faith that this danger will be averted. The gravest peril lies in the obliviousness of the many to the existence of disease, and one of contagion and infection. In Shakespeare's time, "Foul subordination was dominant." To-day it is rampant in almost every state in the Union. It shows itself in legislation and administration, in commerce and finance.

Lawson tells us an appalling story of financial chicanery and ruin; good men at the head of vast industries appropriate the money of the people to their own uses. Steffens tells us of municipal corruption that makes the story of Nero and Rome seem cheap. And all this time the man of affairs will allow "business interests" to corrupt men in places of authority, while he shudders and stands aghast at the wrongdoing of an ordinary criminal.

We boast to-day of a commercial reign unequaled

in the world's history. It almost equals the Bourbon splendor which preceded the French Revolution and which Carlyle designated as the rainbow over Niagara. It may be that our era of commercial splendor is but a rainbow over our own Niagara. In this city are scores of multimillionaires. In it are one hundred thousand who cloy the hungry edge of appetite by the bare imagination of a feast.

Not all this is due to our political or commercial system, but in a measure to lack of personal effort. But there is much on which the hungry can predicate his complaint. Our political system and our commercial system are out of tune. The tendency of the great to crush the small, with the indifference of the elephant to the worm, is too common.

False capitalization is one of the great causes that has brought a shock to the faith of the people. Watered stock is the mirage in the desert of our commercial life. The billion-dollar steel-trust, quoted at 75c on a dollar to-day and at 8c to-morrow, typifies the class. Watered stock has become a common phase of legalized larceny. If the mad race is to stop before the runner falls, corporate business must be reorganized on a rational basis. No corporation should be permitted by law to issue a share of stock that does not stand for paid-in cash and certified to by state examination. Every dollar in-

vested in a commercial enterprise should earn a fair profit and every investor is entitled to a fair rate of interest on his investment. But it is not entitled to a rate of interest and profit on stock which has no capital basis.

Public service corporations, railway corporations, and other corporations, fix a charge altogether out of proportion to the investment. I have in mind an electric railway company with 250 miles of track, and with an equipment to correspond, which earns five to seven per cent. interest and dividends on stocks and bonds amounting to thirty millions of dollars. If it cost to build and equip the road as high as $30,000 per mile, or a total of $7,500,000, we have a corporation charging the public and collecting profits on an inflation or franchise value four times actual cost. This practice is common to steam railway companies in too great a degree, and yet more common to the industrial trusts.

Added to the gross misuse of franchise privileges, railways are guilty of the still worse crime of discrimination. Is it a wonder that the President has taken up the war of the people to regulate transportation charges? Is it a wonder that governors of states and legislatures are stirring themselves to correct the evil?

The corporation based on an inflated value com-

plains of confiscation when the matter of governmental control is suggested. Governmental control is coming and the people who oppose it want to remember that the pendulum has been too long on the one side. When it comes back it may swing as far to the other side. Railway interests want to bear in mind that if governmental control is too earnestly resisted, government ownership is apt to follow, which would be still more undesirable, at least from their standpoint.

The railroad problem specially appeals to the great Middle West. Chicago is the greatest railway hub and the center of the greatest internal commerce on the globe. What London is to ocean commerce, what New York is to the world's bank clearings, that is Chicago to internal commerce carried by rail. The United States has over one-half the rail mileage of the globe, and the lion's share of it has a terminal in Chicago.

Your city is the transcontinental gateway of Atlantic-Pacific traffic. The gross earnings of the railroads which enter Chicago were enough last year to pay 75 per cent. of the national debt, and greater than those of all the railroads of the United Kingdom by over $100,000,000. Three Chicago railroads running into Minnesota carry alone a freight tonnage greater than the total ocean ton-

nage of the United States; while the total freight tonnage of all roads entering Chicago approximates the ocean tonnage of the world.

The westward trend of industrial production is told by the significant comparison, that in 1903 railroads doing business in Massachusetts showed for entire lines gross earnings under $100,000,000, in New York something over $300,000,000, and in Illinois close upon $700,000,000. At the same time, by reason of greater volume of traffic, the average rate per ton per mile was 40 per cent. lower in Illinois than in Massachusetts.

In the settlement of the great railway problem of America it is plain that this nation must look, not to the Atlantic Coast, which now controls our stock markets and national legislation, but to the great valley of the Mississippi, which already supports as many people as Great Britain, with a farm product equal to that of France and Germany combined, and a railway mileage which approximates that of the entire continent of Europe.

Railroad discrimination, namely, the rebate and the private car, has brought into existence, with headquarters in Chicago, one of the most powerful trusts on the globe, the great beef trust, which by control of the refrigerator car service of America fixes both the purchase and selling prices not only

of live stock and meat, but of fruit and dairy produce, vegetables and game, robbing producer and consumer alike, and forcing the retail dealers of the land to become its army of obedient agents.

Rail rebate plus special tariff privilege and monopoly of natural resources have created Standard Oil and the coal combine, which levy upon American homes and business a volume of tolls sufficient to yield 20 per cent. to 40 per cent. dividends upon a colossal capitalization.

Rail rebate and control plus special tariff privilege and monopoly of natural resources have produced the United States Steel Corporation, which declares dividends upon a threefold watering of the capital of its constituent companies by doubling the price of iron and steel to the American consumer while selling its products abroad at one-third less than the American price.

You wonder at the unrest of the people. In a county in my state are the greatest iron mines in the world. On the Mesabi nature has been so lavish of her wealth that great open pits a half-mile to a mile in diameter are mined with steam shovels and railroad trains, as you would mine earth from a gravel pit; a single steam shovel loading 800 tons an hour and sending three to four trainloads of high grade ore to the Lake Superior docks in a day. In

twenty-four hours last summer one of the Mesabi mines loaded 440 cars with 19,000 long tons, or ten trainloads of 44 cars to the train. The soft ore of the Mesabi is mined as easily and cheaply as sand. The labor cost is about 10 cents per ton; while the great steel trust which operates the mines is protected by a tariff of 25 cents per ton from "the pauper labor of Europe."

But the steel trust owns the two principal ore carrying roads, and the rate for hauling the ore 75 miles to the lake for shipment to eastern furnaces has been fixed so high that the independent mine owner is either robbed of the profits of mining or compelled to sell his mine to the hungry syndicate which controls both the mining industry and transportation. One of these iron range roads, which operates only 210 miles of track, voted itself last year a dividend of $4,500,000 or over 150 per cent. upon its common stock; and the other, operating 169 miles of track, distributed a dividend of $3,657,750, or 149 per cent. upon its stock outstanding.

The two non-competing parallel roads, operating an aggregate of 379 miles of track, issued a dividend total of more than $8,000,000, or upwards of $20,000 per mile, which is more than twice the gross earnings, nearly eight times the net earnings, and close upon twenty times the dividends per mile of

the average American railroad. And yet this same billion-dollar corporation, with all its extortionate charges, with its dividends upon an ocean of watered stock, and its control of the iron and steel industry of the nation, adds insult to injury by demanding national bounty and protection, and has actually secured at the hands of Congress for the protection of its practices more pages of American tariff schedules than perhaps all the infant industries of the United States combined.

Is it not time that the law of the land was invoked for the protection of the common citizen, instead of for such a corporation and such practices? Is it not time that the functions of government were employed for more legitimate uses? Is it not time the authority of the nation is exercised to prevent, instead of to protect, such discrimination and special privilege? Rate discrimination, monopoly of natural resources, fictitious capitalization, special tariff bounties and transportation rebates have been promoted under the cloak of law until the public conscience is in revolt.

Surrender of government functions to private corporations under guise of protecting the national welfare cannot much longer receive the sanction of an intelligent people who believe the government

was instituted for the protection of life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness. As long as government is the fountain of special privileges, powerful interests will dominate legislation, law will be dictated by the corrupt lobby, corporations will control legislators and even judges, and executives will betray their trusts. As long as the law of the land is made the source of corporate dividends, the campaign contributions of corporate interests will control political conventions and the party machine for the nomination and election of its candidates, and our so-called "public servants" will be private agents for the public undoing. There is just one remedy for official bribery and campaign corruption, and that is, to remove the motive by cutting off all government grants of special privilege. The enforced guaranty of equal rights to all will free the party organization from corporate grasp and restore it to the common people.

The Republican voter is no more and no less to blame than the Democrat. Francis of Assisi was as honest and as religious as Luther. The Bernardine monk was as sincere as Knox. The hope is not in the Democrat or Republican, as a follower of the party of his choice, but in the man who believes his country is greater than his party and is not

afraid of the charge of heresy — the man in the office, shop and field, whose patriotism and moral fiber respond to the nation's need.

The Republic is in no danger from the man who, following the plow, hums, "My country, 't is of thee." He does not understand the awful harmony of Wagner, but he knows and feels the melody of the folk-song, the tunes which soften the heart and make men good and great. This man may be slow, but a lion when aroused. To-day he is enlisting in the nation's struggle for honest government, and he will win. The Republic is in no danger of ruin or decay. The tax dodger, the boodler, the assassin of state and national honor may strike at the public welfare; the nation will grow in glory and power because of the manhood of its common citizenship. The country will survive, through the courage and loyalty of voters regardless of party, who will uplift the hands of a president in his desire to do right and uphold the majesty of the law.

Through the very robbery of the citizen by the corporate trust, the nation may be aroused and clothed with power. The mountain hunter may send an eagle fluttering down the crags, but the nestling brood in the eerie will rise to greater heights. The bounding doe may be arrested in her

race for life, but the Matterhorn will still lift its cap of snow to a peace beyond the clouds.

We are confronted with vast opportunities and responsibilities, and with lost ground to recover. A bad economic policy and political treachery cost us the benefits of commercial freedom with Canada. Had we been fair and decent with our sister country across the boundary, the trade of Canada would have been ours, and commercially if not politically the two countries would have been one. We are told it is now too late. Canada has grown away from us, instead of toward us. A false policy has robbed us of our own. Congressmen elected to represent our interests in reciprocity with Canada have gone to Washington in the interests of a pine-land combine and worked to make reciprocity impossible.

The American flag ought now to float over all North America; but that union either politically or commercially can never take place until a larger patriotism can rise above political cant and private greed.

Forsaking the old ideals, we are confronted with a centralized commercialism more than feudal in its power. The principles of Washington, Jefferson and Lincoln are supplanted by the influences of Harriman, Armour and Rockefeller. The Consti-

tution no longer goes with the flag; the Declaration of Independence is pictured as a relic of the past. The great commoner from the Sangamon broke the chains of the millions and released them from slavery to grow into a condition of humiliation. Washington founded a nation, and his people submit to commercial serfdom.

Our Republic rests on the freedom and purity of the ballot; and Montana boasts the election of a delegate to a national convention at the cost of $100,000. The Governor of Wisconsin declares that corporate wealth owns his state; and Standard Oil appears on the troubled waters of Chicago. In the Kremlin, fear of revolution blanches the cheek of the Czar; in our country, there are embers that might be fanned into flame.

Our duty is to prevent conflagration by stopping the manufacture of inflammable material. The price of good government is good citizenship, even at the sacrifice of party affiliation. Will you do your share, and will I do mine?

Let us here dedicate ourselves to the Republic's upbuilding, to the reconstruction of party and of national policy on broader and bigger plans. Let us demand leadership consecrated to the public weal by the strong and simple ties of common honesty, equality and manhood. Let us consecrate our efforts

to uphold the majesty of the law by enforcing its observance upon the most powerful as upon the humble.

Political parties will survive, but let it be a survival of the fittest. I care not for the name of the party I choose, so long as it stands for the rights of the people.

Politically the name of America is a world power — the power of justice, equality and freedom. Industrially America is a world power — with manufactures and agriculture greater than those of any two other nations, and supplying machines and food to all peoples. Commercially the United States is a world power — with an internal commerce developed under freedom of trade between the states to a volume many times greater than the foreign commerce of all nations.

At this hour we stand in possession of the gateways to the great trade of the Pacific Ocean, which in half a century may rival that of the Atlantic. The construction of the Isthmian canal will place America in control of the trade channel between Europe and Asia. For commercial expansion north and south we have the Dominion of Canada at our northern doors and South and Central America at the mouth of the Mississippi. The commercial federation of America is our opportunity and duty.

The Isthmian canal may serve as an invaluable regulator of transcontinental railroad rates. The chief engineer of the government war department estimates that the "Soo" canal and lake transportation save the shippers of America $30,000,000 per annum as compared with rail rates. What then may be the effect of the Panama Canal in reducing rates between the Atlantic and Pacific seaboards?

The world is undergoing transformation. In the far east there are 800,000,000 people waking from centuries of lethargy to become a world power. On the steppes of Russia the toiling millions are rising with dreams of constitutional liberty. In America the patriotism and intelligence of the greatest people on the earth demand the divorce of government from plutocracy and paternalism. The pessimist finds much in the present situation on which to base his lack of faith in our institutions, but the conditions which afford him opportunity for exultation will be dissipated by future events.

The turn of the optimist is near at hand. The tempest is raging now, but when the winds have spent their force the troubled waters will again be smooth. Ours is a new country. Our West has been created within the memory of men still living. Our development knows no parallel in history. Out of the present industrial and political chaos will

come order. The yeomanry of the land struck for liberty at Bunker Hill. They brought the ship of state through the awful night of Civil War. They are responding to a new call of duty and through them will come the reclamation and regeneration of the nation.

It will not come from the extremist who does not believe in government. It will not come from the theorist who believes commercial progress is wrong. It will not come from those who deny the property rights of others. But it will come through the sober common sense of those toilers who create the wealth so essential to our prosperity as a nation and as individuals. It will come, not through excitement, anger or hate, but after a calm study of the true conditions and a fearless determination to arrive at what is best for all the people.

The true grandeur of the nation will assert itself; if not to-day, then to-morrow. An enlightened and quickened conscience has issued the American doctrine — Equal rights to all; special privilege to none.

THE NORSEMEN

AN ADDRESS DELIVERED AT ST. PAUL, MINN., ON THE NATIONAL HOLIDAY OF NORSEMEN, MAY 17, 1905

HONORED by your invitation to take part in the proceedings of this your annual festival, I think I may as governor of the great state of Minnesota bring to you the greetings and good wishes of all the people.

You have much cause for congratulation in the celebration of the event which brought to your ancestors and their descendants that constitutional liberty so dear to people everywhere. The Treaty of Kiel is an historical fact and growing out of it came that assertion of a nation which brought about national independence even under a monarchy. That assertion resulted in an agreement which culminated in the granting of a Constitution on May 17th, 1814, which guaranteed to Norway and to Norwegians constitutional freedom and liberty.

It is needless for me to dwell upon the past history of the land of your birth. Of that you are

better informed than I, but I think I may, with due propriety, refer to the heroic deeds of the old Norsemen who for centuries were masters of the sea, of those splendid navigators who, with Lief Ericsson as their leader, opened up the westward course of Empire that others might follow; cruising the billowed water, conquering France, England and Italy, showing always heroism, bravery, valor and disdain for danger. And throughout all of their conquests, possessing a virtue born in a people of high ideals.

Brave they were, and to their credit be it said that in all their warfare they never attacked an unarmed foe or made war upon the weak or defenseless.

This evening you celebrate the independence won by your forefathers. The great significance of the day lies in the fact that it marked a milestone in the onward march of liberty — the freedom of the people — the uplifting of the masses — the extension of popular government.

They kindled the same kind of fire that spread over New England during our own revolutionary period. Groaning under the yoke of bondage, they yearned for that thing desired by every big, strong man — Liberty. As in the case of our forefathers, they secured the greatest of boons, the right to live

and act with the freedom that becomes the sovereign citizen.

Not wishing to dwell at length on the events of the past, permit me to speak for one brief moment on the part the Scandinavian people have played in the development of our own state and country. Pioneers in the settlement of the great Northwest, they have become foremost in the splendid citizenship which makes the North Star State so proud of its own position in the constellation. When the awful night of civil war came upon this nation, the sons of Norway and Sweden did their full share in bringing order out of chaos and of erecting again the structure of a unified national government. Whole regiments, whole companies and individual soldiers enlisted under the flag of their adopted country to do or to die for the cause of freedom here, as their ancestors had in the old days in the lands beyond the seas. The Scandinavian hated bondage in the old world — he fought to destroy the chains that bound men in the new.

How much the Norseman has contributed to the development of our great state none can measure. In the field of commerce he has taken a position in the very forefront and has grown to be an honored and respected member of this community. In the

field of education he no longer follows, but has become a leader. His college and academy have become monuments to his glory, and monuments in which all the state feels a just and pardonable pride. In the domain of religious thought and action he stands side by side with the giants who stand for moral worth, the uplift of the community and the reclamation of man.

All these mark their high advancement as a people and are resultants of an inherent sense which clamors for the higher ideal.

The day was in our own state and within our own recollection when the Scandinavian was not a factor in the body politic. They have not only fought their way to success, but in the fairness of their fighting have won the respect and regard of all people, and to-night, as a son of Scandinavian emigrants, I am before you as governor of the state.

I wish I might be possessed of that eloquence which might fittingly describe their sturdiness of manhood, their patriotism, their love for law and order, their fear of God, and their independence. But their virtues are acknowledged and their service to the state and its development are too well known to require commendation. The names of Lind and Nelson, Rice and Smith, Wahlstrom and Sverdrup,

Norelius and Stub, and hundreds more have become household words to all our people. Whether as governor or senator, whether in the pulpit or the school, whether in the field or store, they have acquitted themselves with a fidelity and trust that earns the praise of " well done, thou good and faithful servant."

The day was when the old spirit of opposition obtained here among the sons of Norway and Sweden as it had once in the Fatherland. To-day that opposition has faded away. We now stand united for the common cause, dedicating ourselves to the glory of our country, to the betterment of society and for the help that each man owes to his neighbor. Hate has given way to love and respect. Discord has been replaced by a unionism which augurs well for our future.

A nation is no better and no worse than the people who constitute that nation. Striving for the highest ideals in our civil and religious life, the sons of Scandinavia are united in the struggle for that citizenship through which nations endure and realize their true grandeur.

Swedish-American and Norwegian-American alike deplore and regret that differences have arisen in the Fatherland which may in some sense mar the unity of the Scandinavian people in the old

peninsula and those differences find no responsive chord or echo in the hearts of sons in this land. They find no harbor or anchorage among their sons and brethren in this new home where we have come to know each other better, to love each other more, and to build better and freer homes.

I wish I might send a message to the warring elements in Norway and Sweden. I would tell them to bind up their wounds, heal their differences, grow into a closer union, and build up a united nation in the land where the sun shines in the middle of the night, which might guarantee equal rights to all Scandinavians and command that love and respect in the group of nations which would bring happiness and contentment to all their people. I would have all their people free and equal and would have the ruler of the land so fair and firm that all would rejoice in the birth of a new nation and the dawn of an era of freedom that would grow into a glorious day for Scandinavia.

RAILWAY AND OTHER CORPORATION PROBLEMS

EXCERPTS FROM AN ADDRESS DELIVERED BY GOVERNOR JOHNSON BEFORE THE MINNESOTA MUNICIPAL LEAGUE AT ST. PAUL, JAN. 10, 1906

THE question of municipal ownership is one which is spreading over the country as a prairie fire. The wisdom of municipalities controlling their own public service utilities is certainly one of direct and vital concern to you and to your people.

I cannot let this opportunity pass without the remark that the people of a municipality are entitled to their water, their light, and kindred other service, at the cost of that service.

A city controlling the streets and other highways, which has the right to confer a chartered privilege upon private individuals to control these utilities, ought to bear in mind that, as a purely business proposition, it is wise and prudent that it control its own public service utilities. Students of economics have proved conclusively that the service

to the people is always better and supplied at a lesser cost when supplied by the city direct than when supplied by private individuals under a chartered or corporation right, and every city should think well before it parts with these great privileges.

As a Municipal League, composed of delegates representing the smaller cities of our great state, I take it that no function could be more important or sacred to you than to consider the problem of transportation and to devise means whereby your communities and the citizens represented by you should be fairly treated by the great common carriers upon which you largely depend for convenience and for prosperity.

The remedy for many evils is the ballot, properly and effectively used — not with the blindness of party spirit or to promote the interests of individuals — but used with the broader idea of promoting the general welfare and securing a more perfect civilization, based, as it must be, on the principles of justice, equality and fairness.

One of the greatest problems of the present time, and one of the most vital concern to the people represented by you, is that of railway transportation and the regulation, or rather the securing of proper tariff rates for the same. The nation is astir to-day and the eyes of all the people are centered upon the

Congress of the United States, waiting with breathless interest to see whether the great representative of the people shall have the hearty support and concurrence of the Congress of the United States in his laudable effort to secure the right of the people to regulate the rates of transportation. On every hand we hear the common cry that there is no remedy in the law. On every hand we hear the cry that it is not a proper function of government to control and regulate common carriers. On every hand we hear the cry that the sacred right of contract cannot be impaired. We are met constantly with the claim that the vested and chartered right of the corporation cannot be assailed, regulated or abridged. Fortunately, the United States Supreme Court has rendered a decision that "the superintending power over the highways and the charges upon the public for their use always remain in the government. This is not only its indefeasible right, but is necessary for the protection of the people against extortion and abuse. These positions we deem to be incontrovertible. Indeed, they are adjudged the law in the decisions of this court. Railroads and railroad corporations are in this category." If this decision of the court be true, certainly the government which has the right to confer a charter, which has the right to dispose of the pub-

lic domain, which has the right to confer great privileges upon a corporation, must have the right to regulate and control that corporation in its operations.

A few weeks ago I listened to strange and remarkable language from one of the members of the Interstate Commerce Commission. In the language of the pessimist who sees no hope, in the language of one who feels nothing but despair, he gives voice to the opinion and to the belief that there is and will be no relief in the law. He says: "The men who serve in the cabinet, on the bench, and even upon the Interstate Commerce Commission, are generally lawyers who have received in their professional life the retainers of corporations. They cannot be expected to change their prejudices and habits of thought on coming into place and power. No government machinery will regulate monopoly. When men worship the almighty dollar, it will rule them."

I think that all appreciate that these are peculiar times. We know and realize that at no time in the history of the world have a few men become so powerful because of their great possession of wealth. We are told by the statistician that 5,000 men own one-third of the property of the United States. We are told by the statisticians that if the same ratio of increase continues, in less than half a century

these same men will own practically all the property of the country. Owning one-third of the property of the country to-day, they positively control the affairs of the country. They fix the price of transportation, they arbitrarily fix the price of things that we buy, and they arbitrarily fix the price of the things we produce and sell.

The great curse of the country to-day is in the fictitious valuations placed upon property and the fact that the American people must by their energy and economy pay tribute to this kind of genius by paying a rate of interest and profit on property which has no existence.

Illustrations have been numerous where a man or syndicate of men have taken a million dollars' worth of property and, by writing new certificates, have converted it into five millions of dollars' worth of property; where one hundred million dollars' worth of industrials have been combined into one enterprise, and by the issuance of certificates have been enhanced in value 400 per cent. And the American people pay a reasonable rate of interest and profit on the stocks and bonds of the watered stock of the corporation.

What has been true in the industrial world has been equally true in the world of transportation. Combinations have been made and new shares of

stock have been issued far in excess of the actual value of the property. I believe in corporations. I believe the American people ought to pay a reasonable rate of interest and a fair profit on all legitimate classes of property. I believe, however, that the American people ought to pay only upon the actual value of the property and not upon the inflation.

During the past decade we have been shown by illustration after illustration that the American people, absolutely within the power of a few individuals, have been compelled to pay, both in the matter of transportation and upon industrial products, a rate of profit altogether out of harmony with natural and just conditions. And this condition has become so exaggerated and the financial autocrat has exercised his tyranny to such an extent that those in authority have been forced to undertake the cause of the people. To-day the President of the United States, disregarding all other issues, is concentrating his energies to secure the power for the people to fix and establish just rates of transportation upon all common carriers.

We are told that these things are impossible under the law. A half century ago the people were told that the sovereign right of a state could not be interfered with. They were also told that human

chattels were property, the right to hold which could not be interfered with. And yet, by the single stroke of his pen a man destroyed three thousand million dollars' worth of property and created three millions of freemen.

I believe in the obligation of contract. I believe that it should not and ought not to be impaired. But I believe that when the chartered corporation, going beyond its chartered rights, refuses to abide by the laws under which it has its existence and receives protection, it can be regulated and, if necessary, secured to the people who have given it life.

There are vast numbers of people in this country to-day who believe that the government of the country should own and operate its common carriers. Certainly the time is not ripe to-day for government ownership, but I want to say now that if the right of the government to regulate and control common carriers in the exercise of their functions is too stubbornly resisted by those who control the corporations, the pendulum will finally become loosed and when it swings it is apt to pass by the central point and fly as far to the other side.

I cannot believe that the chartered right of a corporation is greater than the constitutional right of the citizen, and I do not think it is American in policy to tax the American people into poverty in

order that great dividends can be paid to the English and German capitalists who have invested in the stocks and bonds of the securities of this country. It is a settled principle of the common law of the country that all railroad rates shall be just and reasonable.

No uniform rule has yet been adopted, and in my judgment no rule will be adopted until the power is given by the government to fix rates that are reasonable and to establish those rates and maintain them until a court of justice has declared that the rate is unreasonable.

Railroad operators claim that in the operation of railways railroad men should be allowed to fix their own rates of transportation, because the matter of railroad rate making is such an intricate and complex subject that the ordinary individual does not understand it. Perhaps he does not understand it, but the ordinary individual does understand that between human beings, between the citizens of the state, between capital and labor, between the business man and the man who works, there should be a community of interest which makes the rights of one citizen as sacred and important as the rights of the other — that there should be between us all that fairness which is absolutely necessary and imperative in order to preserve domestic tranquillity.

You, my friends, have more than a political interest in this great question. It is a question coming with a force and interest that ought to appeal to you as does no other question now before the American people. It is within the power of a railroad corporation to build up one city and tear down another city. It is within the power of railroad companies and railroad systems to favor one community at the expense of another community. It seems to be the function and the desire of railroad corporations to build up the great centers of population from which they radiate. No great center of population can flourish and thrive except it flourishes and thrives upon the smaller municipalities and upon the agricultural communities. The railroads of our own state and of the Northwest have not shown to the rural communities the consideration to which they are justly entitled. Corporations doing business in this great state have grown prosperous and have thrived upon the common people. It has been argued that these arteries of commerce have done much for the development of this great state. That certainly is true, but it must also be remembered that without the agricultural regions, without the rural communities and the smaller municipalities, the railroad could not have thrived. And as they have grown great and strong, it seems to me they

have grown less fair to those upon whom they depend for their success and prosperity. As a matter of fact, to-day the Canadian farmer transports his produce 600 miles for the same price of transportation charged the Minnesota producer and shipper to transport his wares 400 miles. To the south of us a great empire state has provided by law a system by which rates of transportation are controlled. Suffering by a comparison with Canada, we also suffer by contrast with Iowa, and lying between these two, it seems to me that there should be no discrimination against our own fair state and the villages and cities which in part comprise it.

I am satisfied that this view of the situation is entertained by at least some of the railway operators of the country. A year ago at Chicago I addressed similar views to those presented here to a body of men in which there were not less than a score of railway magnates. At the close of the address one railway president informed me that he concurred in the general proposition of governmental regulation; that the rebate and other evils worked a decided hardship to the railways themselves, these hardships growing out of the severe demands made by large shippers who backed their demands by threats of a discontinuance of business unless they were met.

If there be abuses of the laws of transportation, if there be discrimination against some localities in favor of others, if individuals suffer that others may be favored, wherein lies the remedy? Certainly proper and complete regulation will afford relief. This can be secured over two routes, viz.: Proper legislation, conferring the right of regulation, and then proper administration of the law. In a village in southern Minnesota last autumn, a great railway genius advised the farmer to elect men to legislative positions who would be true to the agricultural interests. Is not the advice given on that occasion pertinent to this? The remedy for many evils is the ballot, properly and effectively used — not with blindness of party spirit or to promote the interests of individuals, but used with the broader idea of promoting the general welfare and securing a more perfect civilization, based, as it must be, on the principles of justice, equality and fairness.

AT VICKSBURG BATTLEFIELD

ADDRESS DEDICATING THE MONUMENT TO THE MEMORY OF MINNESOTA SOLDIERS, MAY 25, 1907

WE are gathered here to-day to dedicate this memorial to the memory of the sons of Minnesota who participated in the siege of Vicksburg, and who were preferred from among their comrades to offer up their lives as a sacrifice upon the altar of our country. I appreciate that nothing we can say or do will add to the luster of their achievements; that which transpires on this occasion will go unnoticed by them, and yet, little as it is, the state we represent could do no less than to erect a shaft to the memory of our heroic dead.

It is not my purpose to review and revive the incidents of the sanguinary conflict of a half century ago; it is not my intention to discuss the issues which led up to the greatest civil war which the world has ever seen; it is not my desire to boast of victory which may have come to one side or to exult in defeat which fell to those less fortunate. We come as American citizens, bringing garlands

of love and affection to the departed sons of our own great state.

Here they sleep with those against whom they contended. They, at least, are in perfect peace. The cause over which they struggled is at an end. It needs no champion, it needs no defense, it invites no controversy; the war of the rebellion is long since at an end. All who participated in it were Americans. The valor of the one was equal to the valor of the other. The conscience of the one was as the conscience of the other. Right or wrong, the struggle was by brave men. Out of it came the present America, the greatest country which the world has ever known; a country as dear to one as to the other. Out of it grew great responsibilities; responsibilities which rest upon those who enjoy its blessings and its privileges to-day. Mighty and glorious, America sheds its ray of light upon millions of happy freemen. The nation offers its protection and its opportunity to all who seek to enjoy its institutions. In these blessings we cannot participate unless we are willing also to share the responsibilities. Every age is fraught with its opportunities and with its grave responsibilities. Every age has its problems, which must be solved. Ours is certainly not without them.

One of the greatest problems confronting the

American people is kindred to, and has a companionship with the great problem which the people of America endeavored to work out in the dark days of the Civil War. Unsuccessful efforts were made for its solution at the close of the struggle. But then the wounds were still bleeding; the public mind was in chaos. The people were filled with passion, and the ultimate conclusion was not then reached, has not been reached now, and doubtless will confront the intelligence of the people for many years to come. I have no doubt of the capacity of the American people to solve every problem and to solve it correctly. I believe that when this great question is finally settled it will be settled by those who best know and clearly understand it, by those with whom it is ever present, and by those who have it in the greatest personal interest. It can never be settled until it is settled right, and until it is settled in such a manner as will give to every American citizen his rights under the constitution. It will not be settled by another clash of arms. Its solution will and must be a peaceful one, and that will come through a better knowledge of all the questions which concern the American people. A knowledge which will make us charitable to the faults of those with whom we differ, and which will make us appreciate the virtues of

mankind generally; which will teach us to realize that America confers no special privileges upon any class, or upon any condition, but which guarantees culture, development and prosperity to all who desire a realization of that which American citizenship means in its highest and best form. Our country, east, west, north and south, has enjoyed a development during the past half century unparalleled in the history of nations. The future growth and advancement of our citizenship and of our material resources rest entirely with the population itself. As Americans, we must act in concert for all which tends to promote the development of our institutions. We may differ as to theories and methods, but we must be agreed in the one idea that America must reach her perfect grandeur through the patriotism of her people. A patriotism not necessarily the result of conflict, but of patience and self-sacrifice, of earnest endeavor; of conscientious effort; of honesty of purpose.

America has had its first and last great civil conflict. The monument erected here on this field is not to perpetuate and keep alive the spirit of war, but is a monument to the peaceful relation which must exist in the future between all our people. As the tinted rainbow is a sign that the floods shall never again overcome the earth, so this shaft is an

emblem of peace and a declaration that henceforth and for evermore Americans shall never again oppose each other by force of arms, but only in a spirit of rivalry for the uplift of all humanity. It will ever stand to tell the passer-by that brave men did not falter in their duty and to admonish future generations that duty well and bravely done becomes the true American citizen. It will also tell the story of our gratitude to virtue and to sacrifice and teach men that the people who comprise states and nations are not ungrateful; that heroes are thus remembered for their contribution to the wonderful fabric of that independence which quickens national life.

UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA COMMENCEMENT ADDRESS

DELIVERED AT PHILADELPHIA, JUNE 19, 1907

FOR the first time in the history of this great institution of learning, a history which runs back to colonial days, your provost has elected to go into the far Northwest for someone to deliver your commencement address. Why the marked honor thus conferred has fallen to me, and to the great state which I represent, he has not fully explained.

Perhaps he thought, and rightly, of the Northwest, the empire which extends from the Great Lakes to the Pacific, as the gateway of opportunity, as the sunlit door to the world's youth and education and ambition, as the promised land for the trained minds and progressive ideals of the children of Israel on the Atlantic side of the Alleghanies.

He may have thought, too, and again rightly, that what the valley of the Delaware has been to the American continent and to the world during three hundred years of our country's colonial and

constitutional history, that the valley of the Mississippi is destined to be, yea, in part has already become, as a factor in the nation's political and industrial development and as a Mecca for the industrious home seekers of Europe, in the noonday of our nation's twentieth century expansion, and on during the generations to come; and with foresight and wise beneficence he may have planned for you — a plan which has my cordial endorsement and most heartfelt support — a part and a place in that great central field of national development and wide theater of national activity.

Again, as the honored head of the great educational institution of the state of Pennsylvania, your provost may have had in mind, and still rightly, that the North Star State, for which I am here to speak, may have a message of fraternal greeting and friendship to the great Keystone State because of the ties of blood and kinship, and because of the industrial relations and historic traditions, which forever unite the two commonwealths.

You may remember that the first territorial governor of Minnesota during its pioneer formative period, afterward governor of the state during the stirring ordeals of the Civil War and United States senator during the days of national reconstruction, that stalwart and veteran statesman, the late Alex-

ander Ramsey — was a son of Pennsylvania, born in your capital city of Harrisburg of that splendid combination of sterling Pennsylvania stock, Scotch-German, twice your member of Congress in the national capital; and that his queenly wife, a daughter of Pennsylvania, spoke with the traditional "thee" and "thou" of her Quaker ancestry as a descendent of the followers of Penn. The state of Minnesota, which during the half century of its prosperous development as a member of the union has been so deeply indebted to the labor, foresight and wisdom of Alexander Ramsey and his Quaker wife, to-day welcomes the sons and daughters of Pennsylvania to a home where Pennsylvania stock and Pennsylvania principles have so long been established that they are sinew of our sinew and bone of our bone.

There is another ancestral tie of kinship between the two states, which almost antedates recorded history. You know of the upper Mississippi Valley to-day as the principal seat of the Scandinavian race in America. Two-and-a-half centuries ago the home of the Scandinavian in America was the Delaware Valley. The Swedes were the earliest permanent settlers not only of Pennsylvania, but of Delaware and western New Jersey. Before he fell on the battlefield of Lutzen, Gustavus Adolphus

had outlined to the Swedish government a plan for a New Sweden in America, which should be the asylum of all who sought religious and political freedom, and the charter of 1634 for the colony of New Sweden on the Delaware was in pursuance of his dying wish. From Delaware Bay up the river beyond this city as far as Trenton, the Swedish pioneers bought from the Indians the land on both banks of the Delaware, nearly a half-century before the grant to Penn. They built numerous forts and villages, establishing the city of Wilmington in 1638, over sixty years before Penn gave a charter to Philadelphia; and on an island just below this city they erected the capital of their colony. In 1655 the colony of New Sweden was absorbed by force of conquest by New Amsterdam, which in turn by force of English conquest became New York; but the Swedish settlements continued to flourish until the grant to Penn made them the nucleus of the Quaker and German immigrations which founded Pennsylvania.

It was to these Swedish pioneer settlers and the Quaker and German neighbors who soon joined them, that Penn issued that epoch-making proclamation of 1681, with its famous guaranty —"you shall be governed by laws of your own making." William Penn's proclamation was the democratic

forerunner, if not the historic parent, of the great historic documents of 1776, of 1787 and 1789, which were the foundations of this republic at its creation, are its living spirit to-day, and I believe will stand as the beacon light of freedom in every clime and on every shore from this day forevermore.

Were I to-day, as a humble descendant of the followers of Gustavus Adolphus, to issue to you, the descendants of the followers of Penn, a proclamation of greeting and good will, welcoming you to the good soil and inviting opportunities of the commonwealth of Minnesota, as indeed I am prone to do, I could not write a greeting more appropriate to the occasion and more fitting to the subject, than that which Penn wrote to the pioneer followers of Adolphus on this spot, and site of your alma mater, 226 years ago, in the following language:

"My friends, I wish you all happiness here and hereafter. These are to let you know that it hath pleased God and His Providence to cast you in my Lot and Care. It is a business, that, though I never undertook before, yet God hath give me an understanding of my duty and an honest heart to do it uprightly.

"I hope you will not be troubled at your change of the King's choice; for you are now fixt at the mercy of no governor that comes to make his fortune great. You shall be governed by laws of your own making, and live a free, and, if you will, a sober and industrious people. I shall not usurp the right to any, nor oppress his person. God hath furnished me with a better resolution, and hath given me his grace to keep it. In short, whatever sober and free men can reasonably desire for the security and improvement of their own happiness, I shall heartily comply with.....

"I beseech God to direct you in the way of Righteousness, and therein prosper you and your children after you. I am your true friend.

"Wm. Penn."

"April, 1681.

The only time Penn ever interposed to object to the kind of government his colonists framed in this "Holy Experiment," as he termed it, was when he wrote them from London three years later: "For the love of God, me, and the poor country, be not so governmentish;" which proves that Penn was one of the original democrats of America.

But the great civil conflict of 1861 cemented the bonds of Minnesota and Pennsylvania by a still

closer tie, the flag of the Union and the blood of sacrifice. When the shot was fired on Sumter, Minnesota was an undeveloped pioneer state, not yet three years old, with Oregon and Kansas, that were just admitted, one of the infant members of the Union. Yet the first regiment tendered to Abraham Lincoln to aid the cause of the Union was the First Minnesota; and of a total census population of 172,000 souls, 24,000, or 14 per cent. of all, enlisted in the cause of their country.

This week, forty-six years ago, was the great commencement week of the boys of the First Minnesota. It was the class of '61, Minnesota boys in blue, eager to enter upon their soldier career. Most of them were about the age of this class of '07, University of Pennsylvania, plain young men, sons of the frontier, that was yet a class with noble lineage — descendants, on the one hand, of Miles Standish and the Pilgrims, and on the other, of the Southern cavaliers, the Carrolls and the Harrisons, of Maryland and Virginia; sons of old Erin and Scotia, and descendants of Pennsylvania Quakers and New Amsterdam Dutch; descendants of soldiers who had bivouacked on the Rhine, and of the followers of Adolphus, who had marched to the sacred battle-hymn, "A Strong Fortress is our God," at Lutzen.

It may interest you to know that the money in the first instance to equip the First Minnesota Regiment was raised by Governor Ramsey among his Philadelphia friends.

Forty-six years ago last Thursday that class of '61 received their sheepskins in the shape of orders from Simon Cameron, again a son of Pennsylvania, Lincoln's first secretary of war, to proceed to Harrisburg, your capital, subject to further orders. Forty-six years ago to-day they were passing through your state, and enlisting Pennsylvania boys in blue shouted to them along the route —"Go for them, boys of Minnesota, go for them; we'll be with you in a few days."

The brave aspirations of the Minnesota men were soon put to the test. Scarcely two years later, July 2, 1863 — you know the story. It was the second day at Gettysburg. Sickles' forces, defeated in the peach orchard, were fugitives before the superior forces of Longstreet and Hill. Eight companies of the First Minnesota, 262 men in all, stood guard over a battery on the hill at the Union center. General Hancock rode up at full speed, and after vainly trying to stop the fugitives, spurred up to the spot where the First Minnesota stood firm.

"What regiment is this?" asked Hancock.

"First Minnesota," answered Colonel Colvill.

" Charge those lines," shouted Hancock.

With fixed bayonets, first at double quick, and then at full speed, in the face of the concentrated Confederate fire, the brave 262 charged down the hill, broke through the first Confederate line, driving it back upon the second, thereby stopping the whole Confederate advance; then under cover of rocks and stumps held their ground in the dry creek below, until the Union reserve gained the position above and turned Gettysburg unto Union victory.

Their duty done, the First Minnesota marched back victors to their position. But not the 262. There were 47 survivors — 215 dead or wounded on the field — not a man missing.

In the charge of the Light Brigade at Balaklava, there was a loss of 247 out of a total of 673, or 37 per cent. At the charge of the First Minnesota at Gettysburg, not on horse at a blind gallop, but on foot, into flame and death, the loss was 83 per cent.

Colonel Fox, in his work on " Regimental Losses in the American Civil War," speaks of the sacrifice of the First Minnesota as " without equal in the records of modern warfare." General Hancock, who issued the command to save the day, has declared of the achievement of those young men: " There is no more gallant deed recorded in history."

If the young men and women of this class of 1907, of the University of Pennsylvania, desire from Minnesota a sign, a spirit of inspiration, a token of the qualities that command victory and success on earth, or an example of the achievements of fame and glory that may be won by high purpose and great resolve, I point you to the Minnesota class of '61, whose blood, shed for you and for all, has been a part of the soil of Pennsylvania now for over forty years.

It is not my purpose or hope to instruct you; but anticipating the wish of your respected leader I do bring to you the message of encouragement and opportunity. I would not dwell upon the past, your courses of study, or your associations. These, in a sense are at an end. Your college life has closed, and whatever the successes or failures, they are over. That the years just past have been of benefit there can be no dispute, for every man and woman is to be sincerely congratulated who has been given a college or university education. Some there are who argue that it is of little or no value; that Lincoln was not a college man; that Dartmouth did little for Webster, and that the latter would have been great had none of his life been passed under the shadow of a college wall. Possibly, and still Webster was a college man. What

he might have been under other conditions, who can say? Lincoln, it is true, gained what knowledge he had in the university of all men, but who knows at what a sacrifice to himself, and who will say that he might not have been greater with the added advantage of college training? It is a great thing for a country to have assembled in many centers, many men of great learning who can and do disseminate the wisdom of the ages. It is a great thing in any age to have men who are willing to sacrifice themselves that they may become the torch-bearers of progress and keep aflame the lamp that radiates the light of the best thought and the highest ideals of the race. Lincoln, and any other man who has burned the midnight oil, simply gleaned from meager sources through his own unaided efforts that which comes to you in far more complete and available form through the aid of teachers, laboratories, and all modern aids to intellectual research. Education, it is true, is in the main simply the cultivation of the talents with which you have been naturally endowed, and the acquirement of the methods and principles which will enable you to unlock the doors of science and the chambers of wisdom.

The dean of one of our university departments said that boys did not learn anything at college;

that they were simply taught how to learn. This is to some extent true; but the secret of the how, what, and where of knowledge, and the discipline which gives the power of concentration, and a broad, true and logical grasp of the world's problems as they arise in life, are the most valuable assets in a world where brains hold scepter. The non-college man who seeks a parity with college men in any avenue realizes the absence of college training in himself, and even though not willing to admit it, he will acknowledge to himself that there are few things material or otherwise which he so greatly envies.

In college life, I imagine, wealth, or rather the absence of it, causes its usual share of grief. The poor boy on his tedious way through school has felt the handicap in favor of his more favored rival. But from commencement day on the handicap will change, and the boy who may have had to work his way through school will find it no new thing to work his way through life, while he to whom hardship was a stranger may find the world a gallery which will wear the body and torture the mind. The great law of compensation thus rules even student life. To recall the wasted opportunities of the past with ceaseless regret serves no purpose. Conscience carefully attends to this, and to those

of you who have been unfaithful to yourselves, the penalty will be duly inflicted. If, in the retrospect, you find much left undone, and some things better were they left undone, there is the remedy of future correction. What I would most desire in this personal message which I address to each of you on this commencement day of your career in the world's campaign is to impress the responsibility which rests upon you from this day on into the future, and to reveal to you the opportunities which belong to every man and woman who has been favored with academic life.

Opportunity and responsibility in life's career go together. The capital equipment and the opportunities measure the responsibilities; and upon the university graduates of this land great responsibilities rest, as great opportunities are given. Of the eighty-five million people of this nation, one-fifth, or seventeen million are enrolled in school work. Of the seventeen million who attend schools, less than one million receive the secondary education of high school and academy training; and of the million or less who attend high schools and academies, less than one-fifth go to the college and university; while of these again only a minor fraction graduate with a thorough university training. You, therefore, are a part of the favored and select

remnant chosen to do the world's most exacting brain-work. You are the handful selected for the nation's most trying ordeals.

And do you realize that you owe to the people of this country a life-long debt? The total permanent trust fund of the nation invested in its educational plant represents billions of dollars of the savings of the many, the vast majority of whom receive their return on the investment only through the blessings of your achievements and the influence of your lives upon the nation and the human race. The national government alone has donated to education lands valued at upwards of three hundred millions of dollars. National, state and municipal support to American colleges and universities runs into the millions. Your own institution expends near a million and a half a year to turn out its annual product at commencement day. Your debt to the state and its taxpayers, your responsibility to the nation and the world, are therefore vast, as your equipment is thorough and your opportunities broad and inviting.

To the equipment of training and learning given you, there are additional qualities which you only can supply. Manhood and womanhood, honor and character, are inborn. Education may help burnish them, but the native metal must be in the person,

or not at all. A man is a man before he has had training, and no amount of schooling can inject honor and backbone into the creature that is born spineless. Education has done more for civilization than perhaps any other one factor; but it cannot produce in men the big heart and the high ideal which command the love, respect, and confidence of men, without which true and great success is unattainable and no success is worth having. The world wants educated men, but first of all it wants men — men of honor, men of character, men who are not prone to dethrone their own reason by excessive indulgence in those things which tear down and destroy, rather than those things which build up and create. We hear much in these days about overproduction; but there never has been and never will be such a thing as overproduction of good men and they will always command attention and find their places awaiting them. The law of supply and demand always applies here as elsewhere. In this as in all other fields you will find an eternal law which is as inexorable as the law of gravitation; and it is a moral law which is primarily a necessity to success.

He who has measured up to every moral requirement will find a wide field of opportunity in every section of the country. The West is the Mecca of

mankind, but it demands honest, pure, vigorous and courageous men as much as any other section of the earth. To the commonplace man it offers commonplace opportunities, and no more. It winnows the grain from the chaff, and its rich harvests go to the former. Opportunities lie open to all alike, but fortune favors that man,

> "Who, if he rise to station of command,
> Rises by open means; but there will stand
> On honorable terms, or else retire
> And in himself possesses his own desire;
> Who comprehends his trust; and to the same
> Keeps faithful with a singleness of aim;
> And therefore does not stoop, nor lie in wait
> For wealth, or honors, or worldly state."

The boy just out of school looks first for a location where he may begin the career which is to lead him to success. He finds all the good positions gone, all the good locations filled. They always were. The places which are purely sinecures never existed, or, like the best fishing holes, are just a little farther on, and when you go farther on they are still farther ahead. And yet the world never presented so many glowing opportunities as to-day. The great West, which half a century ago was a wilderness governed by savages, is literally filled with golden chances for anybody with brains, character and industry. In less than two decades

there have been uncovered in Minnesota the most wonderful iron deposits the world has ever known, to-day producing one-half the iron ore of America and one-fourth the annual product of the world.

From Montana south to the Rio Grande, exploration of the hills by intelligent men has converted a desert as bleak and barren as Sahara, and brought forth a teeming industry which adds to the world's wealth, besides millions of dollars' worth of gold and silver, a quarter of a billion dollars' worth of copper annually. Great as the developments have been, the work has just begun, and still treasure hidden and concealed by nature in the most mysterious places awaits the genius of the young man who is not afraid to put his engineering skill against subtle nature, and who has a resolution that will not be denied. Along the fertile valleys of the Father of Waters and its tributaries lies a region unequalled on any continent either in agricultural results achieved or in undeveloped agricultural opportunities. Agricultural science, engineering science, a proper amalgam of industry and brains, here find their exhaustless opportunities. Although the harvest fields of the Mississippi Valley already contribute to the nation three-fourths of its cereal wealth, only a minor portion of the surface is yet

tilled, and in the far West barely a fragment. Modern science applied to farming processes, engineering genius applied to irrigation and drainage, progressive ideas and scientific skill devoted to good roads and forestry, will quadruple the agricultural wealth of our great western empire within the lifetime of those I now address. And your country turns to you, Class of '07, and your fellow alumni in the other great university laboratories of the land, to improve your opportunities and at the same time advance the nation's car of industrial progress and solve the world's problem of subsistence. But, rich as is the West, even in opportunity, it has no place for the sluggard or the dissembler. The best positions, there as elsewhere on this revolving planet, go only to the best men, to courage, honor, self-reliance, and the genius of unremitting toil.

Foremost among your opportunities, as well as among your duties, are those which relate to the nation — the good of all. As all have sacrificed for you, so it is now your opportunity and privileged duty and destiny to achieve for all. For this career there is no training, no atmosphere, no historic ideal, no patriotic inspiration, like that which goes with, fills and pervades the American university; and here at your own alma mater, grad-

uates of the University of Pennsylvania, in this capital city of the American colonies and of the Republic in the days of the fathers, you have the fourfold inspiration not only of training and environment, but of historic precept and example. Here was the homestead of William Penn. Here were the camps of Washington and his yeomanry. Here Adams and Jefferson, Lee and Sherman, Morris and Franklin spoke. Here was assembled America's colonial congress, and here was located the government of the first presidents of the Republic. Here were planned, framed and established, by the most glorious galaxy of patriotism in history's great political drama, those pillars of our national faith and corner stones of our national existence — the Declaration of Independence, the Ordinance of 1787, and the Constitution. Here still hangs old Liberty Bell, and here the pioneers of the United States, patriots of three centuries, look down upon you as you take up the cause of freedom and equality which to you they blessed and bequeathed.

Do you ask if the field is ripe for great civic achievement? Do not think for a moment that the nation's political problems were solved in the days of Washington, or Webster, or of Lincoln! The world's civic problems are never solved, and never will be so long as greed and selfish power can find

political scepters to grasp, and so long as servile placemen can find special interests to gratify. Never was the battlefield of government for the people more deeply in need of loyal soldiers than to-day, and never brighter were the opportunities for glorious achievement. Edward Burke declared that on questions of political reforms the general mass of men were fifty years behindhand. That is to say, it takes the good part of two generations to educate men out of their political ruts of self-interest and prejudice. It is your opportunity to reduce that fifty-year period to twenty, ten, five, and perchance one. Do not think this achievement easy. Remember that the road of political progress from the birth of the early Greek and Roman republics down to these days of spoils machinery and protected billion-dollar trusts is paved with the bones of patriots and lined with the wrecks of reform. Lowell has pointed out to you the danger and the resource of political reform in the stanza:

> "Right forever on the scaffold,
> Wrong forever on the throne;
> Yet that scaffold sways the future,
> And, behind the dim unknown,
> Standeth God within the shadow,
> Keeping watch above his own."

Do you ask for a catalogue of patriotic opportunities? Do you ask to have the problems of the

Republic, the enemies of the people, labeled and marshaled for your inspection? You will find them on every hand among the hosts of special privilege, wherever a public law, a public right, a public trust, the public treasury, the public property, powers and privileges are devoted to a private end, or whenever the public interest is subordinated to that of a class.

You will find them in the great question of trust domination, giant-born and flourishing under a conflict of law which at one and the same time prohibits its existence and yet protect and foster its development. Or in the great problem of transportation with railroad corporations enthroned upon eighteen billion dollars of capital securities, endowed by the government with the sovereign power of eminent domain, collecting tolls now aggregating two billions of dollars per annum, or over three times the aggregate revenues of the national government, and the nation only feebly and imperfectly able to control its means of transportation. Or again in the problem of the status and condition of the colored man, still, after nearly a century of argument and conflict, one of the most profound and vexatious problems since the days when the children of Israel contended with Pharaoh. It took Garrison, Phillips, and their contemporaries years to arouse

America to a realization that slavery was not for America. It cost the country a war lasting five years and an expenditure of lives and money beyond calculation. The problem was not even then worked out to its final successful conclusion, for there is arising upon our national horizon this same question of the races. Its solution is being deferred because the master mind has not worked out the science of its law of gravitation and America still awaits him. There are those who say that the solution of this great question is education; if so, it is one with which men of education are required to deal.

Demanding the best and most careful national thought is the question of our colonial possessions. This nation was born under the doctrine of the inalienable right of self-government, a protest against the theory of foreign possession and colonial rule; while to-day we are a mother country, denying to our colonial subjects even the rights and privileges guaranteed in our Constitution, from which our government derives its powers, and denying that this Constitution controls our scepter or follows our flag. It is of no avail now to discuss whether the war of the Philippines was just or unjust; whether the acquisition was wise or unwise. The condition remains that the Philippines are ours,

both by right of conquest and purchase. The lands are to-day under the American flag, but it becomes America to deal with the people of that far-away country with the same fairness with which we treat each other. The theory of our government, yea, our own Constitution, guarantees equality to all who are subject to national control. It may have been an error to have taken them, an error to have kept them; but whatever the mistakes of the past, that the present condition cannot continue permanently is self-evident. It is our duty to bend every energy to bring the people of what are now called the American dependencies to such a condition that the blessings of constitutional government shall be enjoyed by them as fully and freely as by ourselves, and by conferring those blessings win the love of the people.

America can less afford to rule by despotism than any other nation on the earth. It must rule by love and affection and maintain for all the people strict equality before the law. Who knows but from these assembled here shall be chosen the man or set of men who are to work out a solution of this great national or international problem? — international because it is bound in the years to come to involve the great question of the supremacy of the Pacific. In the Far East has arisen a great

world power whose vision is broad enough to look with envious eyes upon the islands scattered in the course of the sun in its daily journey.

Recently there has been promulgated the doctrine of greater centralization of power in the federal government for the curbing of some of the evils which threaten the public interest. Under our system of government the states are sovereign within their domains in regard to all domestic affairs of the commonwealth, and any departure from this theory would be, in my mind, dangerous — as dangerous as though one arm of the government were to assume the functions of another branch of the civil government, or as if the states were to encroach upon the constitutional prerogatives of the national government. It occurs to me that the builders of our national structure builded better than they knew, and better than we appreciate, and that our national safety lies in strict adherence to the organic law of the land. To so harmonize national legislation and state legislation that the former shall include everything strictly national and interstate and the latter cover all conditions which begin and end within the state, is one of the nicest problems of the future American statesman, and to your earnest study it is respectfully commended.

It is your lifelong opportunity and duty to protest against wrong and oppression wherever it may be found, whether it be in the fields of industry, in public affairs, or in commercial aggrandizement. The Boston Tea Party was but a protest against the encroachment of avarice and greed upon the rights of a people who felt that man had a right to be free. The Declaration of Independence was a formal declaration of the facts and principles upon which the protest of arms was based. The Emancipation Proclamation was the fruit of a protest against wrong and against the worst form of human oppression. Most of us are apt to feel that, had we lived in the past, we would have figured in the great movements which comprise in large part the world's history; that had we lived in Athens, we might have helped to shape the marbled columns which marked the civilization of two thousand years ago; that had we lived in Rome, we might have been of the Legions which triumphed over savagery; that had we lived in the days of the Romantic legion of France, we might have mingled the eagles of France with those of the snow-capped Alps; had we lived in the earlier days of our own country, we too might have suffered at Valley Forge or have cast our fortune with Marion or Warren; or, had we been in the theater of the Civil

War, we might have contributed our service to our country's common cause. But we did not live then. Our faces are not turned to the past. Our country calls us as much now as it called patriots then. It may not ask us to shed our blood or lay down our lives, but it asks us to live for it, to love it, and it demands, as it has a right to demand, that we give it the best that is in us for the uplift of humanity and for the progress and glory of American institutions. Patriots died to preserve it for you and me. Innumerable headstones on northern and southern fields tell what it cost to preserve it to us; monuments stand to remind us that Americans shall never again oppose each other by force of arms and that the future holds for us the responsibility of the highest and best form of citizenship; a citizenship which believes in the majesty of the law of the land, which tells us that no one is greater than the law or has the right to violate it.

There has in the past been a tendency to evade and ignore the law, and this tendency to outlawry has been promoted by public officials who have constituted themselves the discriminating power between public policy and the law.

When one man is privileged to set aside the will of the people expressed in law, or acting in a public capacity dares to usurp a function of government

not vested in him legally, and this comes to be generally sanctioned, there is danger to American institutions. There has been abuse of authority in this direction in the past; there is, I hope, a growing tendency now to avoid that danger. If we are to go forward rather than deteriorate, there must be a common effort upon the part of the intelligent men of America to get back to the foundation principles of government and abide with those constitutional fundamentals which are symbols of civil and religious freedom, and no set of men is better equipped for patriotic service in this direction than the intelligent college men of the country. There are evils in our body politic; evils which, while they do not seriously threaten the life of the nation, are doing great injury to the many whose toil and earnings support it. The inflation of values, the creation of monopolies, the concentration of wealth in the hands of a few, conferring upon them the power to promote or destroy any industrial, transportation or commercial enterprise are evils which must be removed, because to those who have been given this power has come the intoxication which sudden wealth too often produces. Riotous indulgence in these excesses must bring, if continued, eventual destruction.

One of the Greek mythological tales relates how

Helios, the sun, rises in the morning from the ocean to guide the fire-breathing steeds of the shining sun chariot through the sphere of Heaven, and that at night he again sinks into the ocean in the west and rides in a golden boat around the north to the east, where his gorgeous palaces lie. One day the son, Phæthon, an ambitious youth, prevailed upon his father to allow him to drive the chariot, but his arms were not strong enough to bridle the wild steeds, which tore along, now above the road, scorching Heaven, then below it, endangering the earth, until Jupiter, in order to save the universe from destruction, was forced to kill him with a thunderbolt, which descends with a crash and hurls him from his chariot into the river beneath.

There is an application of the Greek tale to the present conditions. If intoxicated money power, usurping the chariot reins of the nation, continues in its selfish and high-handed course, the American conscience, expressed in the law and ballot of an outraged people, will be driven to heroic means to arrest the mad flight and restore the country to its industrial and social equilibrium. What this country needs to-day is a national policy free from the domination of class, section, and special interest — a fundamental policy which stands for the liberty, security, growth and development of the whole coun-

try, by affording equal opportunity to all of its citizens to share in the country which nature has lavished upon America.

The right to enjoy property is guaranteed under the Constitution, and it can be denied to no citizen. Just how far this right goes is open to dispute. Doubtless great achievements are rendered more easily possible by the aggregation of the wealth of many into one common enterprise or corporation; but, this done, the question arises, how far must the right of individuals be subordinate to the corporate power thus by law conferred? In the industrial and transportation realms there have been certain encroachments upon the right of those who labor, as well as the interests of shippers and consumers, and to such an extent as to excite popular prejudice against capital and its corporate aggressions.

There must naturally be a happy medium, which will enable us all to share in the blessings of American opportunity and American institutions. Capital invested into enterprise must be given a fair chance to earn a fair return upon its investment. Men who have legitimately acquired much property must be made to feel that there is safety in the form of government under which it exists; but the people also must be secured in their rights.

must stand exempt from monopolistic exactions, and enjoy the confidence that the law will not protect a man just because he is rich. Moreover, labor must be sure of a fair and humane treatment and of a just and liberal reward. The sovereign power which permits a corporation to exist must reserve the right to supervise and regulate its acts, so that there will be honesty and justice, moderation and equality in the discharge of the corporation's semi-public functions. Recent maladministration of trust funds of the insured; recent exposures of almost insanely dishonest conduct in transportation and finance; the refusal of corporate power to abide by the law of the land — all tell us that this Republic cannot safely neglect to exercise every peaceful and constitutional prerogative enjoyed by a sovereign people in controlling the corporations it has created, in requiring observance of law and public interest from the money power which it fosters and protects, and in subordinating every special interest to the general welfare and constitutional rights of the people and all the people.

This is a government of the people for all of the people, and the sovereignty of the people must be supreme. No man, no interest, no class is greater than the law of the land; and if our Republic is to

endure — and it will endure — the power must reside equally in the sovereign many, in accord with the fundamental principles of 1776 and 1789.

Class of 1907, in the last analysis your state, your nation, your country is your alma mater, and the flag of the Republic is your class emblem. You go forward to fill a high position in the world — to become part of the sovereignty of the greatest world-power among the nations. In no land, in no age are greater powers, are greater liberties, are greater opportunities, are greater duties and responsibilities conferred upon the intelligent and morally responsible young men and women of the race than this country, this commonwealth, this university confers upon you on this twentieth century day in June.

You look forward to success. What is success? That depends upon your ideal life, upon the life-work you have chosen, upon the life standards you hold before you, upon the heart, character, purpose and inspiration which guide your career and govern your destiny. Some of you go forward to amass wealth; others to achieve political fame or military renown; others to give professional or industrial service to humanity; others to add to the world's wealth of literature, science and arts; others to build the home and bless its childhood and mother-

hood; and others simply and plainly to serve wherever and whenever the hour of duty may call. There are no set routes and no chosen goals, no prescribed place or time or condition. Success dwells alike in the palace and the hovel. As for the golden age, St. Simon assures you it lies before you.

Personally I would rather be able to write a book that would live one hundred years than be able to amass wealth that would enable those who inherit it to live for generations in luxury; and yet the amassing of wealth may be of vast industrial service to the country and to those who seek honest work and wages. But wealth-getting becomes a crime when the man obtains it by the sale of all his finer instincts, by the sacrifice of his character, by the violation of the nation's laws, and by trespass upon the rights of others to the pursuit of liberty and happiness. It is the spirit, and not the thing, which determines the nobility of a career and the degree of success. The highest victories may be what the world calls failures. Remember the life motto of the founder of your commonwealth, the author of "No Cross, no Crown." Remember that time and patient toil only can yield any great victory. Kepler did not learn to measure the stars in a night, but gained a knowledge of the stellar world after a

lifetime of research. The great soldier who emerged from the French Revolution had the natural genius of selfish ambition, but his war knowledge was the result of the most comprehensive study of war conditions from childhood to Waterloo. The Wizard of Menlo Park has given a life to research that the world may be enriched by a knowledge of that subtle fluid which seems to be the means of revolutionizing the world. In a small country town of my own state a doctor of the sick has brought physical restoration to thousands who had abandoned hope. In his simple, unostentatious way he has gone about his mission with a singleness of purpose that has challenged the admiration of every surgeon of America. He did not need the added advantage of those things which are always in the metropolis. His life was devoted to the study of science and the mastery of his profession. He had the genius of application, and because no task was too severe, the name of Mayo is known wherever there are those who practice the medical profession.

I asked the great railway giant of our western country to account for his genius. His answer was that there is no genius except the genius of hard work — the genius which does not overlook the smallest details. This man controls over fifteen thousand miles of railway, and knows the condition

and the earning capacity of every main line and every branch line. He unlocked the door of opportunity by mastering the smallest detail of his business and by being big enough to group all of the little things into one big thing.

Along the north shore of Lake Superior are imbedded the greatest and richest iron deposits known to the world. Uncovered within a decade, they have enriched the wealth of the world to the extent of one hundred million dollars a year. The one man who personally supervises this great region was a railway brakeman a quarter of a century ago, but he possessed the genius of hard work and he possessed the instinct of wanting to know more about mining than any other man in America. He battered down and broke in the door of opportunity and made an example for the young men of his age.

A western lawyer was recently chosen to represent his country in some of the most important litigation ever undertaken by the United States. The rule of his professional life has been that there were no big things in the law; that the fabric of jurisprudence was made of small details, in the weaving of which endless toil and honest effort were essential.

These men all had humble beginnings and started

in the world gifted with far less promise than that which the world holds for you. It shows you that success does not come in a day, in a month, in a year. It comes in a lifetime — a lifetime of high resolve and sacrifice of nonessentials.

May that success, the success of faithful service and earnest purpose, whether in walks high or humble, accompany you. Remember that in your success, in the achievements of the high-minded youth of to-day, lies the destiny of your country to-morrow. Upon you, your manhood, your enthusiasm, your fidelity to truth, your loyalty to country and race, rest possibilities, responsibilities, opportunities and destinies of which neither you nor I to-day may dream.

AT SHILOH BATTLEFIELD

ADDRESS DEDICATING THE MINNESOTA MONUMENT, APRIL 10, 1908

REPRESENTING the people of the commonwealth of Minnesota, we are assembled on one of the historic battlefields of the Civil War to pay our tribute of respect and affection to the memory of the sons of Minnesota who here yielded up their lives that this might continue to be a united nation. Their sacrifice was not for personal gain, but was in response to duty, and a contribution to the civilization of the age, and for the purpose of perpetuating the institution of human liberty.

I appreciate that nothing which I can say will add to or detract from the glory of their achievement, which in itself is an enduring monument to the patriotism and the heroism of the American soldier. Their sacrifice, however, was not different from that which has been made throughout all of the ages by those lovers of liberty who believed in a government which might give to all the people the right to life, liberty and property. The love of liberty was not

born in this country of ours; it was cradled along the Danube and about the shores of the Baltic, even when Rome had reached the limit of her imperial grandeur. Increasing in intensity with the passing of the centuries, it found its highest expression in the older countries in the great English charter of civil rights, which forever guaranteed to the people of that land immunity from the despotism of those who claimed to rule by virtue of Divine right. From the beginning of civilization, man has ever struggled against the despotic power of the strong, and has never hesitated to mix his blood with the soil of his land when by this offering he might leave to his posterity and those dear to him a legacy of freedom; and while the immediate result has not always been the triumph of the right, none of the great battles of history could have been fought unless there had been upon one side or the other, those who were willing to sacrifice their own lives for the common good and for the permanent establishment of those principles of liberty which men have ever cherished.

One hundred and thirty-two years ago the great contest of humanity was transferred from the Old World to the New, and here, because of the isolation of this country, because of the high character of the men who espoused the cause of liberty, and because of the signal victory achieved by them in

that struggle, an opportunity was afforded to crystallize into written law the aspirations of the patriots of all the ages. The men who built the foundations of this government were those who had submitted to the supreme test of patriotism, for those who inspired the Constitution of the United States were the same who had pledged their lives, their property and their sacred honor to the cause of independence.

The scheme of government devised by our forefathers was adopted after most mature deliberation, and after the fullest investigation; and only when they were satisfied that in the distribution of the powers of government, the rights of the people would be respected. It was founded upon the theory that the right exists in the people to make, alter and modify their form of government, and to this end the several states in constitutional convention agreed upon and adopted a constitution which was the foundation upon which this nation rests. But, as Washington said, "The constitution which at any time exists, till changed by an explicit and authentic act of the whole people, is sacredly obligatory upon all. The further heritage of the power and right of a people to establish government, presupposes the duty of every individual to obey the established government."

The original Sovereign States, which, through

their representatives in 1787, united to form a Federal Government for certain specified purposes, were careful to have those powers which were delegated to it expressed in the constitution then agreed upon.

While the primary object of a written constitution is to define governmental powers, and to limit governmental departments, the overwhelming necessity for such an instrument is to prevent insidious encroachments upon the rights of the individual citizen, both from those in office and from those who by reason of their wealth and power have an influence far greater than that possessed by the average citizen. And so the Constitution of the United States was regarded by its framers as an instrument of the most sacred import, an alteration of which could only be made by the people themselves in whom all ultimate power is vested, and then only after the fullest discussion and widest publicity.

Under the beneficent government so established the nation has prospered and the people are happy. One great cloud came upon the nation in the form of an awful civil war, in which two sections of the country were in conflict with each other. The heroes who rest here gave their lives that this nation might be maintained as it came from our forefathers. On another battlefield of that war, Abraham Lincoln said: "It is for us, the living, rather, to be

dedicated to the unfinished work they have thus far so nobly carried on. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us; that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion; that we highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain; that this nation shall, under God, have a new birth of freedom, and that the government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth."

Shall we not to-day consecrate ourselves for the further perpetuation of the principles of American liberty, and a constitutional form of government, purchased at the cost of the blood of patriots? In this hour when there seems to be a disposition to depart from the established forms, when there seems to be a desire upon the part of those in authority to abide in a central bureaucracy, rather than in a representative democracy,— it becomes you and me to protest against any departure whatsoever from the government which came to us from the Constitutional Convention of 1787, and those amendments which have been made to it by the specific will of the people.

Our concern is not of the past, nor wholly with the present, but much with the future. If the des-

tiny of the Republic is in the hands of the American of to-day, then it becomes him to be guided and governed only by patriotic impulse and the desire to do that which will most largely contribute to the permanency of republican institutions. Advancing our civilization so that we will not, by recognizing the false claims of selfish interests, and forgetting the American maxim that our object should be to attain the greatest good for the greatest number, incur the penalty which other peoples have paid, rather let us hold ever in mind that those who framed our government believed in the equality of the people and that the chief aim of government is to maintain that equality.

Under our system of government the nation has reached a material development hitherto unknown. The people have prospered beyond the dreams of those who lived a century ago. But with the development of the country and changes in economic conditions, and particularly with the growth of great private corporations, performing many of the functions of government, has come the necessity for the exercise of strict governmental control, and a rigid enforcement of all the laws enacted to restrain the rich and powerful from encroaching upon the natural and legal rights of the poor and weak.

The marvelous foresight of the fathers of this

country in framing the Constitution of the United States is shown by the fact that in spite of all the changes which have occurred in industrial and economic conditions, in spite of the unexpected expansion of the country, the Constitution has been found sufficiently flexible to meet every emergency which has arisen. Let us remember this, for the danger of to-day is that the American people may be lulled into a false security, and, yielding to the demands of selfish interests, permit the breaking down of constitutional provisions, under which the American people have attained this wonderful degree of material prosperity and have yet maintained the individual liberty of the citizen.

The constitution of the ancient Republic of Rome, which for five hundred years had recognized the voice of the people as supreme, was expanded by executive interpretation and contracted by executive administration, until Rome had so completely outgrown its democratic conditions as to become only a tragedy and a tradition. Let us implore the aid of Him on high to preserve us from the errors which ruined Rome, by the avoidance of which America may travel on to that destiny and realize that fulfilment which will be the inspiration of right thinking men of all the ages yet to come.

Our government is divided into three separate and

distinct coördinate branches: The legislative, the executive and the judicial. Danger will surely come to this Republic when any of these departments of government attempt in the slightest degree to usurp the functions of the other. And while now and then it may be that a court of the land, in construing the Constitution, may nullify a section of it, I have the faith to feel that the people of the country will rise above the fallibility of judicial tribunals and assert and preserve their own rights. Our duty is not unjustly to criticise the executive, the legislature or the judiciary. Our duty is to recognize the majesty of the law when enacted by the legislature, to abide by and with the honest executive administration of the laws when so enacted, and to respect, even though wrong, the opinions of the courts of the land, because when respect for these institutions is gone, then the very framework of our government is bound to crumble and decay. But thus having given our acquiescence to the voice of authority, if in the opinion of the people the action taken is one which should not be exercised by that particular department, it is our inalienable right to so further limit its powers as to prevent the recurrence of the error.

Very recently there has come from the highest judicial tribunal in the land a decision of vital in-

terest and concern to the American people, because it has established a principle, as stated by one member of the court, which "would work a radical change in our governmental system and would inaugurate a new era in the American judicial system and in the relations of the national and state governments. It would enable the subordinate federal courts to supervise and control the official action of the states as though they were dependencies or provinces. It would place the states of the Union in a condition of inferiority never dreamed of when the Constitution was adopted or when the eleventh amendment was made a part of the supreme law of the land." If this is the result of this decision, it is, to my mind, one of the unhappy incidents in the history of our Republic, because the very theory of our government is based upon the right of the states to control absolutely their own domestic affairs.

If, then, our whole system of government is changed, have we not only retarded the progress of the Republic, but have we not gone back a century toward a centralized form of government which is not to the advantage of the people? What this government needs is not more power. What it needs to-day is to so distribute the privileges under the government that all citizens will have equal oppor-

tunity. America has been called the land of opportunity. But American opportunity should not mean a granting of special privileges to any class, but should afford all alike the means for culture, education, prosperity and contentment.

For nearly a century and a half America has presented to the world the spectacle of a happy, prosperous and intelligent people, maintaining a pure democracy founded upon their supreme will. The hallmark of a democracy is that the powers of government are close to the people. Throughout the world, wherever democracy is advancing, its progress is marked by a greater measure of self-government to each community. Will the American people turn to the setting rather than the rising sun? Shall we now, because some laws are found irksome by a class and interfere with their selfish aims, commence to deprive our sovereign states of that measure of home rule which until now they have seen fit to reserve to themselves? I cannot believe it. Upon the contrary I believe that the limitations upon state and federal governments, the nice balancing of the powers of each, and of the different departments in each, which have been so efficacious in the past, will be maintained in their full vigor in the future.

Therefore, discharging all of our responsibilities

as citizens of a country, refusing to surrender our rights of citizenship in any degree, let us so live that the heroism exemplified on this and other American battlefields may not be simply a tradition, and the national wisdom of our forefathers a mere legend, but that through us and those to come America will reach her full destiny in the permanent establishment of a perfect union, which shall be not for to-day nor for to-morrow, but forever, and be so established that it will be for all of the people, and that their government shall not perish.

PROCLAMATIONS AND WRITINGS

A LABOR DAY PROCLAMATION

MONDAY, September 2nd, 1907, is Labor Day, one of the holidays set apart by national and state law for general observance. No holiday is more typically American, and none is more calculated to bring our people to a serious realization of the rights and duties and privileges of the American citizen. Upon the man in the shop, in the factory and on the farm depends for weal or for woe the entire structure of our civilization, and it is in the degree that that man secures his rights and as he performs the duties which fall to his lot that progress is made along the lines that inure to our country's greatness and its material and moral welfare.

Realizing that the nation possesses no better nor worthier citizen than the man who earns his daily bread by the sweat of his brow, it is eminently fitting that on this occasion we should lay aside our accustomed employments to join in a fitting and proper celebration.

Now, therefore, I, John A. Johnson, governor of Minnesota, do hereby designate and set apart

Monday, the Second Day of October, as Labor Day. Let there be a proper celebration of the purpose of the day and may social meetings of friends lend cheer and enjoyment.

AN ARBOR AND BIRD DAY PROCLAMATION

IN thus publicly designating Friday, April Twenty-Fourth, as Arbor and Bird Day, for Nineteen Hundred and Eight, it is in the hope not of calling up a mere sentimental enthusiasm for the day but of arousing, for once and always, the slumbering tree instinct to practical activity, and of provoking the already awakened interest to further good works.

Arbor Day was born of purpose, not of fatigue, and should prove worthy of its parentage. It is not in the strictly modern sense of the word a holiday, and, with no wish to belittle its celebration by exercise and song, I would point to the urgent necessity for more telling action in the observance of it. It has been the fate of heroes and thinkers to become to us a more substantial, vital reality when they have passed out from among us than we regarded them while they performed in the flesh the mighty deeds, and thought the mighty thoughts, we now extol in song. Let not this be the portion the man's friend, the tree — to be neglected or laid

low in our service, then accorded a tardy and ineffectual worship when it has surrendered for us its all and lies prone and passive beyond our voices.

Now, however beautiful, however desirable, however necessary, may be the individual tree, it is not *enough* that we plant, as a school, or even as a community, one tree or a dozen trees, with all the ceremonial attendant upon corner-stone laying, to stand up here and there, sporadic instances of well-intentioned but futile recognition of their esthetic value. If we are to atone for the past, to make permanent provision for the future, the school and the community must, both of them, separately or together, have a landscape scheme as definite, as complete, and as clear as the plans and specifications of architecture. As no rational builder would dream of permitting that one man design the foundation, another the superstructure, neither should one individual — on this day set apart for the general weal — make his solitary contribution to shade the beauty by planting a few cedars in his particular earth plot, at the same time that his neighbor sets up an elm to guard his gate, while it may be that the real need of the town, of which both men are a part, is a grove of maple that a little forethought, a community conference, and a

day's well directed effort, would make a budding actuality not an ideal of the far-off sometime.

To this plea for a larger place for arboreal life in our thoughts and in the objective world about us, there seems little call to add a plea for the feathered folk of the woods. Take care of the trees, and the trees will take care of the birds, whose twittering cheerfulness and irrepressible outburst hymn the Eternal Goodness in happier voice than their own "pathetic minor."

A MEMORIAL DAY PROCLAMATION

AGAIN approaches the day set apart by the people of a grateful republic to honor the memory of their soldier dead. Gratitude to them who bravely and nobly made the nation's cause their cause, inaugurated the custom, and succeeding generations of patriotic, loyal and liberty-loving Americans will look to its perpetuity. The approaching Thirtieth of May will give our people another opportunity to show their appreciation of the services of the men who, on land and on sea, upheld the noblest cause for which freemen ever fought. Human liberty was involved in that great struggle, and in its righteous cause no man has ever died in vain. But it is not that old wounds should be opened, or that sectionalism should again become an issue before the American people, that this day is dedicated to the soldiers of the Civil War; better that the dead should bury their dead than that a reunited country be torn by sectional strife. But of this there can be no fear. Ties of loving kindred reunite the North and South. On Southern battlefields generous hands with strict impartiality

decorate the graves of the heroes who came among them as foes a half a century ago. In the North there is left no bitterness of spirit as the heritage of the struggle. We are in truth and in spirit one country and one flag.

In conformity to the Proclamation of the President of the United States, and the custom long since established among us, I, John A. Johnson, governor of the State of Minnesota, do recommend that on Memorial Day, Saturday, May 30th, 1908, all schools, factories, mills and other places of business be closed, and that labor of all kinds be suspended. Let us collectively and individually make this day one sacred to the memory of those who imperiled their lives for the cause of their country.

A THANKSGIVING PROCLAMATION

WE are come once again to the season of the year when Nature's ever recurrent task of creation, growth and fruition has been accomplished. For Nature and for man, in so far as his pursuits are closely related to or determined by natural processes, the year is done, the task accomplished, the reward won. Now is at hand Nature's rest time, when she prepares herself for another period of activity and fruitfulness. And though man may not rest in the shop and in the office, yet the tiller of the soil finds the winter period one of comparative quiet. Ours is still an agricultural state, great as are its manifold manufacturing industries, and the end of the seasonal year is the end of the popular year. We measure our prosperity from granary filling round to granary filling. As we look back to the last stopping place in this endless cycle of time, the people of Minnesota see much to rejoice them and little to discourage, much to be thankful for, and little to regret; much they find in solid achievement, much they see of promise for the future. Our farms have yielded abundantly and our farmers are prosperous. The world eagerly takes from them at generous prices all of

their surplus. And in this state the prosperity of the farmer becomes ultimately the prosperity of all. It is true that the business world has had some experience of tight purse strings, chafing inactivity and curbing caution; but while our goodly state of Minnesota has shared in this national misfortune and hard experience, it has not suffered keenly but rather less than most of its sister commonwealths. The experience has been salutary, if drastic, and will tend, as has been well said, to make us prize comfort more and luxury less. A feeling of thankfulness is in the hearts of all for the good that is ours, and we feel that the future promises much.

It is meet and proper therefore that as a people of deep religious feeling (for all our absorption in worldly pursuits) we should follow the good custom, now long established, and set aside a day for the giving of thanks to the Creator.

As an evidence of gratitude and in conformity to usage, I, John A. Johnson, governor of the State of Minnesota, do hereby proclaim Thursday, November 26, 1908, as a general Day of Thanksgiving.

Upon that day let the people assemble in their customary places of worship and join in services indicative of their gratitude, and pray for a continuance of divine mercy for the future.

MESSAGE VETOING THE TONNAGE TAX

Hon. A. J. Rockne, Speaker of the House of Representatives:

Sir — I have the honor to return herewith without my approval —

H. F. No. 227, A bill for an act defining and classifying mineral lands and providing for the taxation of the same.

Objections to this measure may be summarized as follows:

First — Notwithstanding the able and sincere labor bestowed upon it by its author, Mr. Bjorge, the bill remains, both in principle and administrative features, a more or less uncertain and ill-digested experiment, not fully understood even by its friends, and intensely feared by the sections of the state to which it specially applies, while in application it threatens to violate the fundamental principle of taxation, that of equality, at the same time it fails to meet the constitutional requirement of uniformity in taxing the same class of subjects.

Second — It is certain that the moral, industrial and practical effect of the bill, if made a law

at this time, will be to strike a severe blow at the development and prosperity of all the great mineral bearing counties of northeastern and north central Minnesota, affecting alike the agricultural, manufacturing, commercial, financial and educational growth and success, as well as the settlement of all our northern lands, both public and private, and the investment of both home and foreign capital therein.

Third — The passage of the proposed tonnage tax measure at this time, when both its provisions and the principle upon which it is based, are so little understood and indeed so generally misunderstood, has plunged the whole subject of taxation under the new state constitutional amendment into a sea of political and sectional feeling and prejudice, which not only makes a just, efficient and scientific measure impossible of enactment at this time, but threatens sectional hatreds which may disrupt and endanger the future best development of our great Commonwealth, besides making the subject of just state taxation the mere football of partisan and sectional politics.

Fourth — Minnesota is achieving marked success in the assessment and taxation of iron ore lands under the present ad valorem system; so that there is no urgent and vital public need of a

measure of this kind at this time, and nothing to prevent the state from taking ample time under the provisions of the new constitutional amendment, and with the aid of the state tax commission to work out a system of taxation on a thoroughly scientific, dispassionate and equitable basis, devoid of political and sectional feeling, and one that will commend itself to the people of Minnesota at large, regardless of section or party, industry or class, for its justice and equality of principle, as well as for its efficient, carefully wrought and thoroughly practical administrative features.

As regards the success of the state in securing revenue from iron ore properties under the present *ad valorem* system, permit me to cite you to the statistical exhibit of the state auditor on page XVIII, of his last biennial report. It there appears that the taxable value of iron ore properties in Minnesota has been raised from $6,000,000 in 1898 to $180,000,000 in 1908, or increased thirty-fold in ten years, and that the taxes levied to be paid into the state treasury from this source increased from $18,000 in 1898 to $600,000 in 1908, increasing thirty-three-fold in the brief period of ten years.

If the revenue now derived from iron mines is not sufficient the state under the present system

has the full power and machinery to increase the assessment to a proper and just figure, without plunging any section of the state into panic and arresting its development.

The State Board of Equalization and the State Tax Commission, under the present tax laws, have raised the value of iron ore lands from $42,000,000 in 1905 to $180,000,000 last year, thereby increasing the state tax levy for state purposes alone from $114,000 four years ago to approximately $600,000 a year at the present time, or adding nearly a half million dollars of revenue annually to the state treasury, and approximately quadrupling the iron ore valuation and taxes in the brief period of four years.

The present scientific and thorough manner of reaching iron ore valuations by the Minnesota Tax Commission is the subject of the admiration and congratulation of the leading tax authorities of the country. Minnesota's success in the taxation of mines is recognized as one of the most marked achievements in the progress of state taxation in recent years. The progress we have made we have the full power to continue to make under present laws and administration. Northern Minnesota is just emerging from the prolonged depression incident to the great industrial strike at the mines,

followed by the presidential election and general depression of the iron and steel industry. To plunge this great section again at this time into the uncertainty and depression that are certain to follow the enactment of this bill and the almost endless litigation to which it will give rise, not only is not called for by any present public necessity, but appears suicidal to the state's progress and prosperity in this critical period of its northern development.

Northern Minnesota claims, with some show of reason, that had its counties a legislative representation based on a just population apportionment, this bill would never have passed. Fifty-five counties of this state receive more money from the state treasury than they pay into it, and it scarcely seems possible that these districts should attempt to impose upon another section of the state a system of taxation based upon an inequality. Such attitude obviously threatens the state with a condition of sectional hatred and prejudice which is ominous to the state's future peace, harmony and progress.

However patriotic and disinterested in purpose the author and a majority of the friends of this measure may be, the fact remains that the people of the northern counties in which our mineral re-

sources are located believe as one man that their section and industry are singled out for tax discrimination and confiscation.

Taxation is not for punishment. The sovereign power of taxation is not conferred by the people upon their representatives for the purpose of punishing any industry, class or section. The foundation theory of taxation is absolute equality and justice to the humblest, and mightiest alike.

In the practical operation, this bill, as it would affect the great mining corporations, would not, I believe, work out the results designed by the author. Based upon metallic standards entirely, it would be of advantage to the mining companies now operating in the Vermilion and Mesaba ranges, and would work a decided disadvantage to the people possessing low-grade ores of the undeveloped properties now in the hands of thousands of settlers in Aitkin, Becker, Beltrami, Cass, Hubbard, Itasca, Morrison, Crow Wing, Otter Tail, Todd and Wadena counties. Not only would there be a discrimination in favor of the older and richer section of our mineral area, but it would place an unfair and unjust burden upon their smaller and independent competitors in the newer and less developed section, and in many instances would doubtless result in the

latter being compelled to surrender their properties at a sacrifice to that corporation which dominates the steel industry of the United States.

The purpose of taxation is to raise revenue for the expenses of government, and on this theory taxes should be levied on all classes and on all sections as nearly alike as may be. There is no denial of the statement that this section now pays on valuations greater than other classes of real estate in other sections of the state, and while it may be possible and doubtless is true that modifications may be necessary, this can be accomplished, as I have already stated, full as well under the present ad valorem system, under the scientific investigations of the Tax Commission, as under the specific plan proposed in this bill. And the present plan has this very decided advantage to the state, that the revenues are definitely determined and expenditures can be made accordingly, while under the proposed plan there would obtain a flexibility dangerous in its uncertainty, as the revenues would be more or less as the companies mined, much or little.

I believe that the bill, providing as it does a double system of taxation on one class of property, is wrong in principle, and for this and the reasons above recited I herewith return the same.

April 20, 1909.

THE COUNTRY EDITOR

AN ARTICLE BY GOVERNOR JOHN A. JOHNSON IN THE YOUTH'S COMPANION, SEPT. 9, 1909

IF I were asked the main point of difference between the rural and the urban editor, I should say it is largely a matter of personality. In the one case the personality is the chief asset; in the other it is no longer appreciable.

Few of the great city newspapers print the names of their editors, and often no one knows their guiding spirits. The editorial page is regarded as the expression of the paper, not as the conviction of a person.

Almost unconsciously the great newspapers have undergone a process of elimination of the individual. As a whole they have not deteriorated in literary quality; on the contrary, we have better newspapers. The editorials are just as sound and the news features just as interesting — but the man behind is no longer visible.

In the country the editor lives "near to nature's heart." He is part and parcel of the community

life. Everybody knows him. When he chronicles the arrival of the "bouncing boy," or when he extends condolences to "the bereaved family," those interested feel the gentle touch of a friendly hand. He records triumphs and successes in the spirit of participation; his chronicle of vicissitudes and struggles and sorrows has the element of personal sympathy.

In its general aspect the country town is not different from the large city. Here there are the same divisions and strata of society; the same social and political problems; the same surges of ambition; the same world-old combat of greed and power with chivalry and self-restraint. But in the country town a common bond of sympathy runs through all the elements of social life. In the last analysis the newspaper is a mirror, reflecting the hopes and aspirations, the trials and tribulations of the people it serves. The country community is bound with a closer intimacy, and for that reason the attitude of its newspapers is necessarily more provincial and paternal.

The environment and the duties of the country editor tend to make him a fair critic and safe judge of men and measures, for the nature of his work accustoms him to weigh opinions in the even balance. Unlike the lawyer, always a special pleader,

or other professional men confined by a narrow outlook on a single phase of life, the editor is the impartial recorder and reviewer, seeking only the truth.

The lawyer has an easy road to fame compared with that of the editor. As ex-President Cleveland set forth in his last article in *The Companion,* there is an air of mystery surrounding the intricacies of the law. The exigencies of the profession require the lawyer to be a ready and fluent speaker, and this power is an aid to prominence in public affairs.

There is nothing mysterious about the country editor — unless it be the source of his income! The school-teacher, the minister, the young college graduate, and numerous other people about the town know, or think they know, how to run a newspaper better than does the editor. He is not always given the opportunity for training as a public speaker, and the nature of his work in a measure unfits him for quick thinking and clear expression before people. His composition is of slower process and is done in the quiet of the sanctum, where only the rhythmic throb of the presses and the gentle clink of the type are heard.

But the influence of the writer is more lasting than that of the orator, and even for temporary purposes is often as great.

The degree of success in either case is, of course,

largely a matter of ability, but frequently when a community finds itself in position to confer the mark of greatness upon one of its number, it will lay the laureled crown at the feet of the editor — provided the lawyers are all busy, or do not happen to be looking when the call comes.

Then, too, the lawyer has the advantage of a professional training, which seldom is vouchsafed to the editor. There is no school for country journalism, and the editor usually acquires his knowledge and experience in the hard school of the country printing-office, advancing to the successive stages of the work as ability and opportunity allow.

But, after all, prominence and applause are not always a just measure of the success which men attain; there are victories along "the cool sequestered vale" no less important than the victories achieved in "the madding crowd's ignoble strife."

Although the average editor is prone to regard himself in the light of "a mute, inglorious Milton," the profession has contributed very largely to public life.

It has often been said that Minnesota is governed by the country editor. This may not be strictly true, but certainly the "fourth estate" is more numerously represented there in public place than in any other commonwealth.

The governor, his private secretary and executive clerk are country newspaper men; so are the labor commissioner, the executive agent of the game and fish commission, the state oil inspector, the state librarian, the secretary and assistant secretary of state, the assistant labor commissioner, the state fire warden, the assistant fire marshal, the deputy public examiner, the secretary of the dairy and food commission, the assistant clerk of the supreme court, the secretary of the board of control.

Both political parties have recognized the capability of the country editor for official position from the earliest history of the state, and he has always been an active force in legislative councils and in the minor places under the national and state governments.

Then, too, there is glory enough in just being an editor. What young journalist has not held up to his flushed and eager eye the editorial page of his first issue and gazed proudly upon the name next preceding the words, "editor and proprietor"?

When the years roll by, and the struggles of adversity are not always sweetened by the plums of fame and fortune, he may lose the elasticity of youthful pride and vainglory, but through the shadows there beams still the same belief in the loftiness of his profession.

The country printing-office is prolific of ludicrous situations, and many a laugh has been provoked at the expense of the editor or reporter uncertain of his facts. Some fifteen years ago a newcomer from Iowa started a Democratic paper in a little town in southern Minnesota. A campaign was in progress, and a one-legged man, habitually attired in a blue suit, was the candidate for register of deeds. It was easy to think of him as a veteran of the Civil War, and the local paper of which I speak published a vigorous eulogy of the old soldier, urging the election of "the deserving veteran who left a limb on a Southern battlefield, while fighting valiantly for his country."

The chagrin of the editor may be imagined when his Republican contemporary came out the next week with the information that the candidate had never been a soldier, and that his leg was taken off by a cider-press in Pennsylvania ten years after the war had closed.

The story is told that soon after Chief Justice Chase assumed the gubernatorial chair in Ohio he issued his proclamation appointing a Thanksgiving day. To make sure of being orthodox, the governor composed his proclamation almost entirely of passages from the Bible, which he did not designate as quotations, assuming that everyone would recog-

nize them and admire the fitness of the words, as well as his taste in selection.

The proclamation meeting the eye of a Democratic editor, he pounced upon it at once, and declared that he had read it before. He could not say exactly where, but he would take his oath that it was a downright plagiarism from beginning to end. That would have been a pretty fair joke, but the next day a Republican editor came out valiantly in defense of the governor, pronounced the charge libelous, and challenged any man living to produce one single line of the proclamation that had appeared in print before.

That venality exists in the newspaper profession it would be idle to deny. Unfortunately, men have gained admission to the privileges of the profession who are utterly incapable of understanding its duties or assuming its responsibilities, and such men will probably continue in the work, for no rigid standard of moral qualification can be applied.

But these are the excrescences that afflict all the higher callings, and they are not so numerous as to affect materially the high standard which the newspaper profession as a whole maintains by the devotion to duty and high ideals of the great body of its members.

The greatest service the newspaper performs is

the championship of measures that concern the masses of the people. Every good cause instinctively seeks its aid with absolute confidence.

The rural press, because of its more intimate relations to the community, and because it is less likely to be influenced by mercenary or sordid considerations, exercises relatively a deeper influence than its more pretentious urban contemporary. The editor has opportunity to study at closer range the men whose fame he fashions, and is more independent and impartial in the discussion of public questions.

Like the other public agencies which enter so largely into the everyday life of the country town, the newspaper is reaching for and attaining a higher position. There is less of party rancor and personal abuse. Where once the editor regarded his rival as an avowed enemy, deserving only contumely and hatred, there are now almost invariably personal friendship and a desire to work in harmony for the common good.

The country editor has his foibles and failings, along with the rest of mankind. He is human, and is likely to be a little kind to the virtues and blind to the faults of his political and personal friends. It is difficult for him, as it is for other mortals, to make general application of rules of conduct, for often he is confronted by local conditions and party

necessities which dictate a different course from that which his judgment tells him ought to be pursued. There is forbearance for these lapses, even though they are indefensible.

As the ethics of the press reach a higher standard, the public appreciation of its services becomes enlarged, and on the part of both editor and public is coming about a better understanding of the responsibilities, limitations and rights of the newspaper. No longer has it a brief to slander and vilify, but it has the right to criticize people and policies when the public good warrants. As a general rule, the editor holds his enthusiasm in decent restraint, and by fair and manly rebuke gives the cause he champions greater impetus than could possibly be had by the old methods of vituperation.

The independence of the editor has been a potent agency in political and governmental reforms during the past decade. He no longer follows his party, right or wrong. The fear of party ostracism does not make afraid. The courageous editor has taught general recognition of the doctrine that political parties can no longer thrust upon a decent constituency a disreputable candidate or a dishonest public measure.

To last long — to last with liberty and wealth — is the greatest problem to be solved by the modern

state, and the newspaper is and always will be in the van of progress. That the moral uplift everywhere apparent has reached a higher and more general recognition away from the great centers of population is a tribute to the power of the country newspaper. Out in the purer air, away from the strife and struggle of city life, the people have more time and better opportunity to measure the problems that vex and fret.

The American Union has endured, and will endure so long as liberty lasts. Its institutions will grow and flourish, and manhood and womanhood will reach the highest civilization, because in this country there is liberty of speech and action, and every incentive to virtue and honor in the path our fathers blazed. Good and evil, joy and sorrow, truth and falsehood will always exist, but the heart of the great American public has ever yearned for the better and brighter way. The country editor is one of the agencies ever at work pointing out the stars that shine behind the clouds.

SOME EDITORIAL CONTRIBUTIONS BY GOVERNOR JOHNSON TO THE ST. PETER HERALD

THERE is a bundle of delight bound up in the sweet word "home." . . . The social well-being of society rests on our home, and what are the foundation stones of our homes but woman's care and devotion? A good mother is worth an army of acquaintances and a true-hearted, noble-minded sister is more precious than the "dear five hundred friends." . . . Distances may separate, quarrels may occur, but those who have a capacity to love anything must have at times a bubbling up of fond recollections and a yearning after the joys of bygone days. Every woman has a mission on earth.

Prejudice is the child of ignorance. It squints when it looks and lies when it talks.

Conceit is the most contemptible and one of the most odious qualities in the world. It is vanity driven from all other thrifts and forced to appeal to itself for admiration.

Never say you will do presently what your reason or your conscience tells you should be done now. No man ever shaped his own destiny or the destinies of others wisely and well who dealt much in presentlies. Look at Nature. She never postpones. When the time arrives for the buds to open they open; for the leaves to fall, they fall. Look forward. The shining worlds never put off their risings or their settings. The comets, even, erratic as they are, keep their appointments, and eclipses are always punctual to the minute. There are no delays in any of the movements of the universe which have been predetermined by the absolute fiat of the Creator. Procrastination among the stars might involve the destruction of innumerable systems; procrastination in the operation of nature, in the operation of this earth, might result in famine, pestilence and the blotting out of the human race. Man, however, being a free agent, can postpone the performance of his duty; and he does so too frequently, to his own destruction. The drafts drawn by Indolence upon the future are pretty apt to be dishonored. Make Now your banker. Do not say you will economize presently, for presently you may be judged. Bear in mind the important fact, taught alike by the history of

nations, rulers and private individuals, that in at least three cases out of five, presently is too late.

No religion should be judged by the conduct of those who profess it. . . . Because other people do not live exactly as we do is no indication that they are wrong. It may be that we are in error. With many of us religion is not even a cloak, but is only an embroidery which we mistake for the whole garment.

Whenever you see a woman talking straight at a man, and beginning to nod her head and keep time with her upraised index finger, it is about time for somebody to climb a tree.

The "knocker" has no well-defined business of his own, or if he has he finds more pleasure in attending to that of other people. He never looks for good in anybody, hence does not find it. A community with much of this element is most unfortunate. They retard the growth of a city, hinder prosperity and make things profanely unpleasant for everybody else. It is just as easy to push and pull with the crowd as against it. It is as easy to find good in humanity as bad. When the people of a community prosper, your show to get on is better. It

is a hundred times better to be one of a crowd of hustlers than a fault-finding, gossiping knocker. Don't be a knocker.

Is it not about time that the people of Minnesota made a study of the tariff question? Minnesota does not produce anything that is protected by the tariff. We do not buy anything that is not protected by the tariff. The tariff has fostered industries. The industries have amalgamated into absolute monopoly. The trust is the direct outgrowth of the tariff. The time may have been when there was need for a tariff, but that time has long gone by. . . . Viewed from any standpoint, a Minnesotan owes no loyalty to a doctrine that takes all and gives nothing in return. . . . The tariff made the trust, and the removal will unmake it. It is the only remedy, and the sooner applied the better.

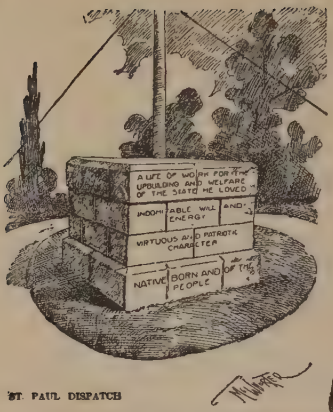
It is barely possible that this agitation of Canadian reciprocity may lead to Canadian annexation. The United States ought to extend from the Bering Sea to the Gulf of Mexico, and the very nature of our geography ought to make the North American one united country. We hope to live long enough to see the realization of that condition.

We can share our pleasures with many people, for they have many sides and different aspects, and are more intelligible; but our griefs are all our own. They have their mysteries and secrecies and are not always to be looked into. They are made up of remorse, of things done and undone, and so sympathy is impossible if we want it. It is one of the many things we must meet alone and master, or be mastered, as we can.

We love people because we see in them something no one else does; not for their intellect or learning, because everyone can see that kind of attraction, but we have made a discovery and like all discoveries we want ownership.

It is a pretty good as well as profitable plan for the young men of this generation to keep in touch with those whose hairs are silvering with age, for two score years ago or more they were the young men who hustled in a new country, suffered privations, and the inheritance they have left us we are too apt to forget. Keep in touch with them and learn a little of the wisdom that comes from a life full of experience.

TRIBUTES


A LIFE OF WORK FOR THE UPBUILDING AND WELFARE OF THE STATE HE LOVED
INDOMITABLE WILL AND ENERGY
VIRTUOUS AND PATRIOTIC CHARACTER
NATIVE BORN AND OF THE PEOPLE

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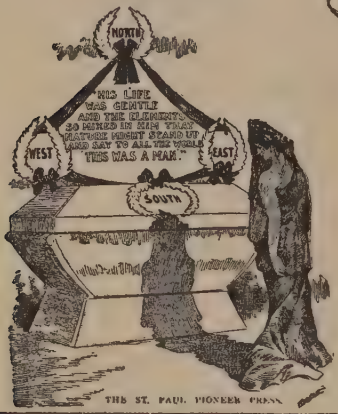
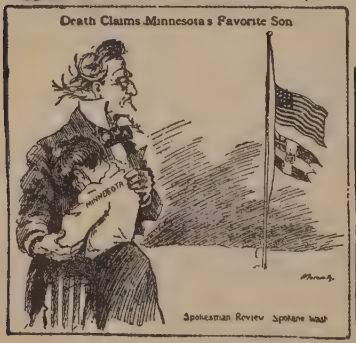

NORTH
"HIS LIFE WAS GENTLE AND THE ELEMENTS SO MIXED IN HIM THAT NATURE MIGHT STAND UP AND SAY TO ALL THE WORLD 'THIS WAS A MAN.'"
WEST
EAST
SOUTH

THE ST. PAUL PIONEER PRESS

IN THE HALL OF FAME

BALTIMORE, MD. AMERICAN.
ONE THE NATION LOVES A SELF-MADE MAN

Death Claims Minnesota's Favorite Son



Spokesman Review Spokane Wash

A Good Man Is Dead.

PRESIDENT TAFT

Upon hearing of Governor Johnson's death the President telegraphed this message to Mrs. Johnson:

"My heart goes out to you in sympathy in your present deep sorrow. Governor Johnson was a national figure of great ability, and great capacity for usefulness to his country as he had already demonstrated, and his loss will be felt far beyond the state that loved him so well.

"I sincerely hope that the fond remembrance in which he is and always will be held in Minnesota and elsewhere and the record of his high and valued public service may come as a boon to you in your sorrow and may in time lighten the burden you are now called upon to bear."

"LIMON, COLO., Sept. 21, 1909.

The President also made the following statement to the press:

"The death of Governor Johnson is a great shock and fills me with personal sorrow and with a deep sympathy for the people of Minnesota whose favor-

ite son he certainly was. It has been my good fortune to have had the pleasantest personal relations with the Governor, and although we differed politically, we agreed on a great many subjects, as I had reason to know from personal conversations.

"He was a wonderful man. He added to a charming personality a frankness and common sense that won over his natural political opponents, and he made an able, efficient and most courageous public official. That a man of his parts and of his capacity for great public usefulness should be taken now at the age of forty-eight should be, and is, a source of national regret, for had Governor Johnson lived, his position in the state and country was such that he certainly would have been called upon to fill an important place and to assist in the progressive movements of which he was a consistent advocate."

THEODORE ROOSEVELT

"On Safari, near Mount Elgon,
Central Africa, Nov. 15, 1909.

"My Dear Mrs. Johnson:

"While out here, far from all chance of hearing news with any speed, I have just learned of the death of your honored husband. I trust you will

not think me intrusive if I write a word of respectful sympathy. I greatly admired your husband as an upright and honorable public servant and as one of those Americans who we like to believe are typical of our people as a whole. He is a loss to us all; a loss to good citizenship.

"With assurances of my profound sympathy and respect, believe me,

"Very sincerely yours,

"THEODORE ROOSEVELT."

GOVERNOR HUGHES OF NEW YORK

"The death of Governor Johnson is a national loss. His life was one of the finest illustrations of American opportunity well used. He was a man of the highest character and his administration of the office to which he was thrice elected, commanded the confidence of the people.

"His career was so extraordinary that it deeply impressed the entire country, and he was universally admired and respected. The people of the state of New York and of the other states will join with the people of Minnesota in mourning his untimely end."

GOVERNOR MARSHALL OF INDIANA

"The life of John A. Johnson discloses again the wonderful possibilities for the making of real success in America. Many have been able to succeed for a little while, politically, many have been loud in their protestations of belief in our system of government; it has been the few who were always conscious of the rights of others that have lived in history and have influenced for good the Republic.

"Among this select few will ever be John A. Johnson. He started poor in purse but rich in character; he ended, humanly speaking, richer yet in character because he was willing to give more to the world than he took from it. His life will be an unseen yet ever present inspiration to all the men and boys of America who believe that justice and mercy and charity, cannot be disassociated from the affairs of government."

GOVERNOR DENEEN OF ILLINOIS

"The career of Governor Johnson marked him as one of the great men of the country and illustrated the possibility of advancement afforded by the free and equal opportunities of our system of govern-

ment. At an early age he was obliged by circumstances to assume responsibilities far beyond his years and displayed sterling elements of personal character which enabled him to rise in his community to positions of trust and confidence. With his entry into political life his superior native force of will and of intellect asserted themselves and he speedily rose to his proper level among the foremost men of his party, his state and his country. Governor Johnson enjoyed to an unusual degree the confidence of his fellow-citizens in his home state and in the nation at large. His early death cut off a life still rich in promise and full of inspiration to American youth.

"The lessons to be learned from such a life are too valuable to be lost and I am glad to know that his biography is to be published for the benefit of American readers."

GOVERNOR HARMON OF OHIO

"The people of Minnesota have made superfluous all tribute to Governor Johnson except their own. His first election might have been due to impulse or caprice or to discontent with conditions. Its double repetition, emphasized by contrast with results as to other candidates, was a positive declaration that they

found in him the qualities which a people conducting government for themselves require in their officers — vigilance, fearlessness, singleness of unselfish purpose to protect and further the public welfare, with the sagacity to know and the ability to do the various tasks which duty imposes."

GOVERNOR HADLEY OF MISSOURI

"On behalf of the people of Missouri and myself, I extend to you and the people of Minnesota our sincere sympathy in your great affliction. Governor Johnson's life and public service gave a new inspiration to the possibilities of American citizenship and a new standard in the performance of official duties."

GOVERNOR CARROLL OF IOWA

"As executive of a sister state, I wish to extend the sympathy of Iowa to the citizens of Minnesota; to mourn with them, for the loss in death of Governor Johnson is not confined to their state alone, but to the entire Central West, for which he was a noble champion."

ANDREW CARNEGIE

"Governor Johnson was one of those rare men who could not help making an impression upon one instantly; a few words and you felt your brain say to itself, as it were, 'This is no ordinary man. He has a future before him if he is spared.' Subsequent intercourse fully justified the estimate and I remember the thought came,—'We are to hear more of this man in the immediate future. There is presidential timber in him.' After a comparison of views, in which we found so much in common, we parted, and one morning when in Scotland, I saw the announcement of his untimely death.

"My first meeting with Governor Johnson was when he called upon me in New York to lay before me the claims of educational institutions in his state.

"We can comfort ourselves by the thought that up to the day of his death his record resembled that of Lincoln up to the time he was nominated for the presidency,— a man of the people who went to the hearts of the people. The presidency seemed to be within his grasp whenever the Democratic Party triumphed. To-day when I think of Minnesota without its Democratic governor for that Republican state, my heart is heavy. Such is human life."

JOHN ALBERT JOHNSON

ARCHBISHOP IRELAND

"Rightly does Minnesota mourn the death of John Albert Johnson. Seldom has there arisen among her people a nobler and more fascinating type of American citizenship.

"The good man he was, and, no less, the richly gifted. In private life, he was the man without reproach; in public life, he was the earnest, the conscientious servant of the public welfare. In his whole career he was the honor of American democracy — a striking example, in the upward strides of personal merit, of what democracy permits, of what it has the power to create, the sincere will to foster.

"It is a pathetic story, that of his going away when success, the reward of past doings, was beckoning him onward to yet higher success on wider fields of action. But we bow to the mysterious counsels of Providence, whom in the measure of his lights he obeyed, to whose merciful decrees we lovingly remit him."

THOMAS LAWSON

"Yesterday and yesterdays, when the sun's red-brown halo blended my hollyhocks and sunflowers to nodding evening gods, he used to loom, a soulful,

heart-loving inspiration. From my garden's twilight quiet I have often visioned him, this tall swaying pine of the West, and the visioning peopled my world with times and things and men long, long since dead and dust, and these times and things and men glowed the heart and soothed the soul and clarified the mind and made for love of good and for shame of petty meanness and sordid hatred.

"When I say this I mean the man. No human ever entered the atmosphere of John Johnson without being better. He was indeed a man, and made in the image of his God. Mothers gazed upon his mother and prayed their sons might be in his mold; and the children and the dogs and the flowers and God's good earth beamed and laughed and warmed when his presence came.

"Ah, but he was such a man, such a good man.

"I saw him on the field, in the tent and in the orchards, where the great ripe, juicy, golden plums of man-wealth hung low and vainly screamed for plucking, and I sat with him by the hour in his office of state while his mind romped in freedom and his long legs crossed and uncrossed themselves over the corner of the desk upon which the freemen of a great western empire laid honor's offering. I have ridden with him the hot day through in the dusty, nerve-racking railroad train and I have been with

him when he listened to the fealty message of the leaders of his party, which cooed about that crown and throne which is the dream of all red-blooded Americans; and I have brought him the taunt of his great rival and yet in all them never saw that childish merry twinkle leave those wonderfully love-begetting eyes and I never heard a discord in that voice of trust and faith and charity and good will to all.

"John Johnson's vision was all outward. He had no mirror and had he one he would have held it to reflect the beauties and the goodnesses of his fellows.

"The other evening, Erman Ridgeway, his good wife and myself were in the bus with this great man on our way to hear him lecture. We had had a good dinner and he was snuggled into the corner muffled in his big fur coat and we thought he wanted to be alone to tell over his great speech, when, as he neared the church where his lecture was to be delivered, he said:

"'I am nervous to-night, Lawson, for I am going to make my lecture the simple story of how I pardoned a boy and gave him back to his old mother and father. I want you to hear it, but I know I'll cry and make a country booby of myself, and then these eastern people will wonder what my great state was thinking of in electing such a governor.'

" It was a big audience, big in intelligence, big in sympathy with this latter-day Abe Lincoln of the people, and Governor Johnson told his story and the tears trickled down his cheeks and his gentle voice was gentler than its wont. But we, his audience, yes, all of us, men, women and children, we cried, just laid back and let go in one of those heart-relieving, don't-give-a-picayune-who-sees-us sobbing outbursts, and at the close of the story I said to the big, strong, mannish governor of New Jersey, who had sat with bowed head as John Johnson, the man, told the simple story of how Governor Johnson of the great state of Minnesota gave their boy back to the old father and mother.

" ' Governor, I noticed that you, too, forgot that Governor Johnson was of the enemy.'

" ' Yes, yes, I forgot everything but the story and the man who was telling it,' and he tried to sneak away the trail the story had left on his cheek; ' and if all Democrats were like Governor Johnson there would be no enemy.'

" That night at Ridgeway's house, after the family had retired, I sat in front of the open grate with this, the all-around best big man I have ever met, until the gray dawn was tapping at the panes, and time and time again as I listened to his clear analysis of times and things and humans and their good-

nesses I would break in and try to make him put on my smoked glasses and see the out-there black, but he met each attempt with his merry laugh.

" ' Yes, I will agree that there is lots that might be made better, but, on the whole, Lawson, it is a good world and a good people. I can never bring myself to believe but the world and the people are getting better all the time.'

" Ah, but he was such a man, such a good man.

" God was good to John Johnson. He endowed him with all those riches which make for happiness, here and hereafter. Birthed from the womb of the common people, cradled in that greatest of all world luxuries, poverty, he came to the starting line a moral Hercules, bursting with the love of mother and adoration of wife, bristling with affection for humanity and charity and forgiveness for his enemies, and muscled with a superb honesty and veneration for God and nature. The starter's bell was to him a joyful ' Go.' As he ran he saw no mire, no boulders, no ditches, only God's great blue sky. He felt only God's warming sun rays, and as he ran for them, not himself, it is no wonder his track was fast and his feet winged.

" God was good to Governor Johnson. He took him as he took the sainted Lincoln and all his very chosen, while yet they ran, while yet their fellows

cheered, while yet their souls were radiant with intoxication of ambition's rays.

" To us who were blessed with the privilege of his presence is left the consolation that he was, and is yet. Let us rain our tears, but not for him. Let us weep for her whose sun is set and for the nation which so sorely needs her valiant sons, and for humanity, whose champion has gone over yonder. For myself my sadness is mellowed by the thought that I know him, and by the faith that his shadow will for ages be a dream-cradle for countless despairing souls.

" Ah, but he was such a man, such a good man.

" Boston, Mass., Sept. 21, 1909."

GROVER CLEVELAND'S ESTIMATE OF GOVERNOR JOHNSON

FROM A LETTER WRITTEN BY GROVER CLEVELAND TO E. PRENTISS BAILEY, EDITOR OF THE UTICA (N. Y.) OBSERVER. THE LAST LONG LETTER OF IMPORTANCE CLEVELAND WROTE

I CANNOT rid myself of the idea that our party, which has withstood so many clashes with our political opponents, is not doomed at this time to sink to a condition of useless and lasting decadence. In my last letter to you I expressed myself as seeing some light ahead for Democracy. I cannot help feeling at this time that the light is still brighter. It does seem to me that movements have set in motion which, though not at the present time of large dimensions, promise final relief from the burden which has so long weighed us down.

I have lately come to the conclusion that our best hope rests upon the nomination of Johnson of Minnesota. The prospects to my mind appear as bright with him as our leader as with any other, and

whether we meet with success or not, I believe with such a leader we shall take a long step in the way of returning to our old creed and the old policies and the old plans of organization which have heretofore led us to victory.

GREENHILL CEMETERY

THOUSANDS of tributes and memorials to Governor Johnson were published in the newspapers and magazines in the weeks immediately following his death. None was more pathetic than that written by "The Lookout," Keith Clark, in the St. Paul *Dispatch,* which is herewith given in full:

This cemetery of Greenhill lies on the hills of the Minnesota Valley, high above the little city of St. Peter and far back from it. It is an old burying ground, a God's acre, set apart from the farm acres round about more than fifty years ago. It is the first burial ground for the town which lies below, as it is the first witness to the intention of men in this corner of the then wilderness to be permanent. Without death and burial there can be no sense of the abiding.

It is little more than an acre, just a little saved out of the wheat lands hereabout, because, perhaps, the men of the wilderness had little thought of dying, and, dead, they fain would lie near together,

that the wilderness might not press so close about them when living man had withdrawn to his habitations below.

You may walk all about this Greenhill in a very few minutes, and see all the gravestones where they stand, simple ones, not one pretentious — scarce one more pretentious than another. There are the thin headstones of a coarse marble, with the plain carvings of fifty years ago, the slender shafts of a later day, and the square stones of still later. But not one announces a condition in life differing from its fellows, any more than in death. Death is the final democracy. And I am not certain but that it is the only democracy, the only possible democracy.

And a true democrat, a man of the people, might well choose to be buried in this, so serene and unambitious place. I have seen other cemeteries that were more beautiful; that one near Rome of which Shelley said after Keat's death, that it would " make one half in love with death to think of being buried in so sweet a place." But there is, after all, an aristocracy about beauty. And Greenhill is only serene and unambitious.

It must be a very beautiful place, however, tonight, as the moon that shines down on the place where Cæsar's heart is drifting dust, shines on this

humble grave of the West, where a statesman with more than Cæsar's power — for it has been the power of love — sleeps out his last sleep. The wind steals quietly among the branches of the pines, as it whispers among the yew trees in that "English country churchyard" where elegies were written and again, I find this Greenhill fuller of the elegiac spirit in the murmured grief of a great multitude, than was ever Gray's Stoke Pogis.

I have never seen but one graveyard in the moonlight, the place where Disraeli, the English premier, a Jew, lies buried. Yet I find not his grave, there at Hughenden, to hold a stranger history than this one which houses the history of one who also was alien, and yet entirely life of our life.

Yet it was rather of Gray's graveyard that one thought:

> "The curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
> The lowing herds wind slowly o'er the lea,
> The ploughman homeward plods his weary way,
> And leaves the world to darkness and to me."

Had it not been for the multitudes, the hundreds and hundreds of people that thronged Greenhill, the place would have been of the very spirit of elegy — even though the thought were very far from that of "a youth to fortune and to fame unknown."

For when the funeral train wound slowly up the hill, after the long hours of lying in state in the home church, while the bells tolled, every bell in town of every denomination, and civic as well as ecclesiastic — and while the cannon solemnly reverberated through the valley the last governor's salute, and *vale,* after acclaim and *ave* — twilight was coming down, over the great watching State of Minnesota, over this lovely valley and this green hillside. The sun hung just above the horizon's edge, and long dusk shadows of the evergreen trees fell athwart the sunlight, where it lay lovingly on the green grass, down the aisles drawn between these final tenements. Far down the valley, where the river runs, the land was growing dark, and purple shadows dimmed the farther hills.

It was a moment to make one all in love with death — death which here grew so like his brother, sleep, serene and unambitious. Against the fevered fret of the world there must ever hereafter play the quiet and the finality of this moment, for anyone who lived it.

> "I am the resurrection and the life —
> Dust to dust, ashes to ashes —"

A voice stole against the awful stillness, and yet the people did not move, seemed not even to breathe.

It was a voice from out the quiet, a message and a conclusion, which all must hear sometimes for others, sometime for himself.

The militia fired a "last shot," the bugle sounded taps, "All is well, speed thee now to thy rest." And the night had come down.

I remember another cemetery, that in the Latin Quartier of Paris, of Montparnasse. In it is the grave of Guy de Maupassant. Upon a table of stone there rests an iron book; the book lies open and on one page is the date of the birth and on the other the date of his death. These lie open. But the rest is of iron and closed; all that went before and all that comes after.

This is not life. It is but to have lived.

The lesson from Greenhill will not be that of Montparnasse. The book may not lie open, except between 1861 and 1909. Yet the life gathers up the simple true living of all lowly souls, growing into great achievements; and it shall go on and on through the centuried pages that are to come afterward. Life is never lived if only in the pages which may be turned; if that, it is not lived.

And so the moon keeps perpetual guard, to-night and all the nights, over the grave in Greenhill that must all too soon, such are the necessities of life and death, become a lonely grave. And yet, be-

cause his life is a symbol of the life we all would live, simple in beginning, splendid in doing, and rich in human service, the grave on this green hill cannot be forgotten, can never be far away. Greenhill, serene and unambitious, one of the smallest of those small graveyards that, the country over, glimpse upon the sight from passing train, becomes a large and memorable place. It will never be visited by accident, for it lies away from any beaten track of highway travel, even of the little city. A sheltered spot it is, fit to house a symbol of what Minnesota has meant and can mean.

THE DEEP, SAD EYES

ON CONTEMPLATING A PORTRAIT OF JOHN ALBERT JOHNSON

By John Talman

Fixed dreamily perchance on shadowland,
  Whence mystic visions rise,
And fragrant air by elfin pinions fanned —
  The deep, sad eyes.

Depths fathomless as oceans in them lie,
  And light and somber moods,
Tenderness patient, and devotion high
  As motherhood's.

O, deep, sad eyes! Returnlessly withdrawn
  From life tide's ebb and flow
To where old suns go down or new ones dawn,
  What see they now?

Note they fulfillment of dear longings such
  As the believer bless,
Or are they veiled forever at the touch
  Of nothingness?

Being admired, beloved and revered!
How can we give thee up!
Fate cruel in whose hand for us appeared
This bitter cup!

Till Time shall compass destiny no more,
The winds of heaven free,
The vibrant ocean and the curving shore
Shall speak of thee.

The dews, the rains, the wintry blast, the snows,
The bird, the toiling bee,
The master oak, the willow and the rose
Shall speak of thee.

Children's rejoicing, man's endeavor high
And woman's constancy,
The field and forest, mountain-top and sky
Shall speak of thee.

Till the unwearied Reaper shall unwind
The last of human ties,
On us, through joy and pain, shall rest the kind
And deep, sad eyes.

Empires may vanish, bitterly be paid
The cost of sacrifice,
Or great our gains; but ne'er for us can fade
The deep, sad eyes!